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1907. To my friend Dru. Ljudevit Lauš, Croatian pastor in fllegheny, Pa. Dedicated to the writer. 1. Arrival in Havre. — In the dining room of the steamer.

— Hunting with the eyes. — The siren. — La Touraine. — The urgency of the hour and departure. — Challenge to the megdan. — The voice of the Prometej on the ocean. — His prophecy. — Departure. — Havre at night. — Rain. — Lighthouse. — Material progress. — Moral decline. — Mania of speed.

— Modern comfort on board. — Fellow passengers. — Don Manuel Pichardo and Don Nicolas Mariscal. — Don Juan. — Solitude. — Nostalgia. —

Gothic, Baroque and Renaissance.* — The beginning of the young summer of 1906 on the ocean. I arrived at Havre from Paris by express train

on December 31, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. La Touraine, a ship of the French company "Transatlantique", had to leave at four.

However, loading the luggage and embarking the passengers delayed the departure until dusk. Since there will be little poetry in this book, I will begin

at once with the prose with which life is full. In the large first-class dining room the passengers gathered around the ready-made sofa, and they were eating and drinking, as if after a hungry year. The ladies eat deliciously and hastily, as if they foresee that they will not easily have that pleasure

again on the ocean, because seasickness will make even the most liquid food disgusting to them. There are aristocrats here, and there are also merchant women, and there are even a few beautiful ones! The merchant travelers look around, measure, study types, observe every movement, every

expression, so as to ensure the best possible entertainment on the journey. You see their skill and audacity in every move. They are experienced, they have traveled a lot, they have experienced a lot, they will not let go of the slightest opportunity; they are afraid that someone will beat them to it and start a

conversation with some beauty who catches their eye and arouses their passions more strongly. They are real hunters of human flesh. I quickly whip something up, drink a glass of wine and run to the barracks. I am more interested in leaving the port than in people. I will have opportunities to study

them, and perhaps I will get bored on the way! I am on the steps of the lobby, and something muffled and stretched thunders above me, just as if you had squeezed the thunder into some hard iron container, and it has found some windpipe, and with terrible force it slowly pulls itself out into its airy kingdom.

Toiiraiiie gives the first signal for departure with a siren. Ears pop, head to the forest. The very hard barracks of the huge steamer trembles, as if with an earthquake. The titanic lungs of this Daedalian monster, which even the most vivid imagination of Greek poets could not imagine, and compared to

which everything that lame Hephaestus forges in the bowels of Etna is a tiny toy, breathe black smoke, and darken the clear skies with dense eddies. Two huge nostrils, two chimneys, wide, like two gigantic furnaces, belch out soot and sparks like drills through the ruddy twilight. The bowels rumble with a dull,

metallic murmur, in which terrible forces are forged, which are hardly waiting to be unleashed. For the second time, the siren roars, as if thunder is plowing and breaking down the gorges of the gorge. The giant challenges the waves and typhoons of the ocean to a duel. Thus does a lion, when at

dusk he stretches out on his bed, to rush into the wasteland in search of prey. That mighty, titanic roar, which shakes not only your eardrums, but your brain itself, even every nerve in your body, fills you from the beginning with fear and the necessity of leaving, because every departure is necessary, each

seasoned with some wistful nostalgia for the sorrows of your homeland, for your beloved and dear ones left behind. A thought arises of its own accord; Will I return?^ For so wide is the ocean, so high, so mighty, so terrible are its waves, so terrible are its cyclones! But the power of that wind,

which thunders from the sirens, finally restores your confidence; it seems to you as if it would overpower all the thunder of the storms and the roar of the ocean waves. That defiant roar, as if to say to the ocean: here I am upon you! I do not fear you! Raise your waves to the clouds, shatter their peaks with furious

foam, spread your rustling, cherubic wings, edged with bloody flashes of lightning! Let your typhoons betroth themselves, stronger than the primeval titan who gave them their name; let your cyclones twist into whirlpools, let them pierce the auger-like gap of your depth and let that gap be hemmed in by

waves higher than my masts, I challenge you to a duel, I do not fear you! I am the almighty genius of man, armored in iron! I am Dajdal's mind, which is stronger than any force, which robs the clouds of lightning, and milks them from them, as milk is milked from swollen udders, and I turn that

lightning, which I milk from the inexhaustible breasts of nature, into light, into force, into speed, into a herald faster than if there were wings on the heels of Maya's son and on his hat! I am Prometheus, the son of the great mother Earth, the unjustly condemned titan, who broke my chains and came

down fearsome from the back gorges of the Caucasus, to overthrow the tyrant Zeus from Olympus, to give my brother man fire, art, letters, freedom. Let Zeus call the giants Hekatonheira, Briareus, Kotos and Cyges to help, let's see if they will help him! Like a toy, a rusty thunderbolt shot out of his hand, and his son I-ojbn Apollo was struck by the pestilence. I am the Genius of mankind, which, when young and inexperienced, could not contend with

your forces, O Ocean. You have enveloped it with your swift currents in the narrow expanse of the earth, and have not let it pass over you. For thousands and thousands of years you have broken its frail wooden ships, like straws, and have crushed and drowned its children; but it has not despaired, it has

finally conquered with its wooden ships, whether it will not attack iron monsters, ^{o but have more power in their iron tails, or thousands of Brijae together in their hands. In the past, mankind had to fight with your waves for months and months, even for eons, to cross you. But the days of the toilsome

Odyssey and the daring Columbus are past, today man has crossed you in five days.

Tomorrow at three o'clock he will come, not by sea, not by air, faster than Jupiter's eagle. What is this bloodthirsty eagle doing to the chest of Prometheus today?" A tiny grain, directed by his hand and his eye, broke his wings in a cloudy cloud! Before the light of my mind, your countless daughters of the

Oceanids have disappeared, the sea monsters have disappeared, terrified by the noise of my lies. Enosygeus no longer shouts to the hanging winds, having begged from the depths an ambrosial head: quos ego! I shouted to him and to all the gods of Olympus, Tartarus and Ocean: quos ego!

And they are gone! No one offers them sacrifices anymore, and they have fallen from the hands of Neptune, terrified by the earthquake. The winds of the ocean break their wings in vain against the iron sides of my ships. I know the times of their fury, and tomorrow I will foretell when some will blow, when

a cyclone will swirl, when a fog will press down on the broad chest of the ocean. Under the sea, on the sea and above the sea my mind will rule the forces of nature and guide them according to its will and benefit, like a tamed horse. I will know when the volcanoes will spew their lava, their pestilential

thunder, gases, and red-hot stones, and for a time I will remove my children from their fury; I will use their hot fury and the fiery heart of the earth to warm my children in winter, to carry them with whirlwind speed around the earth's circle. I will bind the warm rays of the sun in iron, harness them to my

machines; and from the clear dry sky I will whip up rain to soak the scorched meadows. I will force the sky to tell me where the sun is dragging us in its whirling course, | in the direction of bright Vega, towards which port the lie of the earth is sailing. There is no space of immensity dark enough to obstruct

the path of the bride of my eye, nor nature with such deep secrets and laws that I will not unravel them with the light of my mind and force its forces to guide me.

serve as slaves; so that I, the titan Prometheus and my fellow men, would not become stronger and better, but were gods, who tortured me and devoured my livers for thousands of centuries. Hesiod overestimated Jupiter's power, and mine and my triumph, said the divine Aeschylus. I have come to know another God, whom I admire, and as much as the cannon of today's man is more perfect than the spear of Achilles, so much is the concept of my God broader than Homer's, so much is the man of today more perfect than the ancient. But just as there are no more spears, except in museums, so there will be no more cannons! Hesiod's titanomalia is a toy in relation to today's battles; a single ironclad would have crushed the entire fleet of Xerxes and Themistocles in an instant, and Zeus would have fallen from the top of Olympus from the hail of its thunderbolts, if my mind had not long ago overthrown him. Of all the old gods, only the bloodthirsty Ares still lives, but he is also an old man, because his war game is becoming more and more rare, and I will crush him too \ within a hundred, even two hundred years, — and that is only a moment in the life of mankind] — and peace will spread over the earth from one pole to another; love and brotherhood will reign. For the third time the siren thundered, for the third time it challenged the ocean to a duel. They raised the bridge. Whoever does not wipe away tears waves his handkerchief. The small port ship Titan is towing the Touraine away from the shore, because that colossus cannot move in that narrow space, without fear of hitting some other ship, or the piers. When he had moved it a little further from the shore, dragging it by the nose, another steamer caught it by the stern, and both of them pulled it with combined forces. They dragged it to the middle of the harbor, then both pulled by the nose towards the narrow exit, through which the Touraine could barely pass. Homer likened Ajax, in battle, to a donkey in the fields, driven by children with whips: I can also say that those two steamboat children are pulling the heavy Touraine by the ears, until they slowly pull her out into the outer bay of the port of Le Havre. It is already nightfall. The coast is ablaze with a thousand lights, the windows of the tall palaces are shining with rosy ochre. Here we are already on the waves. The steamboats that are towing the Touraine are rocking on the waves like toys. The sea is pouring over them, and we stand like a ravine. A light rain begins to drizzle. The city disappears in a blue fog, through which myriads of lights are twinkling ever more faintly. Only in war does the electric lighthouse shine like a great purple star in a telescope. Spin around and you see its huge hump, where it circles in the darkness through the rain, until it hits your eyes, blinds you for a moment and spins further on the murky waves. A vigilant guardian and guide to lies, which penetrates even the thickest fogs, and does not allow them to lead the weary sailor astray, or for another lie, like a blind man, to stumble upon his and sink him. All over the world today, those sea eyes shine for sailors, and through the darkest storms they tell them the right way, so that they do not run aground on the reefs. How easy it is for you. The dangers of navigation have been reduced by at least ninety percent. The only enemy of the sailor who sails on a large and sturdy steamship is today the fog on the ocean, where there are no strong lighthouses. The whistle of whistles or the wail of sirens, which penetrates even the most furious noise of the waves to great distances, is of no help. Today, even Marconi's telegram warns one ship that another is near. When you compare this material progress of man with his moral state, it really chills your heart. I am an optimist by nature; I am not angry that man must die, that he is consumed by diseases and other troubles, because I know that if it were possible for it to be otherwise, it would undoubtedly be, since nature has not withheld anything that she could have given us. I am not bothered by the miseries that man deliberately inflicts on man. All the laws of logic tell me that the greater the progress of human industry, the more people invent things for the convenience of life, the greater the prosperity resulting from new discoveries, the more people must be morally better. And yet, I see that they are better than they were. And perhaps my own disappointments in life have deceived me and led me to a wrong judgment, statistics are there to prove to me with inexorable figures that people are not becoming morally better, not better. The figures of robbery, murder, suicide, adultery, theft, embezzlement, fraud, slander, and all other human vices are terrifying. It is true that humanity is growing in numbers, but crime is growing even more, perhaps not the least of which is the increase in the number of humanity and the narrowness of space. There are other reasons, which this is not the place to discuss. I am certainly convinced that as soon as the causes of this moral stagnation, or rather the regression of humanity, pass, a period of moral revival of humanity will begin, incomparably better and more useful than this progress resulting from the discovery of certain natural forces and the perfection of mechanics. Now humanity is seized by a kind of fever of speed, wild domination over physical forces, a voracious thirst for wealth and pleasure, to such an extent that even the concept of the wonderful pleasure of virtue, the sweetness of which surpasses all pleasures, has been lost. And this is a natural phenomenon, because it is not an easy thing to rise to such a level of education and spiritual cultivation that a person can begin to understand the beauties and graces of virtue. It is much easier to acquire wealth and with it all possible kinds of physical pleasures, than to perfect the mind and heart to the complete enjoyment of virtue. And how today everything is running in a wild hunt for gold; and as people by their nature are inclined to follow each other, it is no wonder that there are very few people, who start on the difficult and difficult path of science, towards the high peak of goodness, beauty and truth. The concept of beauty is becoming more and more distorted, and today every rich merchant thinks that he understands art, so he allows himself to be suggested by conceited fake artists of some modern trends, who sell him their tricks for masterpieces. The main thing is to pretend, to understand art, and it is secondary, whether the heart and the mind are cultivated in such a way that they can understand it and enjoy it. Of all modern passions, I believe that the hottest passion is speed. There would certainly be no objection to this from a moral point of view, if it did not lead people to terrible stunts. How many proud doors have been broken by car racing.^ To the team, horse racing is a joke. At most, some tiny monkey jockey, otherwise completely superfluous to society, breaks his neck, or some noble hat breaks his leg or spinal cord. But in car races, and even without races, countless noble victims die. In car boat races, many drown. Certainly, this passion for speed is one of the noblest in humanity, because nothing is so lacking to man as time. Speed prolongs life, knowledge and wealth are acquired quickly. How much was wasted on journeys in the past! Today, one can reach the destination in a day where it used to take a month, and that day one can work and learn. Finally, this passion for speed strengthens the human soul, raises its pride, and man rises ever higher above the world. ? } rfxlii. What a pleasure to rush down the road faster than the noblest horse, faster than the eagle itself! To feel the forces of nature chained beneath one and to control them, as if they were tame animals! To see, and where the swallows leave behind you with a swift speed, trees, meadows, forests, cities, mountains, while beneath you a suffocated machine pant and groans, just as if you had harnessed nature itself, and were riding on it like a god, like Phaeton on the sun's chariot! What a delight to find yourself on one of these iron colossi of the sea, to listen, lying at night on a soft bed, to the whipping of the screw, the strength of fourteen thousand horses, the creaking of iron in gigantic machines — in that miracle of human speed, where mechanisms invented by man are little similar to those that nature has placed in her animals — and the roar of the ocean waves, which are breaking in vain against the mighty iron sides of the ship!

The gigantic ship rolls, sways as if it will jump into the clouds, it falls, as if it will dive into the waves of the ocean, it lies on its side. as if it will capsize, it creaks in a thousand ways and voices, then straightens up and goes on, breaking the waves, cutting them with that terrifying speed! And you are not afraid, like a baby in a cradle, because the waves in your huge cradle will not overturn you, like a mother her beloved child. Is it thundering? The lightning rod protects you. Is it cloudy? The ship will not go astray, because there is a faithful needle that tells the pole, and an infallible chronometer that tells the time.

A little calculation, and without stars and without a sextant you know where you are. You rush to your destination by the shortest route. And why wander for ten years to get from Tenedos to tiny Ithaca! You are not bothered by rain, cold, waves, or darkness. The kitchen is like in the finest hotel in Paris. It is warm, electricity illuminates every smallest room of that floating labyrinth, built on the outside with iron, on the inside with the most expensive types of wood, lined with the finest velvets and silks. There is music on board; people dance and play all kinds of games. Those who want to study or entertain themselves with books do not need to carry them with them, they have a library. There is also a tavern and a room for conversation; and every day telegrams are posted on the board, which one steamer transmits to another using the Marconi system, so you know everything that is happening around the world. You forget that you are on a journey; it seems to you that you are in a big city. I stand on the deck until the spire of the Jewish lighthouse disappears from my sight. It is winter, the wind is blowing, and even the turkey-cucumber is no help, it is time to go down. The bell is already ringing for dinner. I go into the dining room, but it is 1 1 re d' h 6 and 1 takes me to the place he has designated for me. There is no lady at my table. I am in the company of four unknown passengers. I bow and sit down. The ladies are distributed at other tables. While I was daydreaming up on the deck, the passengers gathered around the maitre d' hotel, begging him to place them at this or that table, in this or that company. The merchant passengers all settled in the best places, of course near the beauties.

They have already met and are chatting. I am listening at my table. Two of the passengers are speaking Spanish, and two French. One of the Frenchmen is young, with a veal-like expression. The older one is a merchant in appearance and manner, and is especially kind to the younger one. They speak in a low, monotonous voice, so that when they are heard they are almost silent. The other is an older gentleman, with an intelligent but simple expression. He is lively and has a lot of temperament. He gets angry and often calls for a maid. Mhi^ji is a very kind and nice girl. She is sitting next to me. The old Spaniard is angry that the two Frenchmen are talking quietly, that they are not engaging in a discussion with the other Frenchmen. And he is also angry with me, because I am troublesome. He wants to know who I am and what I am and chat with me. He says all this to the Spaniard, thinking that no one will understand.

Finally I spoke a few words of Spanish, adding to the old man mayo . aisa. Cara..! — exclaimed the old woman, a familiar Spanish exclamation — do you understand Spanish." We met and introduced ourselves, that is, I and the Spaniards, because to the two Frenchmen — even though we were at the same table — we remained there for the rest of the trip. They were two ordinary traveling salesmen, who know nothing to talk about but food, the price of cars, the weather, the mistresses in New York, Boston, Paris, etc. The older gentleman we had just met was called Manuel Pichardo, a very wealthy merchant, a millionaire from Mexico. The other was called Nicolas Mariscal, the son of the Mexican Minister of Education. We became friends on the first evening. I had a rare opportunity to show how much Spanish I knew, that is, to understand a lot, but to hold a conversation a little. Still, it made them unusually happy. The Spaniards, even the American ones, have long since decided to scold the European who knows their beautiful language. The harsh English language is crowding out the melodiousness of the Castilian word all over the world. To make them even more happy, I recite selected pieces from Spanish poets, from Herrera, from Calderon, from Hartzensbusch, Zorilla, and even from Romancero. They are amazed! The old man orders champagne to celebrate this strange and unusual discovery. When I recited a few verses from Don Juan Tenorio, the old man knocks on my door and says: you should know that I come from the lineage of Don Juan, by blood. — Eh! — I said, — then you will probably inherit something of his happiness, of his irresistibility! — What? what.^ He could go to school with me! What is he to me! Phew! the poet's imagination created him; but none of the victories are real. — I hope there will be some on the ship too! — Here! They are all mine! Every single one! And the first one, whom that stupid commissar is courting, is over there at the other table. At that moment a large hillock of the sea crashed into the round window right behind my don Juan's head, and it made a terrible noise in his ears. It's lucky that the window was closed! Those blocks of the sea hit the windows more often, and the ship is not yet swaying, and we are having dinner in peace. Don Juan, as I had called Don Emanuel Pichardo in advance, eats with a wolfish appetite and drinks champagne, offering glasses now to one and now to another beauty, after whom his eyes sparkled around the hall. He is angry with those two Frenchmen who will not 11 - speak to us; so he says that he will make a .r/ Orska bluna out of that little calf, to entertain us on the way. The heavy blows of the sea against the windows are becoming more frequent and more powerful. The Touraine begins to rock a little. Many ladies are already packing up and fleeing their cabins, so as not to be forced to give the first libation to Neptune, in a glass in the dining room. Don Juan is angry that he will not be there on New Year's Eve.

^ and to end the old year and welcome the new in the company of the fair sex. It is hoped that some will stay in the parlor, or in the tavern, that the music will keep them. In vain! The bed is swaying more and more, and they run away one after the other. The music will not play either! We arranged a meeting in the tavern, to welcome the new year together there. I went out to the barracks, to see the waves of the English Channel, and to see if I could catch a glimpse of the Cornish coast. Photo nox ine u bat atra! The dark night lies on the open sea. There is nothing to be seen, not even a star, not a fishing port, not even a lighthouse on the English side. The sea roars with millions of waves, and the sea creaks in a thousand ways. In that noise, a shower of rain is lost, but the wind carries it under the upper barracks to the travelers' promenade, and you can't even walk. The cold wind pierces the bones and through the very fur of a turkey. I would like to give in to fantasy, but it is as if the rain is stifling my imagination, and the wind is freezing my thoughts! I feel a heavy loneliness, as if I were all alone on the open sea, completely lost, because no one is walking except me. And if I know that Touraine will not deviate from the path, nor hit the cliffs of steep Albion, I am seized with fear, nostalgia painfully seizes my soul, I regret having set out on such a long journey at that time of year. The swaying is getting worse, so it is difficult to walk and I have no choice but to look for don Juan in the tavern, so that he can dispel my worries with his jokes. I am in the tavern, but my Spaniards are gone, and some traveling salesmen have already sat around the tables, playing cards, chess, and backgammon. I sit alone and ask for a cognac. Finally, here are Pichardo and Mariscal. My don Juan limps like Mephisto. What a strange conqueror of women! — I thought to myself. Well, Byron was lame too, so he was not unlucky. We chatted until midnight. At Mariscal I quickly met a finely educated man, with whom I could talk about anything without idleness. He had spent more than a year in Europe, studying the arts, especially architecture.

Since I had also traveled almost all of Europe, where there was so much beauty to be seen, he was also comfortable in my company. Pichardo would have liked to talk about women, claiming that the living art of nature is more beautiful and better than the dead works of human hands, and that is why he travels to cities to see where women are more beautiful; but he did not object to us talking about the Gothic style and the Renaissance. — The Gothic style, — Pichardo argued, — is when a woman is bony, thin and tall; Baroque, when she is fat, muscular, swollen; Renaissance, when she is round, smooth, young, beautiful. In short, I like the Renaissance, Baroque to some extent, but I cannot stand the Gothic style. 12 Mariscal, on the other hand, was in love with the Gothic style, and in the rest, from the standpoint of our Don Juan, he did not hate other styles either. Every style is beautiful, as long as the work is beautiful. — And where did you find the most beautiful women? — I asked don Juan. — In Mexico, of course! And you." — I have not been to Mexico, so I cannot judge your women. I have seen the most beautiful women in Moscow. — What Moscow! What Moscow! You must come to us in Mexico, and you will see what women are like. When you see our Creole women, you will never want to return to Europe again. Goodbye, then, to your cathedrals and your picture galleries! You must come to Mexico with us; you will be my guest. Mr. Mariscal will introduce you to all the most elegant circles.

Promise me you'll come with us to Mexico! — I would have promised you that, but I have my own business in the United States. — What business!

When I tell you that you will find the most beautiful women there, what job could be more exciting? You see, as I know how to appreciate what is beautiful and good, and as I know how to appreciate your taste, the first time I travel to Europe, I will go to Moscow to see those praised beauties; but you must come with us to Mexico! If I had not announced my arrival in North America in the newspapers, I would have given in and agreed to the tempting invitations of my old merry fellow. Besides, that don Juan was strange. Every moment he would turn his speech to his wife, whom he had mourned for a long time. And he could not remember her without wiping a tear from his eyes. And yet that did not prevent him from searching the world for beauties! — It is precisely because I have met so many women in the world that I weep for the one I have lost. She is the only one I have loved and revered at the same time. I have only loved the others for a few moments. Now, to tell the whole truth, I love and adore my daughter, whom I left in an institution in Berlin; — said the insubordinate don Juan and sighed. 'I looked at the clock. It was a few moments before midnight. Seeing that the speech had struck a nerve, I said: —

Let's not mourn the time that has passed; let's rejoice in the new year. — A bottle of champagne! — shouted don Juan to the servant; to sprinkle the dead year and baptize the new one. We called each other a happy new summer and went to sleep. 13 Morning on the ocean. — The narrowness of the horizon. — y Seagulls and dolphins. — Seasickness. — Croats in the third grade. — Whole families are moving. — They don't know where they are going. —

Montenegriins. — Marriage trade. — How time passes on a ship. — Dominican. — Thomistics. — The monotony of the ocean. — In the silence of the night. — The siren's roar again. — Fog. — Fear of the uncertain. — The magnificent spectacle of the waves. — Germany. — The fall of Port Arthur. — Mainland. — Long Island. — The East Coast of America. — New York Bay. — Winter. — The lights of New York viewed from the sea. — The Statue of Liberty at night. I woke up early, and went out to the barracks, where there was still no one. The sky was cloudy, and the sea was endless, wavy. The sun had risen, but was hidden by the clouds. Everything on the horizon was pale, dull, and uniform. The waves were not large enough to break the monotony of the scene, and the ocean in my eyes lost its charm; it did not offer me what I had expected from it. The horizon was so small and narrow that the grandeur of the ocean, as you imagined it, lost all interest. Are the clouds to blame for the horizon appearing so narrow?^ No, because they do not press down on the horizon, but are driven by lead-colored streaks across the firmament. If the sea were perfectly calm and clear, perhaps the horizon would be even narrower. But you just feel as if you are locked in some kind of air dungeon, the dome high and the watery ground. Human vision is short, and the ocean's ridge is round, so even what is large seems small. Otherwise, every size is relative. Everything can be large or small, depending on the perspective from which it is viewed. Much also depends on the mood of the soul. We are also followed by a flock of seagulls, which caw in the air and fly into the waves after fish. Here and there, debris is sloshing around on the stern, which often falls from the ship into the sea. A multitude of dolphins chase us, they compete in speed with the steamer, they compete with each other, they joke, they wrestle, they jump into the air, as if for a bet, who will be the fastest; they spin around in the air, then fall straight on their heads, like children, who are throwing themselves from some cliff into the sea. One throws himself strangely, all on his left side, as if his right was lame, or he wants to show Touraine his wisdom. There are some who could play clowns in a circus, and there are some who would skillfully play the role of a clown. It is incredible how these cheerful animals do everything by jumping out of the sea. The little ones and the younger ones are especially crazy. One of them jumps so high, and makes a real light jump, and throws a mortal in the air, that everyone who woke up and got up on the ship gathers to watch. And he, as it were, sees that everyone is watching, and repeats his tricks. Some of the jokers start clapping and shouting bravo! He continues his work until he gets tired, and the older ones calmly roll their necks to get some air and to catch anything that falls off the ship. The passengers throw orange peels, especially from the third class. I think that nothing sinks, nothing is lost, everything serves the inhabitants of the sea. A younger dolphin is struggling to do a *salto mortale*, but he doesn't have the strength to jump high enough into the air and flip over, so he lands on his belly against the sea every time. It doesn't bother him much, he tries everything and tries everything, and every time he lands in the same way! Either he can't, or he has his own special, august art! He certainly manages to pull off the joke, because every time he lands on his belly against the sea, the passengers burst out laughing. They enjoy the free sea circus. The seagulls are flying over them, but every time they see that a dolphin has jumped out of the depths, they spread their wings and duck skillfully, squawking. On the first of January at noon we were at 49 and 55 latitude and 11 and 50 longitude, exactly one degree from the Irish southern cape of Cap Clear; no land is visible, so little can be seen by the human eye! Only men walk on deck. The ladies, who think they will suffer less from seasickness in the open air than in their cabins, sit on chairs against the walls, wrapped in furs to protect themselves from the cold. They all have sullen, pale, desperate faces. Don Juan, who limps quite skillfully on deck, despite the fact that the ship is rocking well, is angry that his infatuation is robbing him of the opportunity to court her, for women's hearts are hardly ever less inclined to love than when seasickness is turning their stomachs. They look so much that even the most crazed aesthete would be overcome by the desire for their kisses and charms. They only arouse unlimited pity. Some are still holding on heroically, fighting with themselves and the sea, but it is clear that the fear of seasickness haunts all their other thoughts. The bell calls first the third-class passengers to dinner, then the second and first-class. I hear Croatian spoken among the third-class passengers. There are up to a dozen of them, and there is no steamship that would not carry a Croat across the ocean. Most of them are from the mountainous region, but there are also some from the coast, and one from Lika. I ask them the reason for their migration. A superfluous question! Trouble! There is no way to pay taxes, the children and the elderly are starving at home. No income, no earnings. If you ask them where they are going and what they will do, they cannot answer. Each one has the address of an acquaintance on paper, so they go to him. People will send them to New York and put them on the railroad, whoever put them on and when they left, and they will come, not knowing which parts they have passed through. There they will do what others do. If they are well, they will not return to their homeland. Because what will they do there — one of them told me — when everything there is for Hungarians and for Hungarians?! 15 Some take their wives and children. Their condition is terrible! Babies do not feel seasick from the breast, toddlers who can walk recover quickly and eat deliciously; you can't look at a naked woman with grief. Below deck they cannot stand the stench of discarded food, and on deck they are beaten by the waves, wind, winter, and rain.

The floor is muddy and wet, and they are lying, writhing in the mud. When they throw out the food, they throw something yellow, like bile. Rugby that their intestines will break from the effort, from the urge to vomit, and they have nothing left to vomit. Some suck on a piece of orange or lemon, but there is no help! Cruel men of various nationalities have no compassion for women, make fun of them, kick them with their feet if they get in the way. All languages are mixed there, like in the Tower of Babel. There are mostly Italians, then Germans, Poles, Czechs, Finns, Latvians, Hungarians, Slovaks, Slovenes, Serbs, Bulgarians, etc. Montenegriins are the most clumsy when walking, dressed half Montenegrin, half French, shabby, like mere beggars, like dressed for a carnival joke. Many are suffering from seasickness, so they look even more miserable to you. There is an angry squeal, and most third-class passengers are dressed in summer suits. When the sea waves wash over them, they have nothing to wear, so they lie down. It is difficult to get into their room, because the air is suffocating, but they are not worse off in French society than in others, and the food is better and more abundant. Neither one complains about the food. Most of them will get over seasickness after two or three days, so they will eat deliciously and indulge in joy. There are revelers who tell all kinds of jokes and

and entertain the group. Some play the accordion, some sing, some dance. Even some women will dare to dance for a while.

Among them there are also young girls who have become engaged in writing, sent by their fiancé for the journey, and are now going to the wedding. It is not uncommon for a girl to forget her fiancé on the journey and get engaged to someone else. Many even in New York lie in wait for the arrival of a steamer to kidnap a girl under the ring. In America they cannot find a girl for themselves with whom they could understand each other, because they do not speak any other language than their mother tongue, so they do not kidnap her, nor seduce her. Because of this, they often resort to knives. Many times various agents also trade in human flesh, and for good money, instead of sending the girl to her fiancé, they sell her to some other guy. And in New York there are agents of all kinds! Don Manuel Pichardo, unable to enjoy amorous entertainments in this damned weather, tries to console himself as best he can with food and drink. The first is at the table, and the last leaves him. The sea does not harm him, so that everything throws waves into the furnaces through the chimneys. He has crossed the ocean countless times and is accustomed to every misfortune. There is no dish on the menu that he would not taste. When the waiter asks him what he will bring him, he replies — everything! What is there to ask.^ Everything in order, as it is on the menu! 16 And lui nienu-u has ten dishes every time! The kitchen on society ..

And the sea is not in any way in the English society. Don Manuel, who has had the opportunity to travel in all the various societies, English, German, French and Dutch, assures me of this. In the rest, it is unnecessary for him to convince me, because I see it by the tireless work of his lips. The sea has done me so much harm that it has taken away my appetite for the first two or three days. I eat very little, and for the greater part of the day I sit, or squat, lying down on the yellow velvet sofas in the parlor, reading the novels of Balzac, Flaubert, etc. I read anything and everything in English, to prepare myself for the arduous task of the English translation. Sometimes I play chess with a Dominican, or we discuss the philosophy of St. Thomas. He does not recognize any other philosophy except that of St. Thomas. Everything else is the imagination of foolish minds!

Nu knows Tom's philosophy really well, and that is not a small thing, so he allows himself to spend a pleasant time with him, and if he is a Christian, he wants the victory of the pagan Japanese over Christian Russia. He doesn't tell me that openly, because he knows I'm a Slav, and he would be ashamed to admit it, and yet I can see from everything that he doesn't hate pagans as much as non-Catholic Christians. I guess he forgets Tom's science in that. That genius opened the gates of heaven to the Turks as well, if they live according to the laws of reason and nature, that is, if they are virtuous. Not every friar in a white robe is Thomas, even if he has leafed through his "Summa". With each new day the ocean is more terrible, more turbulent. There are no more seagulls, no dolphins, nothing, except the endless open sea! The colors on it are always the same, always the dull reflection of leaden torn clouds. Rarely does the sun shine its friendly rays on the tortured surface of the ocean and turn the horizon a little blue. In vain I glance at the barracks every now and then, to see some new face of the ocean. It is always the same! It is rare to see a ship in the distance. Even if there are thousands of them, they will be lost in the vast space; and the eye does not reach further than twenty kilometers. If a ship passes, towering on the waves, now you see only its stern, now only its nose, now nothing, except the smoke from the chimney. In a quarter of an hour it disappears completely from sight, because both she and we are moving away quickly. Only if Touraine reaches some slower ships, sailing in the same direction, we see them every two or three hours on the horizon, in the eternal torment of the waves. Each one tells us by Marconi telegram what its name is, where it is sailing, what news it has, and learns the same from us. In the telegraph room you hear the constant crackling of electricity, which waves across the ocean of human thought. If you want to telegraph something to Europe or America, the Touraina will telegraph the nearest ship, this one, that one, that one, until the telegram reaches some Marconi station on land. It is difficult to get news until it is at least two hundred miles from land. The ships we meet, which sailed from America at about the same time as we did from Europe, can tell us nothing more than we can tell them. The siege of Port Arthur is in the greatest crisis, and my soul is sinking, not knowing anything about the fate of the 17 besieged Russian brothers. All the passengers, except the Spaniards and Spanish Americans, Japanophiles. They hate Russia and all Slavism with all their hearts, and they wish us every evil from God and from people. God give everyone what they deserve! It is night. I am the only one sleeping in my cabin. Suddenly I am awakened from my sleep by a mighty, familiar noise. I strain my ears. Touraine's siren wails with its terrible, thunderous voice, like the one on the way out of Le Havre. The ship is not swaying much, and the rugby stands still. The rhythmic whipping of the screw on the sea is faintly heard, and the iron lungs of the colossus are barely breathing. The siren wails again, and the barracks above me tremble with the thunder, the iron walls of the ship and the cabin doors tremble. What has happened to the mighty colossus that it has stopped, that it is roaring as if wounded? Has its engine broken down, what danger threatens it, that it is having lunch like this in the dark night, that it is shaking the pure air of the ocean and the immense darkness of the night with its terrible throat.* I do not hear the rush for the ship. Everything is sleeping peacefully. If the ocean had not been pressed by a fog, and the Touraine was eating through its eddies, so that those who could not see it would hear it, lest

the difficult fate of "Bourgogne" befall them.^ The fog is blind and the biggest enemy of today's sailor, who knows where the cliffs and shoals are in all the oceans, knows how to avoid every Scylla and Charybdis, but cannot escape the sudden blast of another ship through the fog, and there you have the conflict, which destroys the mighty Bourgogne and many others sank into the depths of the sea with hundreds of passengers, without any possibility of rescue. Touraine thunders every hour; her thunderous voice, which trumpets and trumpets through the night on the fire, like a bell that clangs together, like a blood-colored sign, echoes gloomily through the voids of the ship. I'm already sure that it's foggy, but I can't rest, I get dressed and go out to the barracks. The thunder of the siren thunders louder in the open air. Nothing can be seen, and the waves are barely audible. Even the electric lamps on the ship, shrouded in thick fog, blink, as if they were dozing. There are no clear shapes on the ship, but as if you were on that Dante's ship, which transports souls across the ocean to the high hill of Purgatory. And all around is pitch black night: 0 c e- an 0 no X! In vain is your head full of all knowledge; in vain does the earth seem small to you in space, in vain do you know how big it is, how far it is from the sun; in vain do you know the point on it where you are; in vain do you know the solid structure of the gigantic ship that carries you, the power of its engines, the safety of its rudder; in vain do you know that the captain, burning on the bridge, in his cabin, like reason in some cell of the brain, stands and watches: the horror of the pitch black night on the endless ocean seizes you from all sides; It seizes you like the vain fear of the primitive man at the beginning of his earthly life, who saw ghosts in every phenomenon of nature, who felt surrounded by evil geniuses of mystery. The dark immensity pours down in concentric circles on your empty heart. You feel yourself a white, insignificant, and insignificant creature. You are alone, and it seems as if there is neither deck nor ship, but you are swimming on the wave of the ocean, between two gaps: the dark darkness of the sky and the abyss of the sea. Reason has no power to awaken, to resist vanity, to disperse the dark mysterious fears, the atavistic inheritance from the primeval ancestors. The face of the ghost, which frightened their lively imagination, has no form for you, and you do not know what you are afraid of. You only feel that mystical fear floods and drowns you; drowns you in the abyss of nothingness, deeper than the ocean, deeper than the gap of the heavens. I feared for myself, I cried out, lest my reason should fail me, and I staggered down the stairs, listening to the sirens wailing with a desperate and terrible cry. I lay down on my bed, found my way around the small space of the cabin, and dozed off peacefully. The sea grows more restless every day, but on the fifth, when we were on the great Bank of New-Fodland, at 44 and 50 latitude and 52 and 16 longitude, the sight was magnificent and terrible. It seemed to Rugby that the horizon of the ocean had suddenly opened and widened, as if his vision had gained double strength, and reached many

much further, but only when Touraine is at the top of the wave, because when you return to the sea basin, then you see all around you but foamy crests, which swirl like a vortex overhead, more chimneys, more masts, right there, as if the throat of the ocean is opening under us with a huge vortex, as if a water volcano is opening to swallow us. Great masses of insipid pale waters, circling around the wild forest, in which the rhythmic clatter of the machine dies, and the roar of the screw roars; they rise and rise, rushing towards you with a terrible menacing speed, as if they will cover you and the ship with a deluge of broken waves, when in one place they drown you, lift the ship's bow towards the heavens, bring the stern towards the chasm, so that the sea floods it, then the ship straightens, and there it is on the top of a high mountain. Now a magical, magnificent scene is bursting before your eyes. It seems to you that you are on the top of an involuntary hill, and everywhere, as far as your eye can see, you see mountains, and mountains, intertwined with each other, with thousands of slopes, clearings of peaks, valleys, steep gorges, sharp hips, on which snow is white, between which glaciers sparkle. And all these mountains are stirring, lowering, rising, rising! One chain of mountains pushes, displaces another, drives it towards the endless horizon. On the horizon you seem to see a chain of high mountains, you seem to be near the end; when suddenly behind those mountains others rise, even higher, and the first ones disappear. Now you understand how the mountains on the globe of the earth were formed in the beginning when the storms of cataclysms rolled its still unstable and unhardened crust. This is exactly how the Alps, the Caucasus, the Andes and the Himalayas must have been formed. Their conformation, and that of this wave, which roars with millions of voices beneath you, is exactly the same. Around one mountain, many smaller ones; from one valley, a thousand smaller bays rise towards the top, and the peaks are sharp and jagged. And who can describe the sounds of the 19 oceans? Along with the furious roar of tigers, which throw themselves upon their prey, you hear the prolonged and! moaning of lions, which wake up, the barricading of elephants in the fury of love, the howling of hungry wolves in the dark night on the snow-covered wasteland, the painful barking of dogs in the moonlight, the whining of cats in love on the roof, the noise of battle, the groan of the dying, the noise of a storm in the ravines, the whistle of a bora in a pine forest; all, all the most terrible murmurs, which nature, when agitated, knows how to emit . . . When a ship descends from the top of a wave into the valley, it seems to you that it will now sink, no longer seeing air. The stern rises high into the air, and the screw, finding no resistance from the water, whirls in the void, roaring, as if a million cats were purring, and the whole ship trembles as if in a fever from its dry whirling. The stern shakes as if in a tremor, and the very iron creaks, as if it were breaking, and you watch in wonder how the iron plates do not come apart, how the ship's bowels open wide to let the waves pass through. After a while the screw plunges into the water again and the tremor stops, only to shake the barracks and joints a little more violently. When the ship's nose plunges into the sea, the wave overflows over the entire lower bridge, reserved for third-class passengers, on which there is not a single passenger; and sometimes it overflows over the upper bridge, even covering the captain's bridge with foam. It seems to you that the masts are falling broken, that the waves will crash into the chimneys and extinguish the fire in the furnaces. Black smoke rises. from behind it mixes with the white crests of the waves, like clouds driven by a storm over the peaks of the mountains. This slows down the pace, because the game is dangerous. The faster the ship goes, the harder the waves attack it, so it is necessary to reduce the pace of the game. For a whole hour the engines have stopped working; only the rudder works, like reason that tames the dusty forces. I watch this magnificent game of waves, now from the top of the mountains, now from the abyssal ravine with unusual pleasure. It is the enjoyment of horror! Horror! Horror! Horror! Now I know what the ocean is, now I have seen it! In the distance the largest ship of the Hamburg-American Line, the Deutsche An der, passes us. It seems to you like a city, an island on the sea. Four chimneys belch cloudy shafts of soot and smoke into the sky. Now you see its stern, now its nose, now only the chimneys, now nothing at all, except that the smoke tells you in which valley it is. The waves toss it around like a walnut shell, and you wonder what kind of force is playing with that giant, what kind of lion. Through the smoke that rises into the air from the agitated waters, through the hills of the waves, the Deutschland disappears behind the horizon, and the Touraine continues its slow journey. The next morning the sea was quite calm. Some ladies came out of their cabins for air, to the delight of the merchant travelers and my don Juan. Time is running out, and I tell him that his 20 victories will come to nothing. Place todas, ninguna! He is angry with the sea and the waves, he says that he will no longer travel in winter, because in winter there is no luck at sea. In the afternoon, while I was reading some novel, (that sounds familiar to me) the Dominican frigate said to me with a vain, hidden joy on his face: — Have you read the telegram? — What telegram? What's the news? — Port Arthur has fallen. Over thirty thousand men have surrendered with all their weapons. Another telegram says that the admiral's ship "Prince Suvorov" hit a reef near Madagascar, and that Admiral Rozhdestvensky sank with the entire general's crew. The good Samaritan thrust a knife into my heart. I thanked him for the news in a trembling voice; a voice that stuck in my throat, in the grip of inexpressible pain. I got up to go and read the telegram myself. It did not say that Rozhdestvensky sank with the entire crew, but only that the "Suvorov" hit a cliff and sank. The good friar was I told him this, but he apologized, saying that he did not understand English, that others had translated the telegram for him. And a small consolation greatly eases the heart in a great misfortune. At that time, I considered the loss of the "Suvorov" a greater misfortune than the fall of Port Arthur, because we Slavs had placed our best hopes in Rozhdestvensky's ships, and most of all in the admiral himself. Perhaps it would have been fortunate if that news had been true, because Rozhdestvensky, with his arrogance and his recklessness, had ruined that great hope, that wonderful fleet; but at that time he was still the bearer of all the hopes of Slavism, and the pious Thomist drowned that hope in me with a malicious lie. Everyone on the ship was happy, everyone rejoiced, I cried, but without tears, so that our enemies would not see our humiliation. I feigned indifference, so that they would see that this blow was not too heavy for Slavism. Because the Romans, after The defeat at Cannae forbade widows, under penalty of death, to wear black for more than thirty days. How many more terrible defeats must yet come! Who would have hoped for them? And yet nothing frightened me as much as when I saw that the Russian press was infected with a hopeless despair. Every defeat can be endured, except the defeat of the national soul; and if the press was frightened, the soul of the Russian people was not, and that is the main thing. Peter the Great, defeated in so many battles by the Swedes, said: this is what they teach me, how I will finally defeat them, and then Poltava came! Today's defeats of Russia are only a difficult test for her, but also a great school. It is a storm that rots the rot from a great forest, so that it can grow greener. On Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we spotted the mainland of Long Island. The day before, we had already seen flocks of black minks rising in front of Touraine, parting the waves with their heavy but swift wings. And the sea 21 swallows flew from wave to wave, until the gulls showed themselves to be sure heralds of land. We did not toil for months and months on the ocean, like Columbus, and we knew for sure when and where we would arrive, and yet these heralds stirred joy in everyone's heart. Seven days of rolling on the ocean, without a single day of silence, wears everyone out, and finally, with all the safety of modern steamships, it is pleasant to say: I have safely crossed the ocean! The eastern coast of America has no high mountains. The ocean is bordered by sloping hills, which, going far west, towards Pennsylvania, rise to mountains. By the time we rounded Long Island to enter New York Bay, dusk had come. When we entered the harbor, the electric beam of the harbor lighthouse was already shining on the arm of the Statue of Liberty. Fog veiled the tall mansions on the tip of Manhattan Island. The cold wind from the Hudson River penetrated with the back rocks through the bones. It was hard to stand on deck because of the winter. The whole harbor was sown with

blocks of ice, carried by the Hudson current. The Touraine stopped and dropped anchor. A sign that we would not disembark tonight, and that we would have to spend another night on the ship. Darkness had already fallen, and millions of lamps shone around the huge harbor. A magnificent sight, the like of which cannot be seen anywhere else in the world, because we are in the largest, most modern harbor in the world, around which more than four million people live. Through the thin fog, thousands and thousands of lamps shine, some lined up like soldiers, whose order is lost indefinitely, some confused in a thousand ways, by the sea, on the hills, on the houses, in the Hudson River, in the East River, which divides Brooklyn from New York, on the shores of New Jersey and Hoboken, and especially on the tip of Manhattan Island, where the heart of New York is, where the famous Sky-Scrapers, that is, palaces with twenty or thirty floors, rise. These monstrosities, which by day prick the aesthetically trained eye, present a magical sight at night. You cannot see their sluggish, crude constructions, nor their tasteless backbones, but they look like pierced Gothic towers, all shining in one light, to which the thin fog that envelops them gives an even greater charm of mystery and grandeur. All the windows burn with a purple light, and you cannot see the work of the fog on the sills and window frames, you are only somewhat disturbed by the symmetry of these towers and the myriad lamps divided into rows. Thousands of lamps smolder in the purple veil of the fog, while other thousands cruise the surface of the sea on all sides in all directions, and around the cape of Manhattan, around those tall towers, as if built of lighthouses, long snakes of lamps circle, rushing past each other in opposite directions, some high in the air, some on the ground, then disappearing, and in an instant others are rushing by, without end. These are the trains of the aerial railways and the tramway. To this indescribable play of light is added the murmur of that Babylon, which is preparing to rest. The city roars just like the waves of the ocean. The desolate shaking smells of the misery of the iron carts, the last blows of the factories, which are falling silent, the whistle of the whistles and sirens of the steamboats, which are whizzing by and sailing crosswise in the harbor, on the Hudson, on the East River, the signs of the great factories, that work is to cease, the ringing of the bells on the iron trains, which are rushing in from all sides and are constantly approaching, the clang of various machines, all this fills you with a certain astonishment, prepares you for the curious expectation of discovering something new;^ fresh^, of a lush life, and you can hardly wait for the night to spread, for the mystery of the cape of Manhattan, on the high side, so that the grandeur, which is a wonder to you. Above this scene in the middle of the harbor, just towards the day dawns and you can see the new foot, rises a huge bronze statue of Liberty. The head of the goddess is crowned with a crown of towers, like the crown of a fortified city, a gift from Francesca, the mother of liberty, the daughter of liberty to America. Through the fog rises her proud specter, like that specter crowned with towers, which appeared to the fearsome insolent Caesar, when he set out to trample the Rubicon, to trample his mother's breast with his foot, to dance the laurels of freedom on the head of the Roman republic. But this one is more passionate, more magnificent, higher! From her hand, which rises to the clouds, shines a bright light, which drives away the fog for miles and miles of distance, which tells the traveler the port of freedom and safety. The ray from her hand spins across the horizon in the dark darkness; as if to say: from east to west, from north to south, the light of freedom must banish the darkness of slavery — Manhattan. — Ice in the harbor. — Steamboat docks. — Landing. — The boredom of disembarking. — Business. — Hotel America. — Dalmatian hotelier. — Bad foreboding. — Drowning of Croats in a sea of foreignness. — Simplicity and comfort of American hotels. — Spanish cuisine. — - Union Square. — Width of houses. — Expensiveness of land. — Twenty-story houses. — Statues of Washington and Lafayette. — Sizzling winter. — Regularity of American cities. — Nameless streets with numbers. — Manhattan Island. — Brooklyn Bridge. — Tramway. — History of New York. — Population and size of the city. — Greater New York. — The Babel Tower of Language. — Italians. — - Jews. — Slavs. — Czechs. — Croats. At last dawn. The light of day tore the enchanted veil that had enveloped us.

There are no more lamps, but columns of smoke are rising from everywhere, thousands upon thousands, from steamboats, factories, and railroads. The noise is getting louder and louder; endless whistling in all directions; a dull, hollow humming fills the air. The Touraine sails towards the mouth of the Hudson River, beneath those palaces whose roofs scratch the clouds. These houses are a veritable caricature of architectural art, a satire on every aesthetic rule and taste. They are fifteen, twenty, and even thirty stories high, and they are as narrow as apple trees, long, and leaning against the wall. They are mostly piled up on the tip of Manhattan, where all the life of New York is concentrated. There are offices, there are banks, stock exchanges, and offices. Among them are houses of three or four stories, to better emphasize the extravagance of American taste. All of them look like the mouth of a toothless grandmother. The entire surface of the Hudson is covered with broken ice, so the Touraine slowly moves towards its station.

I pass) along the jetties, of which there are no numbers. Each steamship company has its own pier between two smaller piers. In these docks lie the colossuses of all transatlantic societies. There's "Cunard", there's "Red Star", there's "W hite Star", there's "Nor d Eutscher L 1 oy d", there's "H a mburg-Ajn erik a", etc. etc. There are steamers here, which displace up to 30,000 tons of sea, and according to them our Touraine is quite chaste. The port of the company "Transa 1 1 anti ci u e" is located in the north, 24 niei,jii last.

After all, we are near our destination. A steamer has pulled us to the entrance, and now the Touraine is pulling itself into its narrow shelter. Yesterday, before entering the harbor, the mail had already arrived to meet us, the steamer was flooded with American newspapers, the New York Herald, the Sun, etc., and now a new morning wave had descended upon us. All the passengers were eagerly devouring the details of the fall of Port Arthur. Many were so absorbed in this delight that they did not even notice the waving of handkerchiefs by their friends and relatives on the dock. No one was waiting for me, and for that reason I was no less eager than the others to get my feet on dry land. Mariscal, Pichardo and I agreed that we would stay in the same hotel. It did not matter to me which one, as long as I had company, because I had experienced the boredom of solitude in big cities, and yet there would be trouble with English, because it was one thing to understand English on paper, and another in the air, and that too with the American pronunciation! Mariscal had lived a long time among the English, so his ear had become well accustomed to their speech, and I would keep him, not only because he is nice, excellent and intelligent, but also because I need him in that respect. It takes a long time to get to the shore, and when we got close and set up the bridge, they still wouldn't let us in. We have to go through the formalities. Then unloading the luggage, then customs checks! And to search your luggage you need some kind of tesker, and then you wait for your turn! And when it's your turn, they mercilessly search your boxes, so now put Jovo in a new place! You're finished, no more company. Pichardo has twenty boxes! Telegraph agents surround you, if you want to wire something to someone. Hotel agents are trying to get you to go with them. Everyone praises their work, like a gypsy horse. Agents, agents, agents everywhere! Wow, you've come to the land of agents, to the land of business! The word business is buzzing in the air in all directions. Business, business and business! (Business read business, and it means business, *Geschäft, affaire*). There you will find the word from Now you can hear it everywhere you go in America, every day, every hour! The telegraph agents are relentless. One is hovering around me like a boring dry fly. To drive her away, I wrote a telegram to Mr. Fran Zotti, a banker, editor and owner of the only Croatian daily in America, the "Narodni List", informing him of my arrival and asking him to wait for me in his office tomorrow. I told him in vain, because he had traveled to Pittsburgh on business. A tall man, I would bet a dollar, judging by his face, that he was a Dalmatian Croat, took Pichardo to go to his place at the Hotel America, because it was a purely American-Spanish hotel. Pichardo introduced him to me. His name was Berutić. Hearing that name, I addressed him

The word Croatian, no, he doesn't understand me. He has to struggle with English or Spanish. He told me that his grandfather was from Dalmatia, no, he was born in Cadiz, so he doesn't know Croatian. He points his finger at my cheekbones, and says: you can see that you are Dalmatian. I saw that on his face too, no, I didn't point my finger at his cheekbones! By that difference, you can see that even if they are the same blood and shape, the soul, the customs are different. He is an American, so his movements and behavior are American. That is the first victim of our people that meets me, the moment I set foot on American soil, and it gives me a hint of what will happen to all those Croats who set foot on that land. Dehumanization, inevitable, inexorable dehumanization! Which end of the wide land is not inhabited by Croats who do not know that they are Croats?" Which people have we not increased in number and strength, displacing our oppressed homeland?" Which sea has not swallowed the bones of our sailors? Which miners have not dried up the bodies of our workers.^ Which field has not been soaked with the sweat of Croatian foreheads.^ Which factory has not mutilated with its machines the strong limbs of Croatian sons." For whose freedom are they not fighting? For everyone's! just a little for their own. Finally, around noon, Berutić and I set off in a wide landau towards the Hotel Amerika, while the luggage went in another car. The car is closed, so I can't even see where we are going, I can only hear around me the noise, the rush, the clatter, the noise, the thunder, the muffled rumble. After an hour's drive, the car stopped in front of the hotel. Berutić shoved us all into the elevator, or as they call it in America, the lift, and there we were, like an arrow, up the floors, until we were dropped off, I don't remember whether on the sixth or seventh floor. Berutić assigned two small rooms, one next to the other, for me and Mariscal, while he dropped off Pichard somewhere lower. The rooms are simple, they couldn't be simpler. It seems like there's nothing a person needs inside, but everything is there, just take a closer look. The servant opens something that's standing against the wall, and it turns into a bed, ready for you to lie down on, clean as snow. Open a door on the wall, and there's a closet where you can hang your clothes. In one corner is a marble sink, into which you can pour hot or cold water as you like. Open the other door and there's a bath, hot or cold, as you like. A mirror, two simple chairs; that's all the furniture. Nothing is missing and nothing is superfluous. It's a tow truck outside, and the room is warm day and night, because a reliable boiler heats from below in the basement. You don't need winter blankets on the bed, just a sheet is enough. It's the prototype of an American room; they're everywhere, with all the necessities of life, and without the slightest decoration. If you want to pay ten to twenty dollars a day, you'll get a decorated room. You can pay a hundred, and you'll find as much luxury as you want, everything will be silk, velvet, tapestries and marble, but you'll hardly find any aesthetic fine taste. My little room costs a dollar and a half a day; very cheap for New York. We washed up, took a bath, and went down by elevator to the dining room. You press an electric button, and the elevator rushes from downstairs to the floor you're on, and in an instant you're down. The dining room is a little more ornate than the rooms. The cuisine is Spanish, so in the main it's good, if you compare it to American. We got some food and went out, Mariscal and I, for some fresh air. 26 The Hotel America is located between Irviii.!: I^lace and Union Square, in one of the liveliest spots in New York. Square means square, and there are very few squares in New York. In addition to Union Square, Madison is also worth mentioning, so we are idols. On lim Ir.^s, which are comparatively less smelly, very small, there are also some trees, otherwise you will hardly find trees on the streets of American cities, least of all in New York. To enjoy the greenery, you should go to the parks. There are few of them, but they are usually huge. In New York, the biggest pacho is the only one - right in the city - Central Park. I will talk about that park another time, that is, when it is not covered with snow, and it is located in the middle of New York's main street (broadway). That street is not as wide as its name suggests. It intersects New York diagonally, in the so-called Boulevard 20 kilometers long, around Union Square There are four or five stories of houses, and there are also twenty. Wide houses in New York are very rare. The usual width of a house is 20 to 30 meters. When there is no space on the ground, then you have to go to the sky and that is how Sky-Scrapers are created. Land is incredibly expensive. You could easily buy a house to build a new one in its place, but land is measured in gold. On the tip of Manhattan Island, land is so expensive that twenty miles from New York, for the money you use to buy land to build one Sky-Scraper, you could buy space for an entire city. You have to count two or three million dollars, otherwise it is not built; and to make the invested capital pay off, you are forced to build floors upon floors up to the clouds. And so perhaps necessity, rather than American extravagance, forces people to climb to the sky and the clouds. Usually people do not live in such houses, but they have their own offices. In hotels, which are mostly so The buildings, of course, are inhabited by people. In vain do the Americans try to give these bell towers some aesthetic form. To this end, they struggle to incorporate all possible styles, to use all architectural decorations. There are Ionic, courtly, Corinthian, Linnean, Archipepan, Gothic, Tuscan, Venetian styles, and most of all Renaissance. But all in vain! The more they struggle to use these syllables of eternal beauty, the more comical the thing turns out. These palaces look like those caricatures when a man looks at himself in oblong protruding mirrors, and he seems as thin as a stick and as tall as a reed. His head is oblong as a cucumber. On the ground floor they put a row of beautiful marble or granite columns, Ionic or Doric style. On this row they pile over twenty stories, without any taste, and higher up they hit the Greek triangle, or Attic, under the roof. Even those poor Montenegrins who immigrate to America, wearing shabby tailcoats on their ragged clothes and a top hat on their heads, which some Italian gave them, not out of charity, but out of hatred, don't look so comical. 27 In vain! Architecture cannot be taken away by some rules. A house must have its proportions, like the human body, like everything in nature; it must also suit man. In Rome, too, they built tall houses out of necessity, because it was not allowed to expand the Pomoerium, but public buildings were neither too high, nor too wide, nor too large. The ancient architects also took into account the appearance and the height on which the building was to be built. The Athenians had perfect taste in this. The Parthenon was neither larger nor smaller, nor wider nor higher, but the Acropolis could bear it. It looked like a magical flower, all sprouted from that soil where all artistic beauty grew. In addition to other flaws, you can see on those tall houses, in every line, the iron skeleton that supports it. And that is just as ugly, like when you see ribs on a skinny horse, or when you can anatomically study osteology under the skinny skin of a human leg. When such houses are built right next to three- or four-story houses, as is usually the case in New York and all American cities, then the caricature is even more striking. That is the case around Union Square. However, there is one such house there, which is quite wide, and simply built, so it has some grandeur in it. If the entire square were surrounded by such houses, it might even have a grandiose impression. The small square in front of City Hall and the beginning of Broadway also convinces me of this to some extent. There are also a few statues in Union Square, like the statue of the founders of the republic, Washington and Lafayette. These statues are pitiful, like all statues in America, and all American art. Anything that did not come from Europe, or that is not a faithful copy of European masterpieces, is a freak. Let us take the statue of Lafayette, for example. That man did not really deserve to be caricatured and ridiculed by Americans in their statues. He fought for America's freedom, he perhaps did more for its freedom than Washington itself. And what a statue of him is in America's greatest city.^ Such as would befit only a clown:

small and comical. Lafayette holds a saber in his left hand, which he presses to his heart, and spreads his right, as if he were going to embrace some lady and fall on his knees before her! The comical position of some kind of gisdolina in a declaration of love! The statue of Columbus in Central Park is a very poor imitation of Teghett-hoff's monument in Vienna. With the exception of the statue of General Grant in Lincoln Park in Chicago, and a few other statues, which I will probably mention elsewhere, all American statues are weak, very weak works of art, and there are many of them in America. It is a bitter winter, such as we in southern Europe do not know. His ears and nose prick with a thousand needles; his feet freeze. Mariscal is accustomed to the warm Mexican climate, and he suffers even worse than I do. It is not easy to walk along 28 streets in the winter, and we boarded the first tram, which headed down Broadway towards the sea. We disembarked in front of City Hall, that is, in front of the municipal hall. There are almost no skyscrapers around, one of them one above the other. The city hall is being repaired, and I don't understand why, and I wonder why they don't tear it down and build a new one. Behind it, some kind of new palace is being built, very beautiful, very proportional, a real exception in this irregularity, in this satire and caricature of all styles. In these tall houses, around the square, are the editorial offices and administrations of many New York newspapers. The streets are deserted, because it is Sunday; On Sundays, American Puritans do nothing, and they do not allow others to do so. They do not even go for a walk, because that is frowned upon. They sit at home, in churches, or out in the fields, no matter how cold it is! It seems that you are not in the city, which is the second largest in the world, but in some provincial town. — If you are going to see the world, let's go to the Brooklyn Bridge, — Mariscal told me. He was right! I read about that bridge, and I am eager to see it. Last night, when I arrived in the harbor, I saw it for a moment from the ship, but far away and in the fog. We set off on foot towards the famous bridge. It is very easy to find your way — I wonder about around in New York. It is enough to take two glances at the floor plan and you will immediately find your way around. While we are on the subject, let us say a few words about American practicality in this regard. All American cities are woven on a hill.

All of them are almost perfectly geometrically regular. The streets intersect at right angles with so-called Avenues, or somewhat longer and wider streets. Everything is measured geometrically, like the Egyptian fields of old. The streets have no names — except for some of the older ones — but are marked with numbers, and so are the avenues. Where streets and avenues intersect, there are no signs at the corners, but on the lampposts it says: street number so-and-so, and on the other side, avenue number so-and-so. And so you don't have to trouble your memory with names, and besides, you know immediately how many streets you need until you reach your apartment, or your destination. The island of Manhattan, on which New York is built, has the shape of a long tongue, sticking out between two canals towards the harbor. It is cut lengthwise by a dozen avenues, or approaches, and is crossed in width by over a hundred streets. All the approaches are served by electric trams, or by aerial railways, or both, and on the main streets you will find electric trams, and sometimes horse-drawn ones. It is all so simple that not the slightest detail can be lost, provided one knows which tram to take. Let us return to the Brooklyn Bridge. Through some old narrow and very dirty streets—the new ones are usually also disgusting and all too slowly paved—we reached the bank of the East River. We entered some dark arches, over which a deserted iron carriage thunders like the dull roar of a volcano, the harbinger of an eruption. These are the railways, which go continually one after another back and forth across the bridge. The trams are below, and an immense crowd of people is pushing, squeezing, and trampling to squeeze under these arches, to climb the steps to the railway and tram stations. With great difficulty we pushed our way through the immense crowd to the bridge. It is two kilometers long. To enjoy the view better, we decided to cross it on foot, and take in the panorama of the harbor, New York, and the city of Brooklyn. We forgot only one thing, namely the winter and the wind, which always blows strongly across the canal.

We forgot that the harshness of winter would drive out of our bodies all enjoyment of beauty. Without thinking of it, we set off on foot. The first to begin work on the construction of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn was Colonel Julius W. Adams in 1855. In 1866 the order was given to begin construction. Construction began in 1869 under the direction of John A. Roebling. The first iron cable across the canal was pulled in July 1876. The pylons carrying the iron cables rise 276 feet above the water. The one on the Brooklyn side weighs 93,079 tons, and the one on the New York side over 140,000 tons. In the middle of the canal, the arch over which the railroad runs is over forty feet high, so that ships with the highest masts can pass under it. The width of the bridge is twenty-six feet. Across this width run two railway tracks, that is, from left to right, two for electric trams, two for carriages and one for pedestrians. The whole bridge hangs from four iron cables, which rest on the aforementioned pillars. Each cable is twisted from 2434 steel wires, each weighing 800 tons, and can support 15,000 tons. The steel on the superstructure weighs 10,000 tons. The cost of construction was 15,000,000 dollars, or seven and a half million and a half crowns. The bridge was completed in May, 1883. Today, 350,000 people cross it daily, which brings in 1,900,000 dollars. These figures say more than any description can, so I do not intend to describe the bridge further, because I know how difficult and tedious the work is, and also how boring it is for readers. The science in the gymnasiums is also useful for something, and I remember how the sweat dripped from my forehead when I had to weigh Caesar's description of the bridge he had built over the Rhine. And what are those stumps and wattles, those beams and ropes, compared to this mass of iron and stones.^ I would not like my readers to sweat either, so let's skip over the genius of modern engineering, to the artistic side, to easy storytelling. The thunder of the wheels makes it impossible to hear conversation, so if I am to understand my friend Mariscal, we must shout into each other's ears, like a deaf man to a deaf man. Trains rush one after another from left and right in the opposite direction constantly, and so does the electric tramway. Heavy carts and carriages go on one side and the other of the road designated for pedestrians. Everything creaks, groans, clatters, and rattles around us. In addition, a strong wind blows from the north, cold, as if it came from Greenland itself. 1 Icebergs float down Hast River in the depths.

My ears are freezing, and my body is shivering, because even fur cannot protect it from the force of the wind. 30 I wish I could keep my hands in my pockets! But I have to hold my hat with one hand, and my glasses with the other, because the wind is so strong that it will blow them off into the water. And we have to cover two kilometers with this effort! We take cover behind the iron railings to take a look at the surroundings. The view is magnificent, because the distance deprives the sea of buildings around of their aesthetic architectural flaws, so you don't see the details, but the whole, and that is really wonderful. And those countless house towers, which rise to the clouds. They make a different impression from a distance, an impression that cannot be enjoyed anywhere else in the world, except in the mountains among the involuntary dolomites. The view of Brooklyn, its thousands of chimneys, its black streets and sooty roofs, is also magnificent; and especially to the second bridge a little further north, to the Williamsburg, which is even grander than the Brooklyn one. Countless steamboats glide under the bridges, pulling huge barges full of various building materials, and great transatlantic liners enter the harbor slowly and with dignity, passing the Statue of Liberty, shrouded in fog and smoke. The smoke and mist lie over the entire area, and with their veil increase the grandeur of the scene. Sweaty from fighting the wind, and yet frozen in the face and hands, we finally reached the other side, into the city of Brooklyn. We got off the bridge, thinking we would go out into the street, but it is dangerous to move around there. There is a real labyrinth of tracks, a pandemonium of trams. The wisest thing seems to us to get on a tram and return to New York. And so it was. With great difficulty we got hold of a tram. To get on the tram here, you have to be American-like, reckless, not to say impudent. There's always a huge crowd of people there.

They push, step on, crush each other. There is no consideration for class, age, or gender. Everyone tries to get in as soon as possible and pushes the other. Once you've got in, the pain and trouble never stop. If you're among the first to get in and sit down, those who come will step on your feet, and the tram conductor will do the most and most ruthlessly when it comes to collecting the fare. He doesn't deny anyone entry. There may be two or three times as many, but there's room in the tram, he lets passengers get in until they see that they can't break through the compact mass any more. People are huddled together, like grains in a pomegranate, without distinction of status. Rags next to silk, perfume next to stench. The stronger one stands out better. The weaker ones have to suffer, like Piog. If someone pushes you in the ribs, you elbow them too, and it doesn't hurt anyone, that's understandable! If you step on someone's foot, you don't have to ask for forgiveness, and if someone steps on you, don't expect an apology. The cruelest 3d of all is the conductor. He pushes through the passengers, knocking over those who are standing and those who are sitting, as if it were his right. The main thing is to collect the fare of five cents (twelve and a half coins) from everyone, and since the control is heavy, it is not uncommon for him to sometimes forget to pull the bell, >that is, to record how many cents he has collected. Usually these conductors are very .)scratched, very rude, with ugly and cruel expressions. It is written on the tram that it is forbidden to spit on the floor, under threat of a fine of 500 thalers. Yet you can hear the constant snoring and spitting. 31 No one speaks. Anyone, no matter how much his stomach is bursting from the pressure, if he is tall, unrolls the newspaper above his head and reads, and it doesn't bother him that the tram goes at breakneck speed, and sways like a ship in a storm, so that it is not uncommon for one man to lose his balance and drag a dozen of them down with him in the fall, and they all pile up in one heap on the floor. When you reach the place where you intend to get off, you have to push your way through the crowd without hesitation before the tram stops, because if you don't jump out immediately, it will rush on in a moment. Sometimes you get on the tram in very elegant company, among fine ladies, because even American billionaires are not ashamed to get on the tram. Nowhere is the carriage used less than in America, and usually only for entertainment, and when you go about your business, you go by tram. Millionaires and millionaires are still rare in tramways towards simplicity and poverty, so you usually find yourself in poor company, and often in suspicious ones. All that I said about the streetcars in New York applies to all of America; I only added that tramways have already been introduced in the villages. Undoubtedly, the United States alone has more of them than the whole world put together. When we return to New York, it will not be embarrassing to the readers if I tell them anything about the history of that city and its present-day greatness. In 1626, the Dutch company Dutch West India Company bought the island of Manhattan, on which New York stands today, from the urogenitals for some mirrors, knives, knives and other trinkets worth 24 dollars. The Dutch established themselves at the southern end of the island, built several houses, and settled a small colony, which they named New Amsterdam. The fort was called the Amsterdam Fort. The Dutch governor had his seat there for about 50 years, and his residence was where the steamship agencies are today, towards Bowling Green. The misfortune of the Dutch was that the island of Manhattan bordered the English colony of Virginia. In 1664, the English king Charles II. granted his brother the Duke of York and Albany, the territory now occupied by the states of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware, considering the island of Manhattan also an English possession. The duke immediately sent an army there, which drove out the Dutch governor Stuyvesant, and named the new colony New York in honor of the duke. However, the Dutch did not yet give up the possession, and fought for it for a long time, seizing it and losing it, until it finally fell under the English in 1691. In 1700, there were barely 300 houses there. At the beginning of the 20th century, there was no such thing as a city on Manhattan Island. There was a small town on the top, which is now called the Battery. In 1805, a new fortress, Fort C 1 int 0 n, was built nearby, which the people call C as 1 1 e by its common name. 32 And what a change in a hundred years! Today, on Manhattan Island, there are no construction sites, but old houses have to be demolished to build new ones and more. And that island is sixteen miles long and four and a half wide! According to the latest statistics, 1,850,000 people live on that area. This makes New York the third most populous city in the world, coming right after London and Paris. It is the largest city and busiest port on the sea. But the Americans were not satisfied with New York being the third city, they wanted it to be the first. For this purpose they decided to unite under the name Greater New York the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island, Staten Island and Westchester. This decision received government approval on January 1, 1898, and so today New York has 3,760,000 inhabitants. This number exceeds the population of the city of Paris, and so the Americans imagine that they have surpassed Paris, and that they will soon surpass London. And indeed Paris does not have so many inhabitants, because its population is counted only as that which lives within the walls; but if the suburbs were included, Paris would be much larger. Besides, it is ridiculous to measure the importance of a city by the number of inhabitants. If New York had twice as many inhabitants as London, Paris would still remain the center of the world, the most beautiful, the most artistic and the most attractive of all cities. The space occupied by Greater New York is enormous. It extends 35 miles in length and nineteen in breadth. In this area there are 167,000 houses and 1,170 churches of all faiths. The value of these buildings is calculated by the Americans at 25,000,000,000 crowns. It is crossed in all directions by electric tramways, with a total length of 1,000 miles; and in addition 150 miles of aerial, not counting the underground electric railways. In area, however, Greater New York lags behind Chicago and London. I will speak of the vast area of Chicago when I come to speak of that city. If any city can be called a cosmopolitan city, it is New York. Here the story of the Tower of Babel is completely fulfilled, for all languages are spoken there. Despite the fact that a small minority of the inhabitants are of English origin, the city looks just as English as London, or at least will become so. The English language is the dominant language in the public sphere, and every foreigner is forced to learn English if he wants to get anywhere. All other languages are suppressed, and you have to go into the small streets of lesser importance to hear them spoken. Some nationalities are scattered throughout the city, while others are gathered together in outlying areas. After English, German and Italian are the most commonly heard. There are, they say, half a million Italians in Greater New York.

They have a dozen of their own restaurants, all of which are of good repute, and other nationalities also visit them, because American cuisine is not to the taste of Europeans. They publish two or three dailies, in addition to other periodicals. They also engage in menial jobs, in fact, it can be said that all the menial jobs, such as sweeping the streets and shining shoes, are in the hands of Italians. There are also very rich merchants, millionaires, among them. All other nationalities hate and despise the Italians, in fact, it can be said that they are the most despised nationality in all of America. The Americans call them deg 0. How this nickname came about, I could not say, but now this nickname has spread to everyone who does not speak English. American children, if they hear another child speaking in some other language, start mocking him and shouting dego! dego! In this way, even small children involuntarily do the work of nationalizing their nationality, because all the other children try to speak English so that the little Americans do not mock them. The process of nationalizing all nationalities proceeds regularly and inevitably. And there will be more to come about this. In vain do newspapers in all the languages of the world get printed in New York! I am firmly convinced that within a hundred years there will be no other newspapers there than English, unless, by some unforeseen event, fate befalls the English and American navies. In a hundred years, hardly one German and one French newspaper will be published in New York, as the "New York Herald" is currently published in Paris today. There are more newspapers on the walls in New York, and

Among them there are also newspapers published in Hebrew letters in the German language. They have their own separate streets, just as old European cities once had their ghettos. They get rich very easily, even if they do not have so-called billionaires, but they have countless millionaires. All business is in their hands. Anti-Semitism is not open, but it is roaring softly underground. It will not be long before we see that this plant will flourish there better than anywhere else in Europe. For the time being, the principles of liberalism and freedom still restrain the spirits, but in this new race, or rather a mixture of all races, whose supreme ideal is earthly good, where there is a furious race for wealth, conflict with the Semitic race, which is more capable than others in this business, is inevitable. The Slavs in New York are not numerous, and yet all the Slavic tribes are represented. Each tribe has its own daily or at least weekly newspaper. The Czechs are the most numerous and the most advanced, and are gathered around 72nd and in the surrounding streets. The Slavs on that street also have their own club, whose president is the notary public ĵapek. The Croats are scattered in all directions. They have no societies of their own, no organization of any kind. Most of them are in the nearby town of Hoboken, on the other side of the Hudson River. They have their own society there. Most of them are factory workers. There are also quite a few in Brooklyn. As a result of this disorganization, it is not possible to know how many of them are in New York and the surrounding area, but there must be more than one thinks, because I have heard the Croatian word several times in that sea of people. It is a wonder that they do not gather and unite, because the only Croatian daily in America is published in New York, namely, "Narodni List", published by Frano Zotti, and which perhaps has more readers than any other daily in the homeland. 34 V. American museums. — View of the harbor. — The largest statue in the world. — The business center of New York. — Grace Church. — Post Office. — Postal traffic. — Ÿ The rich man's residence. — Opera. — Newspaper Palaces. — Fifth Avenue. — Madison Square Garden. — American Clubs. — Wanderbilt Palace. — St. Patrick's. — Church Revenues. — Masonic Temples. — Jewish Synagogues. — Libraries. — Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. — Airline. — Irving Place Theatre. — Ballet. — Female Breeding. — Marriage Inquiry. — Life of American Women. — Nan Patterson. Let us leave the nationalities, for there will be occasion at any moment in this travelogue to speak of them, and let us return to take a quick look at the city and its sights. There will be no mention of art, for, as the saying goes, there is none, except for imitations of European ones. There are also enormous museums of art, natural history, and antiquities, but it is better not to speak of that either. In the natural history museums there are many rare species of birds, especially American fauna, but these things must be seen, because they are difficult to describe, which would otherwise keep me busy for a long time, and it is not in my program. Museums are usually boring even when they are visited, let alone described! As for historical museums, it must be admitted that the rich Americans are struggling to supply them with antiquities from the Old World, but they can only collect what European collectors despise. In a few years it is impossible to create perfect museums. It is unnecessary to even talk about American antiquities. If they do not bring something from Mexico, the central republics, and Peru, there is nothing interesting in the northern states, or very little. It is not possible otherwise for the Americans to put in a museum the shoes of some former president of the republic, Washington's chair, or Franklin's hat, or General Grant's saber. It is Sunday, the streets are deserted. Mariscal and I set off towards the top of the town to the harbor, to enjoy the view of the sea. A poor pleasure, for through the fog one cannot see either the islands that close the harbor or the coast of New Jersey. It is a magnificent sight, however, to see the commotion of steamships and steamboats, of every kind and shape, which cross the harbor in all directions, whistling incessantly. In this bustle stands motionless only the colossus of the Statue of Liberty, on the islet of Bed 1 oe Island. It is the largest statue in the world; a wonder in its gigantic size, like the colossus that once stood over the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes. This statue was presented by the French government to the United States, as a sign of old friendship and republican solidarity. It is the work of the French sculptor Bartholdi. It does not stand out for its beauty, but for that it still makes a magnificent impression. The pedestal is twenty-five meters high, and the statue itself is over forty, from the hand that holds the electric lighthouse to the feet. From there we returned to the city and turned towards Sky-Scrapers BrodVaya. The houses are the highest there, and you have to raise your head high to see some of the open sky. This is the business center of New York. The most important banks, stock exchanges, trading houses, shipping agencies, consulates, post offices, insurance companies, etc. are located there. To the left rises in the Gothic style, with two tall bell towers on the facade, the Protestant Episcopal Church of Grace Church, one of the most beautiful in America, and that is not much, because American churches cannot interest a European at all, who has seen the monsters in Milan, Rome, Florence, Paris, Cologne, etc. It will be more interesting if I say something about the Post Office Palace, which is located near City Hall Park, on the corner of Broadway and Mail Street. The main facade of the Post Office is over ninety meters wide, which is a lot, because American buildings are usually very narrow. It has only five floors, and two underground, while towers rise around the building with more than twenty floors. The building is in the style of the Renaissance with a Doric touch, and although it cannot be said that it is an architectural wonder of beauty, it still makes a more pleasant impression on the eye than those towers around it. They say that the order in this building is exemplary, and it is enough to list a few facts about the enormous activity in it to see that it could not have been done without order. In 1903, 2,334,943,145 pieces of letters and other postal items passed through this building. Every day, 4,657,378 pieces passed through. And this number grows every year. In 1903, dl.Zld.MA more than in the previous year passed through. As a result of this enormous traffic, the building that cost thirty-five million crowns no longer meets the needs, and a new, much larger one has to be built. And besides this post office, there are another hundred branches, spread out in all parts of the city. There are 4,000 postmen in New York. Walking along Broadway, you come to Fifth Avenue, the most beautiful street in New York, where the houses of the rich and the large hotels are. There is great luxury in marble, there is taste in style, but nothing original. Everything that is more beautiful is a mere imitation of the more famous European buildings. We will return to that street later, and now we follow Broadway, where we will find the main theaters, such as Wallak's, the Metropolitan Opera House, Olympia, Casino, etc. The casino is located on 39th Street, and the building is in the Moorish style, and it can be said that it is a slave imitation of the Alhambra. The roof of this building turns into a garden in the spring and is illuminated by Venetian lights. The Opera House of Iloilo is a Renaissance-style building, and most Italian operas are sung in Italian. Where Broadway intersects Fifth Avenue, there is a monument to William Dodgson, quite imposing, but without particular artistic value. On Broadway there is also the palace of the famous newspaper "Herald" in the Italian Renaissance style, and not far away is the Herald Square Theater. The buildings of other large New York newspapers are located on Row Park near City Hall.

The most famous are the "Tribune", "S u n" and "The World" palaces. Fifth avenue is divided into two parts, north and south. On the north side are the palaces of millionaires and clubs, on the south side are the houses where the greatest misery and trouble of New York live, so that street unites the two extremes of social attitudes: the gavans and the most shabby proletariat. When you come down that street from the south straight to the north, you can't see Washington Square the simple four-storied houses, to milk the poor people. You just passed Washington square, and among the bricks you can see the marble arch, erected in honor of the first president of Washington. On the same square, there is a monument to Izmeg. 26.

On the street is the famous Madison Square Garden, with the monuments of Farragut, Worth, William, Seward, etc., which are somewhat better than those we saw in Union Square. In this square, the Madison Square Garden Theater catches the eye, which would surprise with the beauty of its architecture, if it were not a faithful copy of the Giralda in Seville. New marble and granite shine on all sides, and the further north you go, the greater the splendor of the marble. Nowhere has the mania for clubs reached such proportions as in America. There are countless of them. In clubs the American spends all the time he does not spend on business. There he eats, there he reads the newspapers, there he exercises, there he fences, there he practices all possible sports, there he bathes. Everything that the human mind could invent for his entertainment and for physical comfort, you will find in the more famous American clubs. Membership fees are enormous, and one is not admitted to the club but only through the patronage of older members. In New York, the most famous are the Union L'Eagne and Manhattan, both of which have their buildings on Fifth Avenue. A little further from the Manhattan Club is the palace of the famous billionaire AVanderbilt in the French Renaissance, and in it that rich man collected all the art he could buy in France. A little further on stands the Irish-Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, in the Gothic style, with two simple bell towers on the front, all of striped white marble. It is one hundred meters long, and the height of the bell tower is 110 meters. The construction cost ten million crowns, and the glass in the windows alone, a French work, cost a million each. Speaking of churches, I will say that even if there are relatively few believers there, a lot is still spent on churches, and they have large, even enormous income from alms, which pious people give on the occasion of great festivities, especially on Christmas. I was told that the Church of the Holy Trinity, on Broadway, has an annual income of 25,000,000 crowns. The Freemasons also have their temples, and they are certainly not the poorest, and they are built in the shape of Sky-Scrapers. There are countless Jewish synagogues, and some are beautiful in the Arabic style. Near Central Park is one of the main public libraries of New York. It was built at his own expense by James Lenox, and bears his name. It is built in the classical style of the French Renaissance, at a cost of five million crowns. The number of books is very small, for it contains no more than 30,000 volumes, and it has several rarities. The library administration claims to possess the first book ever printed, that is, the first book printed in Mainz in 1450 by the inventors of the printing press, Gutenberg and Dr. Faust; they even have an even older Bible (!), which was stamped in 1447 in Wurtemberg, not to mention old Chinese books, which are beyond comprehension. In truth, the library is very poor in manuscripts and incunabula.

Some beautifully bound modern books, without much scientific value, that's all. New York has a total of 53 public libraries, of which it is worth mentioning the Astor Library (280,000 volumes), the Mercantile Library (220,000), the N. Historical Society (75,000), the Law Institute Library (legal, 35,000), the Society Library (70,000), etc. None of these libraries reach 300,000 volumes, and they are rights a toy according to some Europeans, because e.g. the Paris National Biblioteque has over 3,000,000 volumes. All American libraries are built on this type. Some rich man, who wants to play Archelaus or Maecenas, comes along and gives a million dollars for the library. Most of the sum is used for construction, and little remains for books.

"Construction is unusually expensive in America, because the simplest mason must be paid five dollars a day. The patron wants the building to look luxurious, to show the marble. What can be left for books?"

Several thousand modern English books are quickly purchased and the library is ready, open to everyone for use. This is a picture of American culture. Education and knowledge are also quickly acquired in America. They want to deceive themselves and the world with their polished exterior, that the interior is also cultivated, that America has nothing to envy Europe in any respect. To complete the review of Fifth Avenue, I should also mention the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, certainly one of the largest in the world. It must be admitted that when it comes to physical comfort, Americans have far surpassed Europe, as the description of this hotel will prove. It is located on Fifth Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets. It has 17 floors and 1,500 rooms on them, 1,200 of which have bathrooms. The building looks cyclopean, and the cost was about 40,000,000 crowns. 38 The ground floor rooms are occupied by ojt*Tomne dining rooms, each in its own style. The main hall is decorated in the Empire style, and shines with yellow brass and dozens of red electric lamps on the tables. The floor is covered with a huge red carpet, and fresh flowers adorn all the free spaces. The kitchen and service are Iranian. Everything that is considered more elegant in New York, and that can throw gold like a frying pan, meets here. The walls are of stone, or of stucco, not only in the halls, but also in the corridors and on the stairs, and this stucco is polished and gilded, as in some Byzantine basilica, or in a Muslim mosque. On all sides you find divans, armchairs, chairs, upholstered in the finest velvet, silk, and leather. In one hall an orchestra plays from morning until midnight. The bustle of the world is in these halls, and especially in the corridors, in the taverns, in the bars, where beer and other drinks are poured, as in an anthill. The ladies' salon is an exact copy of Marie Antoinette's salon, all in bright, bright silk, with Rococo furniture, so that you are afraid to touch anything for fear of breaking it. There is a gambling house, a bank, a currency exchange office. There is even a kind of stock exchange, where the rates are reported by telegram at the same time as in the Stock Exchange. Next to the flower shop there is a photographic bureau, and the atelier is higher on the roof, under the clouds. The telephone occupies a special central room, which is connected to all the rooms, to the city and the surrounding area. Immediately nearby is the telegraph bureau, and next to it is the medical bureau. There are three doctors always on duty in the hotel. There is a newspaper and theater ticket sales for all the theaters. Next to the post office, which has more work to do than in any small town, is a treasury, with huge iron cabinets, Daedalic works of American mechanics. In the post office, each room has a letter box for its occupant. If anyone comes to look for a tenant, he hands over a calling card, which an official puts into a pneumatic tube and in a few seconds it is on the floor and in the room where the tenant is. If he is absent, the calling card is returned with a stamp that says Not in room.

The tenants, of course, do not take the stairs to this Tower of Babel. On all sides there are electric elevators in the Louis XV style, white with gold trim. Each has room for fifteen people. If anyone wants to go down, he presses a bell, and the needle shows the groom (the elevator driver) which floor he is being called to. On the ground floor there are two huge halls, for dances, for concerts, and even for plays, with boxes, a stage and dressing rooms. The walls are all made of marble, the carpets are from Persia, the mirrors are huge from Paris, and the ceilings were painted by the best American painters, in the American style, of course! They are rented for 100 and 1500 thalers per evening. Sometimes they are used for art exhibitions. The luxury of marble and other artificial materials is the same everywhere, but it cannot be said that it is used with taste everywhere. One often feels a sense of parvenu, like the mistresses of those merchants who suddenly become rich, and they pile up precious stones and silk, just let it be seen. 39 On the first floor are apartments for those who can pay up to 500 thalers a month in rent. Such apartments, of course, have several rooms and a number of ancillary rooms. They are decorated with the greatest luxury. Here, the Altavas silk is imbued with the finest nuances of color, and the velvet is embroidered with gold. The divans are upholstered in the finest leather, the beds, wardrobes and other furniture are upholstered in ivory, yellow brass and other expensive materials. The walls are decorated with artistic paintings, the corners with statues of marble and bronze, and vases from Sevres, or from China and Japan. The floors are spread with skins of lions, tigers, lynxes and megjedina, or the most expensive oriental carpets. Larger

The apartments also have a private dining room, very tastefully decorated, and there is no need to mention the bathroom. The meals come through pneumatic tubes from the kitchens, which are located on the first floor underground. The servants place them on ready-made tables, and bring them, as with the Romans, supplied with food to the dining rooms. On each floor there is also a cupboard for dishes, for hot and cold dishes. Thus everyone can get their meals in their room, if they do not want to go down to the communal restaurants; and if it is summer they can climb up to the roof, and they will find themselves in a real hanging garden, as in Babylon in the time of Semiramis, and they will enjoy the view of the city, its myriad candles and the Hudson River. Even the ordinary rooms have mahogany furniture, even the doors and sills on the inside of the windows; and they are lit by a dozen electric lamps. Each room, in the American tradition, has a huge bed, as if it were a love training ground, and right next to the bed is a door leading to a dressing room and a bathroom, the walls of which are covered with majolica and the floor is mosaic. By the sink hang about twenty towels and large mats for drying off after a bath. By the door of the room is a mahogany shoe box. You put them away in the evening, and in the morning you clean them. In smaller hotels, shoes are not cleaned; that job is left to countless Italians, who hunt travelers on every corner.

They clean shoes so skillfully that they don't look any better than when they're new, and the smallest prize is 10 cents, or 25 coins. The underground of the hotel is perhaps even more interesting. Here you'll find razors and combs for women and men, nail and corn clippers, steam baths, cellars for wine, beer, ice, meat, lenses, kitchens, bakeries, storage rooms for chests, cigars, dining rooms for maids, and who could list them all! There are also huge laundries and ironing rooms. Over a hundred women have no other job than ironing napkins, tablecloths, towels, etc. Seven people open the oysters all day long. Six people are busy around the huge kettles where coffee is made. The dishes are washed in odd-numbered kettles, and 165 people work on this job. The tavern has a wine warehouse worth a million crowns, and 28 clerks are busy around it. The tobacco warehouse has 1,500,000 40 crowns worth of cigarillos, cigarettes and pipe tobacco. The most expensive cigarillos cost a dollar and a half apiece. On the second underground floor are located the dynamo motors of giant wheels, and the boilers are eight meters high. These machines develop a force that provides electric light, heats and ventilates the entire hotel, raises the elevators, and makes ice. One hundred and fifty engineers, mechanics, electrical technicians and workers are employed on about eight machines, which develop 3,000 horsepower. The coal warehouse always has 20,000 tons in reserve in case of a strike.

Every day 50,000 kilos of ice are produced here, which is not all used up in the hotel, as it is also sold in the city. 60,000 pieces of laundry are washed in the laundries every day. Not a single towel, let alone a napkin, is used twice without being washed again. In one tavern, food scraps are stored in barrels. Every day they are sold to be made into lard, bringing the hotel 5,000 thalers. The quantity of meat, thighs, whole rams, deer, roe deer, turkeys, chickens, partridges and other game in the room is incredible: I have designated a special place for that. There are special magazines for greens, lentils, and all kinds of fruit. Every day, the hotel eats 25 oxen, 25 lambs, 25 piglets, 20 thighs, about a hundred partridges, 200 quails, 100 turkeys, about 400 pigeons, 150 ducks, etc. Milk is consumed daily at 175 thalers, mushrooms at 100 thalers, 8,000 breads and 5,000 soft coffee loaves. Approximately 36,000 crowns of food are consumed every day. The hotel pays the city 50,000 thalers annually for water consumption. The hotel employs 1,636 staff, men, women and children. It has 96 cooks, 18 bakers, 168 silversmiths and polishers, 177 bellhops and pages, 105 porters and sweepers, 560 waiters, 175 chambermaids, etc. The monthly salary of this staff is 65,000 thalers. There are clerks who, in addition to housing and provisions, receive a monthly salary of 1,000 crowns. The daily income of the hotel is at least 20,000 thalers. I drew these figures from advertising booklets, which the entrepreneur of this enormous business distributes everywhere, and I have not exhausted even a twentieth part, so as not to be boring. It seems to me, from what I saw with my own eyes, that he is not lying; otherwise, what he bought for, he sold for. There are several more such hotels in New York, and the number of smaller ones is unknown. I will talk about the finest restaurant of De 1 m 0 nic 0 on my way back. One of the attractions of New York is the so-called aerial railway. The means of communication in New York have been brought to the highest degree of speed and comfort, and in this New York leaves all other cities behind. It would not be possible to live in New York otherwise, because if the worker did not have the railways, to get from one end of the city to the other in a quarter of an hour, he would have to walk for several hours to get from his apartment to his job, in other words, he would not have time to work. Not everyone can have an apartment in the center of the city, and yet the worker works here today, there tomorrow. This difficulty has been overcome in New York to a large extent. Electric and horse-drawn tramways crisscross the city in all directions. In some places there is also a subway, but the main means of communication is the aerial railway. To meet the growing need for rapid traffic, a joint-stock company with enormous capital was formed in New York and obtained a permit to build aerial railways along the main avenues. It was allowed to build such a railway with double tracks on Second, Third, Sixth and Ninth Avenues, where the traffic is heaviest. In Paris, the city council, nor the government, would have ever given such permits, because in Paris, in addition to convenience, they also look at the beauty of the city. And these aerial railways are not only not beautiful, but are real ugliness. They are all concentrated at the top of Manhattan Island, near the so-called Battery. Hence, trains leave every hour over the said avenues towards the northwest along the island, on which the city is built, and trains arrive every hour from the northwest.

These railways are built on iron pillars, which line the middle of the streets in thousands and thousands, supporting the arches over which the trains run. The height of these pillars is uneven. There are places where the trains shade even the fourth floor of the houses with their passage; in other places they descend to the first. In the construction of these pillars and these arches, no attention was paid to aesthetics, but exclusively to utility. No decoration, all black iron! The view of the streets is completely obscured, and the view from the windows of the houses onto the streets is also obscured. The inhabitants of one side of the street cannot even see those who live in the houses on the other side, and their peace is threatened by the constant clanking and rumbling of the wheels, and by the creaking and shaking of these bridges, under which, in the same direction as the railway, electric trams also pass, which increase the noise.

The stations where people get on or off the aerial railway are located within a short distance of five or six blocks. A block is understood to be the space occupied by the houses between one street and another. The fare for the entrance to the aerial railway is five cents, whether the passenger travels a few blocks, or the whole avenue, or the whole length of the city. There is only one class on these railways, and the rags of the poor and the silk of the gabbana are very democratically united. It is estimated that 800,000 people travel on the aerial railways daily, which does not seem excessive to me, considering that everyone in New York works, that everyone goes to work in the morning, and in the evening to go home, that everyone moves about and goes to parties.

From seven to eight in the morning the carriages are so crowded that you can't even get a standing room, and the same thing happens again in the evening from six to eight. Then a veritable river of light pours down the station stairs, and on the other side you climb up. At the station you hardly ever have to wait more than two minutes for the train to arrive. When the train, with the dull thunder of the iron arches, draws up in front of the station, the carriage doors immediately open, and in that very moment those who intend to get out are emptied, while those who intend to get in enter through the other door, and in a moment the train rushes away again at great speed. 42 and 1:10 have described the exterior of New York in detail, and I forgot to say that I didn't see all of this on the first day, but over the course of several days in New York.

York. I forgot about my friend Mariscal, so I will now return to him and the forgotten don Juan Pichardo, so that we can go together in the evening to a theater on Irving to take a little peek inside and let's go, let's see how the Americans have fun. We've flown enough on the outside, now it's time to find out how Americans generally feel and think. All this cannot be described in one chapter, so I will present, in no particular order, the impressions of psychic observation of that new and young world, as they come to my mind and as I remember them. As for the rest, I still have to return to New York from my trip, so I will supplement what I have forgotten on this occasion. The theater on Irving Place is not one of the first in New York, nor is it used for great dramatic or operatic performances, but for operettas, farces and folk singers. It is always well attended, even if the admission fee is quite expensive, as in all theaters in America. That evening, small plays with singing were performed, not without the great luxury of ballet toilets. The fool, to the great joy of the Americans, was played by a black man very stupidly, and therefore very skillfully, and he sang, when he wanted to, better than the white men. He was in love with a white woman, who, of course, mocked him, although in America white women do not always mock black men. She received the tumultuous approval of the despised black man for every irony, every mockery, and finally the white Colombino happily won her over. I did not like the singing very much, and I understood the jokes poorly, because it is not easy to understand the language, which is rarely heard, especially from the stage, in which there is no practice. I certainly noticed that the Americans have a good time and laugh heartily, even at the most insignificant comic situations. The rugby community does not demand much, it is easy to please. The women in the ballet were physically very beautiful, even strongly developed; agile and strong, more clowns than dancers. I did not notice much grace, nor much piquancy in the movements, but for that much gymnastic skill and muscular strength. Gymnastics is one of the main means of education in America, I would even say that much more attention is paid to the cultivation and development of the body than to the spirit, of which later observations have convinced me. Even the finest young ladies have something athletic, masculine, and tenderness is very rare, and is not much appreciated. The American woman has a more Spartan than Athenian upbringing. Girls are often educated in the same schools as men, and just as Spartan women were allowed to participate in the gymnastic games of their youth, to get used to looking at the naked human body without lust, so American women fight with men in dangerous football, where teeth are often knocked out, ribs are broken, and even legs are broken. Therefore, they have complete freedom of movement in society, they travel alone, without a lady-in-waiting, who is easily removed in Europe anyway, when it is necessary to speak to a favorite. This at least restrains the girls from the need to pretend and lie; they are left to their own virtue. 43 and it seems to me in my heart that American women do not lag far behind European women in virtue. They are certainly more sincere, if less dangerous for newlyweds. Speaking of women, and I have nothing more to say about the theater, let's continue. An American proverb says that in America it is good for women and cats, but hard for people and horses. And indeed, in America, women enjoy not only the greatest freedom in the world, but also the greatest protection of the law. In a lawsuit between a woman and a man, the woman almost always wins. Her guilt must be more than obvious and serious if the man is to get justice, not only in criminal but also in civil matters. In the matter of contested marriages, which are more common in America than in the rest of the world combined, the courts are always on the woman's side. If she asks for a divorce, she is safe. All she has to do is say that the husband has some minor flaw or is cruel, and the matter is over.

If the husband seeks a divorce, the wife must agree, unless the husband brings witnesses who have found her in flagrante delicto. Even then, he must give her some kind of release, or continue to support her until she dies. If the wife sues her husband for abusing her, he is sentenced, *sineremis* - *si* 0 no, to several months in prison. If the husband kills his wife, the gallows or a terrible electrocution inevitably awaits him. If the wife kills her husband, which happens much more often, if she can prove that he only abused her a little, she is resolved, otherwise she is not severely punished. Divorces are on the agenda. It is not uncommon to find a woman who has remarried five or six times, and the same goes for her husband. If she has fallen in love with another man, and is sure that he will take her, she begins to pester her husband until he loses his patience and says some rude thing to her. From word to word, she easily provokes him, to get to the thickets, and here they are in court, and both seek a divorce, which is immediately granted. The next day she goes with her new fiancé to the mayor for the wedding, and he seeks a new wife. For these reasons, every American, even out of fear, shows his wife the greatest respect and love. If he has children with her, it is natural that his questioning will not be as easy and pleasant as among the infertile. That is why in America the commandment of St. The letters were reversed, and it says that a husband must be faithful and submissive to his wife. And he is indeed submissive to her, right down to the last detail. Especially in wealthy families, where necessity does not force a woman to work, she enjoys a true paradise. The husband does not live for anything else, and does not work, does not speculate on the day of the Lord, but to satisfy the whims of his wife. Her house is a true Eden, in which one can find every possible comfort that modern technology has invented. The baths are made of the most expensive marble, usually from a single block, brought from Europe. Silk and velvet are everywhere, and servants in saddles are aplenty, as in the case of a European aristocrat. In the park next to the house there is room for all possible sports. There are horses, carriages and cars of various kinds. In the park there is an artificial lake, so that, if it is sunny, one can go for a ride in a boat; there is space for lawn tennis, for hockey, for basketball. In the halls of the huge villa, there are billiards 44, etc. Every morning he rides a horse in the surroundings, in the afternoon he sits in a carriage, or in a car. 1 thus she spends the whole day in parties, exercising her body, and she has no time left for exercising her spirit. At most, he reads the daily news, theater and port chronicles during his snack. You need to know the horses that are prepared for the races, and which students are better prepared for match football, whether those at Yale University or those at Harvard University. Those are the most important questions. Children are taken care of by nurses and midwives. Who have such an American for a husband. Kreza, the team also wants a yacht, because it is not chic to travel to Europe by ordinary steamboat, and you should go to Europe at least once a year, to study the fashions in Paris, to show off at the London derby and the Paris Grand-Prix. Not everyone is lucky enough to marry a millionaire or billionaire. There are also poor people, and they are the vast majority. These are forced to work for the living, and they work in factories, shops, bureaus, at the post office, on the telephone, etc. from morning till night. Yet by appearance I would take any of them for a millionaire. Each is dressed in silk, each has a hat in the latest fashion. The only difference is that rich women order hats directly from Paris, and they outdo the poor in fashion by a few months. Silk is consumed more in the United States than in the rest of the world. The production of silk in the United States is growing every year by fabulous figures, and yet imports from all over the world are also growing, especially from France. Even a black woman wants to have silk petticoats, and to rustle around her when she moves, and the last apprentice in the shop has silk stockings, stockings, and underwear. American ladies love unusual flowers, but whether sincerely, whether with a true aesthetic understanding of beauty, or just to show off, that is the question. It is not uncommon in the middle of a bitter winter to see a lady with a huge bouquet of Parma violets around her belt. The bouquet is so large that it would be enough for a vase on the table, and its bulk unaesthetically breaks the lines of a curvy figure around her belt. One does not ask how much the flowers cost, a ten or twenty dollar bouquet of violets, water lilies, orchids. It has to be there, and it is there. In America, rugby in everything, bulk and expensiveness replace proportion and taste. Just as strength and power are valued in everything, so it is with women. Tenderness, and what we in Europe call eternal femininity, have no value. A woman should be a man in body, behavior and heart. Kill

If any woman has a husband or lover, she is the heroine of the day. The papers carry her picture, in all possible poses, they carry her biography, they describe her eyes, hair, hands, and always classify her affectionately, instead of studying her phrenologically. The hard features, which show the born criminal, become signs of courage and heroism. In prison, in addition to journalists, she is visited by elegant ladies and all possible idlers. In short, her prison is transformed into a garden, and so many wreaths and bouquets of flowers are sent to her. 45 While I was in New York, a lawsuit was being filed against the famous demi-mondaine Nan Patterson. All the papers were full of her pictures, her toilette, her habits, and the sensational details of how she murdered the young millionaire, Cesar Young, from San Francisco. Her stage name Florodora had evidently long since been in the minds of the New York journalists, who had probably praised her a hundred times for her triumphs on the boards. of an operetta theater. The name of Florodora was read a hundred times in a single issue, even in the most serious newspapers, such as the "Herald," the "Sun," and the "Tribune." The Russo-Japanese War seemed a subject of much less importance than the fate of Florodora. Along with her portrait, the papers carried a picture of the murdered lover and his beautiful young wife. The beauty of this and the perfect regularity of her face stood out strangely against the hard features, the upturned navel nose, the protruding cheekbones, the large bony lobes, and the narrow, hard forehead of Florodora. But the American journalists found much grace in the way in which Florodora braided her lush hair, without wondering whether the goat's comb was not more to blame for this than her own. They praised her dreamy eyes, which, at least from the picture, seemed dull to me, like those of some small animal. In short, this heroine of the day, perhaps more by her famous name, perhaps more by the praise of the press than by her artistic skill, more by the suggestion of fame than by the attractiveness of her personal charms, had turned the brain of a young sportsman from San Francisco. He often came to New York, and spent his millions on her toilets, carriages, and summer houses, leaving his young wife alone for months and months. Finally, his wife arrived unexpectedly in New York, and one evening he perhaps noticed that her gentle face was more beautiful than the face of the greedy and lustful Florodora. The veil fell from his eyes. The woman suggested that they go on a trip to Europe together, so that he could finally be carried away by the temptations of the temptress. He accepted and they decided to travel. When Florodora learned of the woman's arrival, she also learned that Young intended to go to Europe with her, and on the very morning when he had to leave, she asked him for a meeting and suggested that she would accompany him in the carriage to the steamer. What drama had developed between them up to that tragic hour is unknown to anyone, because Florodora keeps everything a secret, and he can no longer speak. Just as the carriage reached the steamer dock, two revolver shots were heard inside; Florodora jumped out, and the people who peered into the carriage saw young Vounko collapsed on his side, the revolver still smoking next to him, and blood flowing from it in a stream. Two bullets had pierced his heart. Florodora claims today that he killed himself. He doesn't even have the heart to admit his crime, and yet the Americans consider her some kind of heroine: her prison is decorated with fresh flowers every day. I confess that this heroism does not enter my head, and that I sympathized indescribably more with the poor young widow, who so sacrificially forgave her husband the grave insult of neglect, and came to seek him out and abduct him from the sinister siren, than with that cruel and conceited actress. 46 The rich American girl will hardly marry an American, but it seems to me that girlish pleasures are too free and too romantic. They read novels, acquire a superficial understanding of art, and American business interests seem contemptible to them compared to European aristocrats. Young Americans talk about nothing but business, or at most about sports, and business in particular does not entertain the romantic minds that read novels full of lords, marquises, and countesses.

I once went to talk about this subject with a young American who was traveling with me from Omaha to Denver.

I asked him why rich American women marry Europeans. He replied that it was because Americans do not ask for dowries, because it would seem shameful and humiliating to them to live on a woman's dowry, and because they want a woman to owe them the comforts of life, and not they to her. It is true that every American knows how to gain a position in life from his earliest youth, and is brought up like a real athlete for business, for the accumulation of dollars; but it still seems to me that this pride, because of which they would despise girls with dowries, is not sincere, but a clever excuse out of necessity. When a girl cannot reach the grapes, she says they are sour. But it must be admitted to them that they do not really regret rich scoundrels, and consider them vain, and they despise Europeans who take them from them from their hearts. Rugby that they are still not sufficiently trained in all the subtleties of life, and they do not see that excessive worries about work, and the daily effort to acquire gold, do not allow time for many subtle feelings to develop. They think that all love consists in that, when they return home in the evening, still overwhelmed with worries, they lay both themselves and their earnings at the feet of the woman. Truly, sacrificial love is the highest of all for the one who knows how to appreciate it, but it also remains an undeniable truth that the flower of love blooms more beautifully when a man around it works hard all day long, when he has time for it, and that, just as a flower grown in a garden blooms more beautifully than when neglected in weeds, so too does love surrounded by all the comforts of wealth bloom more beautifully in a beautiful villa surrounded by gardens and splashed by the waves of the sea on the marble, than in a shepherd's hut, where the smell of cattle is fragrant, and the rain drips through the roof and the winds howl. It is also true that he cannot enjoy love for long if a woman can rely on him to feed him; or even considers him a beautiful weapon to satisfy his passions. In that case, love in a shepherd's hut is false. Why do Americans protect women so much and give them so much freedom, so many rights? Why does even Themis have to close one or both eyes when judging a woman? In the early settlement of America, there were few women. Then, as now, it was mostly men who migrated. As a result, women were very rare; and everything that is rare is expensive and precious. It was not easy in those days to get married, let alone have a maid, or even a friend. It was therefore necessary to create a special position for women. Anyone who dared to offend a woman in any way must be severely punished, while everything was free for a woman. If her husband abused her, besides the law that forbade it, the nature of things also forbade her. If she ran away from him, she would find ten suitors and would be able to choose a better one. What was then a necessity became and remained a custom, almost a law, and is still the case today, when there is no great shortage of women. Every steamship brings them whole companies. Everything that was worn out in Paris, in London, in other big cities, comes to America, to start a new life, to gain new youth, sometimes even happiness. I would venture to say that as a result of these relationships, the feeling of love has become stunted in the American woman. Love blossoms in every heart, but in the main it seems to me that the American woman does not care about men but about money; she trades in feelings as well as in emotions. Whoever is richer, he loves, while he is richer; as soon as he sees the richer one, he leaves the first, he follows the second. Marriage for love in America has become a subject of joke and irony among women. That is how it is in broad circles, and what is found even in large thickets of flowers is only an exception. 48 V. Farewell to Mariscal and Pichardoni. — Croatian newspaper in America. — Bošković. — The best associate of the editor. — Brozović. — Pessimist. — Unfavorable indications. — Front pages of "Narodni List". — Scattering of Croats in America. — Croatian newspapers. — Slavonic club. After walking around New York for two or three days with my friend Mariscal, I decided to look for Croats. In other respects, Mariscal had already packed his things to leave, and his attempts to take me with him to Mexico were unsuccessful.

We set out together to look for Don Manuel Pichardo and to bid him farewell. We found him at the inn of the Hotel America in

in the company of a young, beautiful girl. The table was decorated with flowers, and the servant diligently poured champagne of the best brand. Don Juan was happier in New York than on the ocean! — Don Juan, I said, the ground here does not shake, just as under Touraine there is no seasickness here! The old fox understood me immediately, smiled proudly, and it was clear that he was very happy that he could finally prove to me that he was of don Juan's blood. But when I told him that we had to part, he was very sorry. He still hoped that I would take him to Mexico.

He assured me that there were no more beautiful girls there than the one sitting at the table with him. When he saw that I did not intend to go with them, he began to get a little angry. In the end, it was necessary to adapt to the truth and bite the threads that bind hearts together. In ten days, the three of us had become very accustomed to each other, so parting, like any other, was difficult. I had to promise — so much for formality — that if I had time left, I would come and pick bananas with my own hands in the gardens of Don Manuel Pichardo, and we parted.

The next morning I got on the streetcar and walked along Broadway, towards the sea, then turned into Greenwich Street, to look for the firm of Frank iZotti et Com. I know that it is at number 108, but I don't know exactly where the number is, and distances in New York are very deceiving. The winter is bitter, the skin is getting tight, the nose and ears are getting smaller. The street is knee-deep in snow and mud. At last I reached number 108 and saw a tall, narrow old house, seven or eight stories high. On the ground floor is a bank, and above the door is a sign that says "People's List". Now I know that I have guessed. I go into the bank premises, where I see many clerks, and also many of our workers, who are doing their financial business.

I ask about Mr. Zotti. A handsome, tall and elegant young man immediately recognizes me, tells me that his name is Bošković and that he is from Hvar, therefore my fellow islander. I am eager to serve him, because Mr. Zotti has traveled to Pittsburgh for a session of the computer committee of the Croatian National Union. It is a pleasant service, and even more so when it comes from a native. I ask him to take me to the editorial office of Narodni List. I sit down at the editor's desk and play the role of chief associate, a pair of scissors. This American associate is larger, sharper, brighter than the similar European associates I know. It is clear that he works diligently, that he deserves his bread, that is, that he makes good use of the money invested in him. I tap his finger on the table, trying to see if I can cut off some tail with him from Obzor, or the old Narodni List, to decorate the new one. Finally, there's editor Brozović. He looks at me grimly, because I'm abusing his loyal collaborator so much. I put the scissors on the table, run to meet him, introduce myself. — So, why have you come? — he asked. — I wrote to you from Trieste and from Paris about the purpose for which I came! You even wrote in the Narodni List about my arrival! — I thought you were joking. Because Radić promised that someone else would come, but they didn't! Some unknown teachers, speculators, who held conferences in saloons (pubs) came, and disappointed the people. They will ruin your business, you will have a bad time. Everything here is fake, unreliable, it's better to go back and not waste time. A good start! — I thought to myself. We start talking about politics in the old region and in the new, and the editor sees everything in black, ironizes everything, bites into everything sarcastically, cynically, as if he doesn't believe in any good in the world, as if everything on earth is for the worst, as if in the worst of all possible worlds. This is the antithesis, I said, of Plato and Leibniz. He came from the school of Pichon, Leopardi, and Schopenhauer. A witch must have possessed him. He has betrayed me, and has framed him for a weak child. Or perhaps he is afraid that I have not come to take away his editorship, his bread . . . He saw me playing with his colleague, sitting in his place, and in the old town I was the editor, and it is no wonder that he thought that he himself had brought me to sit in his place. The old saying is a figu 1 usfigu 1 udit, so how can he be kind to me! I decided to be careful, because I know how tense everything is there, how the newspapers slander and curse each other, so that even the colleagues of our local newspapers could come to this American school. It was not a fight, no, it was not a question of whether or not I'll. One newspaper must destroy the other, or even all the others, in order to gain more publicity. Such is life in America in general: mors tua vita mea. If I resent this first editor, and started beating me, I could freely return to my homeland on the first steamer. I could hardly trust my name, my work and my past, because of those who come to America, few have heard of my name. I was clear about that, and it was necessary to deal with the editor with caution. I saw from the first words that if I was not good, he could hit me with a club, as if I were Sirovatka, portray me as a speculator, a swindler, or even a Hungarian, and if necessary even have me beaten, somewhere in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. I immediately saw that there was no idealism here, but that the supreme reason, as in everything in America, was business. It was therefore necessary to make the Pyronian editor understand that I did not intend to interfere in the party relations of American Croats, nor to take any action against his paper, or his boss, or against his business, so that I intend to praise, nor to defend anyone, because I have neither moral nor material reasons for that, which I would not consider the latter anyway, but only as much as the material reasons deserve. After an hour of conversation, Brozović understood my reasons. Some manuscripts needed to be sent to the press, and he took his assistant in his hands, and in a moment he handed the boy a pile of cut-out printed matter, while I was composing a proclamation to the people.

I wrote it, promising not to interfere in the party affairs of American Croats, stating that I wanted to inform my brothers about the political situation in the homeland and to study the situation of Croats in America, and the issue of migration, and asking them to attend as many of my conferences as possible; that those colonies that wanted to hear me should send an invitation to the Croatian National Society in Allegheny. I gave the manuscript to Brozović, he read it and gave it his first and last name, and even declared that he would strongly support my undertaking, and that he would print one of my poems or other works while I was in America. He kept his word. Brozović, by the way, does not believe at all that I will succeed. He predicts that I will waste effort, time and money. — And why didn't you tell me that while I was in Europe?" — Because I told you that I didn't believe in your arrival at all; — he replied again with the same antiphon. — How could I not come with the hope of success, when I read that there are up to 400,000 Croats in America, when they have so many newspapers, so many societies.^ — You, my lord, don't understand all this! You have no idea what our people are like, nor how they are scattered, nor what they do, nor how they live. Make sure that you will be happy to hold conferences as soon as you hold two or three. As for where you will hold them.^ If you visited all those places where our people are scattered, and if you take into account that you can only hold conferences on Sundays or Saturdays, and then the enormous distances, then you would have to stay in America for several years, and for that you would have neither moral nor material success. Do you think that our people will understand you? Do you think there are many who feel for their homeland, or who want to hear about it? You will see that the vast majority think that their homeland is where things are going well. Give up idealism and trust me, who knows our people. — I believe that you know them better than I do, because you were on the occasion of meeting them, but how do you explain that these people could have collected so much money during the movement before last and sent them to their homeland if they have no patriotism? — One man is one thing, and the homeland is another. Then the whole world, including the American newspapers, talked about the revolution, and our paper also exaggerated things, and our people, whose strongest patriotic feeling is hatred for the Hungarians, for the oppressors, gave something; but not as much as could be expected. And on that occasion they were deceived by speculators, so they are disappointed. And you, no matter how patriotic you are, you are just

one man, and our people do not trust people. In this respect, however, they are completely disappointed. They do not trust anyone! — These are the reasons that convince me more and more; now that I am here, whether I have succeeded or not, I will try to fulfill my task. Even if I do not have material success, let alone moral success with my speeches, assuming that few people will come to listen to me; at least I will get to know the people, see how they live, what they do, what they feel, whether they think of returning to their homeland, how many of them come and stay, and how many return; whether they are losing their language, and whether they are doomed to drown in the American sea. Nevertheless, I still have hope for some success, because as I have heard, \ As is printed in five thousand copies, and there are other papers as well, so it is read, so there are people aware. — It is true that the "Narodni List" is printed in five thousand copies, but its readers are scattered in a thousand places all over the country. Don't forget that our paper is very cheap. For two dollars we barely cover the costs and postage, and only such cheapness makes it possible to have such a large circulation. We are financed by advertisements, and also by the commercial banking business, for which the paper serves as advertising, otherwise it would not be possible to publish it. For this reason they blame our chief Zotti, that he does not publish the paper out of patriotism, but out of speculation; and he says that he could not publish it otherwise, and yet with this paper he spreads Croatian consciousness and the desire to read; therefore he benefits the people and himself. Others have also tried to publish a daily, and believe me, they had no purer intentions than we do, in fact their only intention was to compete with us, and yet they failed. In America, Croatian papers spring up and fail, like summer flies, and they are usually started by bankers, who want to advertise their work, without having enough strength or skill for it. Our paper has a secure future, because it is founded on a solid commercial basis. Zotti's firm is known throughout America, and is also respected in New York. Of all the capital sent to the United States, over half is sent through our bank. Our man has unlimited confidence in Zotti, because it has never happened that money sent through that firm did not arrive quickly and in order. Do not be deceived by the number of our subscribers, because, as I said, they are not all together, and you will not be able to hold conferences, but only in three or four major centers, and even there you will not have many listeners. If you charge a large entrance fee, no one will come; if you charge a small one, it will not pay off, because the travel expenses on American railroads are enormous. — And tell me, could I hold a conference in New York?" — For whom? For the officials of our bank. ^ No one else will come. There are a good number of Croats here and in the surrounding area, especially in Brooklyn and Hobbs, but there is no organization. If you were to hold a conference, you wouldn't even be able to pay for the hall. — So there's no other option but to go to Pittsburgh and wait there until people show up. — Once you're there, you can go to Pittsburgh. The largest Croatian colony is in that city and the surrounding area. It is estimated that there are about twenty thousand Croats in Pittsburgh and Allegheny alone. If you don't succeed here, you won't succeed anywhere else; and as far as I know the people who run things there, I don't believe in success there either. I saw that my Pyrrhonist wasn't exactly talking without foundation and that I was being blackmailed; but I didn't shout at the first obstacle to lose heart, so I will try to complete the task to the end. Brozovic accompanied me around New York for two days, doing me every favor he could. In the evening, he took me to the Slavjanski Klub, introducing me to President Capek, the Czech, the notary and some other prominent personalities. Slavjanski Klub is located on 12th street, number 240, and is made up mostly of Czechs. There are some Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, a couple of Russians, and there are no Poles in it, just as there are none in any Slavic society in America. The rooms are neat, but decent. There are plenty of newspapers, especially Czech ones, there are rooms for playing cards, billiards, a guest house, and several rooms for guests. Ľapek offered me to stay in the club, not to spend money in the hotel. I thanked him, because I have to travel soon anyway, and promised him that I would stay at the club on the way back. It's time to leave New York, and there will be opportunities in other chapters to highlight the observations and opinions about American society that I gained in New York. 53 VI. Departure from New York. — Farewell to BoškoviĽ from Hvar.

— Description of an American sleeping car. — Comfort of bed. — Journey through the dark night. — Insomnia. — Along the river. — Negro waiter. — Morning. — Surroundings. — Allegheny Mountains. — Breakfast. — Slowness of trains. — Railroad accidents. — Types of trains and classes. — Tobacco chewers. — Spitting. — Strange dialects. — Boring companions. — The largest blacksmith shop in the world. — Pittsburgh. — Allegheny. — Croatian National Community. — Pavlinac. — Saloon. — Fallstaff. — Zdravko MuĽina. — MuĽina's agility. — AfriĽ. — Croatian parish in Allegheny. — Church of St. Nicholas. — Pastor Dr. Ljudevit Lauš. — Rebellions against pastors. — Pastor's apartment. — Natural gas. — Gas stoves. — Pastor's library. — Letters from Fr. Grgo MartiĽ. — The joker. — Little academy. One evening I set off with my Hvar native BoškoviĽ towards the station. I need more escort, because here and there a word of American English escapes me, and if one link in the chain slips, the whole thing breaks. BoškoviĽ, kind by nature, is even kinder when he accompanies the representative of his native and beloved city, and he doesn't let me worry about my luggage or anything else. We handed over our luggage on this side of the Hudson River, boarded the ferry, and crossed to the other side, enjoying the beauty of the thousands of lanterns that cruise along the river and around the Skyscrapers. When we got to the station, BoškoviĽ wanted to melt my winter with a whiskey, and took me to a nearby saloon (pub) that our people frequent. I often heard a Croatian word, but there was no time to engage in conversation, because the train had to leave in a few minutes. We returned after drinking a glass of whiskey, good, as he said, but too sharp for my throat, unaccustomed to such a strong drink.

It was as if I had pushed a live crab into it! BoškoviĽ escorted me to the train, pushed me into the first carriage that came along, shook my hand: Have a good trip! Goodbye! He to one side, and the train to the other. I have no worries about my luggage, because I handed it all over to the Baggage Office, but I don't know where my bed is. I show the black man the Pullman ticket, that is, the ticket that gives me the right to a bed, and ask him to show me my place. Onward, he said, onward, and he gestured down the train. I pass through a double row of already .ii:00() beds, but the passage is difficult, because people are already undressing everywhere, even the gentlemen, all without any disturbance or embarrassment, like at home. I get to the second carriage, I meet another black man, and I ask for my place, and he says, onward as the first. I went through the third one in a similar way, and finally in the fourth one the black man pointed out my bed. Now that I was under my roof and on my bed, I wanted to see where I was, where I would jump out first if some accident happened — and who in America lies down or sits in a carriage, is sure to get out alive? — to see where I was, and in what company. It was difficult to observe the company, because everyone was undressing in a hurry; some had already gone to bed, drawn the curtains and snored. And the one who had the bed above me had already gone to bed, drawn the green curtains, and covered both my bed and his. On one side of the front was a little room called the Drawing Room, which was closed. There was room for three in that little room, and you had to pay the same for it, whether you took one or all three beds, alone or in company. Next to it was a washroom and a ladies' toilet, so I realized that there was no work for me there, and I went to the other side. On the other side is a washroom and a smoking room for gentlemen, so I sat down on an armchair and took a puff. Several gentlemen sit around me, reading and smoking; no one utters a word. I conform to custom and remain silent. When I have finished my cigarette, I run to the washroom, take out my toilet bag from under the counter, take my toothbrush and a calodontid scrotum, pour some water into a glass, and wash my mouth and teeth. That is all that is necessary for my toilet when I am on the road. I do not need to carry soap, because you can find it everywhere in America, whether on the train or in the hotel. The water, which I pour out

The sink is as cold as heaven. It would be nice to have a glass before you go to bed. Having done my bodily needs, I dragged myself to my bed. Now it was easy for me to get through, because almost everything was covered. Luckily, I have an upper bed (the lower bunk), so it is easier for me to undress, and I don't need a stepladder to climb up, nor the help of a black man who, with his white teeth and white eyes, peeps out like a hawk from the bottom of the corridor, ready for every move of the passenger. Along the bed, by the windows, there is a net to put your clothes on, and there are shelves at the headboard and at the foot of the bed where you can store parts of your clothes. Every little space is practically used for the greatest possible comfort. You put your shoes under the bed, and the rest wherever it suits you best. If you feel like looking at the night and nature, and you are lucky enough to be on the lower bunk, you can open the curtains on the windows. You press two feathers with your thumb and forefinger, and the curtain jumps up. It's no use staring into the night, because you can't see anything, but candles and candles. The train passes through the towns and villages around New York for a long time. If you can't sleep, and you can't entertain yourself with your thoughts, or even your thoughts entertain you too much, and they don't let you sleep, move the little brass handle by the headboard to the right, and an electric light will shine on you, and if you have a book, you can read, until you tire your eyes and brain, and then you feel that sleep is overtaking you. 55 The black man has prepared the bed very skillfully. It is soft, and not a single crease bothers you. It is warm, although it is a bit chilly outside, because the rooms are heated with steam, and the steam pipe is at your feet, where it is most convenient, because your feet are the coldest. Despite all this, and although the car doesn't shake much, I can't sleep, I can't think. My imagination flies across space and time, external phenomena and the realm of the spirit. One thought leads to another. They line up one after the other, as one judges itself, so it drags after it the one in the neighboring brain cell, or the one connected to it by some similar element. If I were to describe them, I would fill a book. Besides, who will keep them all, who will pour them out on paper! My head is buzzing with fatigue. I try to change the course of my thoughts, and quiet my mind by reading. I read for two hours; it doesn't help! I open the curtain and stare into the night; it doesn't help! I can't see anything, only the shadows of the mountains and trees on which the snow is whitening. I lie down again and somehow fall asleep at dawn, only to wake up again shortly after. By then it was already dawning. The train is racing along a river in the mountains, through shallow valleys. The river is covered with ice and snow, only here and there you can see where the current has broken through the ice, and you can watch its flow. To make it easier to dress and wash, I get up first. I dress quickly. The black man has masterfully polished his shoes overnight. They don't look like that, not even when Blacks and Italians are masters at cleaning shoes, and that brightness is a real American specialty. Everyone is still asleep, so I can move freely in the washroom and do my toilet work. It is a real pleasure to wash my face and mouth with cold water. Having done my work, I sit down and observe nature. It is sad, uninteresting, empty. The trees are few, because everything around has been cut down, and everything is covered with snow. The train always climbs some hills. We must be very high on the slopes of the Allegheny Mountains, a mountain range that runs from north to south across Pennsylvania, but we must have crossed the range long ago, because I can't see any high peaks, gorges, or ravines, only shallow valleys and rolling hills. Around seven o'clock a black man came to ask me if I wanted to have breakfast. I got hungry, rolling around in bed all night in sleeplessness, so I said I would, and followed him with a big grin. It was already getting dark. Some ladies were still getting dressed, not paying the least attention to the gentlemen around, and going half-dressed into the women's toilet. The black man, as someone gets up and goes to the washroom, in an instant makes up the beds; he lifts the upper ones under the roof, pulls the lower ones left and right and in a little while the bedroom turns into a beautifully arranged passenger lounge. A lot of people have already gathered in the dining room, and many are already eating diligently. In front of some are large pieces of roast meat, cheese and omelette, tenderloin steak, etc., as these large roasts are all called. It is strange for a European to see meat and so many other pieces so early in the morning! I thought, what kind of club you are in, so you dance! 56 Z li li in the bakery they only serve IM'icli, dressed in white. One Jones gave me a list of dishes, a piece of paper and a pen, to write down what I wanted to eat. \(\() neighbor wrote down five or six things.

I'm not that hungry, and I don't want to waste money unnecessarily. Everything is expensive, but not more expensive than in ordinary hotels, so it's relatively cheap. A sirloin steak costs 7 cents, about two forints. A couple of eggs costs 20 cents, or a crown. A little ham costs 30 cents, and 1 ice do rang es (sliced oranges with juice) costs 20 cents. I order a roast and sliced oranges. I ate the oranges deliciously, because the dish was light, but I can't possibly finish that piece of roast meat. I leave half of it, pay, and go back to my car. The train is late, as usual in America. Even the fastest American railroads are slower than European express trains, and the much-vaunted American speed turns out to be bragging and exaggeration, like so many other things. As a result of these frequent delays and the unusual carelessness of the train conductor and the engineer, accidents occur very frequently. Train collisions are the order of the day. The train conductor and his assistants, walking around the train as if in their own home, sit among the passengers, start talking intimately, and think that they are doing the passengers a favor. It is not uncommon for a passenger to have nowhere to sit. The train conductor or the waiters, or even the fruit vendor, who is not lacking on any train, sit down and take up several seats, without even thinking of giving up their seat to the passenger who paid for it! It is repeated in the newspapers that in America there is only one class on the railways. And that is a lie. The Americans, for whom the democratic spirit and equality are more on the tongue or on the pen than in the heart, have arranged things in such a way that if you take the question literally, then there is only one class, if you look at the matter, there are several. First of all, there are several types of trains, which differ in speed, price and arrangement. The faster the train, the more expensive it is, and so expensive that a poor man cannot even think of traveling on such a train. In addition, there are two classes; because on every journey where you have to spend the night, Pullman cars are added to the ordinary train, or s 1 eeping gc arr, that is, sleeping cars. If you are not a hero, to sit all night among smokers, you should take a Pullman, and not only do you have to pay the fee that the company charges, of two to three thalers per night, but you also have to pay the fee for a finer car; in other words, you have to take first class instead of second. There are even trains that are made up of Pullman cars, to which are added a car for the tavern and kitchen, and a car for smoking, reading and conversation. This one is usually the last one on the train, and has a small library, and it is the best place to observe the surroundings. You usually have to pay an extra thaler to get in. It is true that ordinary day trains have only one class, which is divided into smoking and non-smoking carriages. Rich and poor alike are packed into these trains, and they are quite plain. The toilet is nasty and dark. Under the bucket of drinking water is a tin bucket tied with a string, like in public gardens where children drink. The air is foul, the floor is unclean; the snoring and spitting from all sides is unbearable. Many, even the best dressed, chew tobacco, expelling the disgusting, sticky, yellow tobacco paste into huge iron spittoons, similar to chamber pots, which are placed on all sides. Around one of them sit five or six smokers, or tobacco chewers, like Turks around a hookah, and they spit in turn, or sometimes even bump their heads trying to spit at the same time. If someone's spittoon is not close by, they will spit over you into it, to show you how masterfully they have practiced spitting, and how they can hit their target even at a great distance. Many people spit on the floor even if their spittoon is not very far away. Why would they get up? Americans usually smoke cigars, and they look at people who smoke cigarettes in amazement. I was also told that they consider cigarette smokers to be fools. Americans usually smoke and chew cigars

at the same time. He wants smoke for his lungs, and yellow nicotine for his mouth. With such cigars, the cigar is half in his mouth, and it is all chewed up, so that it is quite unpleasant to see it when he pulls it out of his black, often gilded, teeth. On such trains, the passengers you sit next to immediately start a conversation with you, quite the opposite of what happens in the Pullman smoking room. After a few words, he will offer you a cigar and you will be very offended if you do not accept it; even more so if he sees that you do not want to engage in conversation. And how they speak the same thing! I think that even a native Englishman would not understand a word of it. It is such a strange grunt that you cannot hear any articulation at all; such a strange dialect that only those who live in the same factory with the speaker can understand it. It happened to me that I asked several times a traveler, whom I understood better, to ask the other one what he wanted to tell me, and he could not understand it either. The Irish in particular have their own strange and peculiar speech, and the Scots are hardly behind them. To get rid of the annoying Irishman, I said to him: aj du not unsternd ajerish (I don't understand Irish); and he replied: aj spik inglish! (I speak English). It will be, I thought to myself, but you don't speak for me. It is impossible to get rid of such an annoying fellow traveler in any way. If you tell him that you don't understand, then he tells you that that is precisely why you must talk to him, to learn to understand each other. And then tell and tell! You could let him tell until he gets tired of it, if he can get tired of babbling at all; but he suddenly starts asking questions and you have to answer, whether you understand or not! If you don't listen, he gets angry . . . yells. Usually, after he finds out that you are a Turk, he asks you how you are doing in America and you have to praise everything, absolutely everything, as if it were the most perfect of all possible countries. You have to criticize European countries! 58 At about ten o'clock the train, rushing along the river, came to a gap in the smoke, where the light of day was darkened, as in an eternal twilight. Hundreds and hundreds of iron chimneys stood lined up like soldiers, and belched black smoke into the heavens. We arrived at the largest blacksmith shop in the world, in Pittsburgh. The train was a full hour late, but it did not collide with any other train on the way, so one can be satisfied with a happy journey. In New York they had promised me that they would wire our people in Allegheny to meet me at the Pennsylvania Central Station in Pittsburgh. I got out with the other passengers and started walking around the huge waiting room, hoping to hear a Croatian word somewhere, or recognize someone by their folk appearance. No one was there. When I realized that my wait was in vain, I ran to the station to take a carriage. Yes! It is no joke in America to find a carriage in front of the station! Everyone carries their luggage in their hand to the tramway, and then goes on by tramway. What good is a tramway to me, when I don't know where it leads, and I don't even have a map of the city, to turn down Ohio Street in Allegheny, where the headquarters of the Croatian National Communities.^ After an hour of very tedious waiting, a carriage finally brings a gentleman, and I quickly board it. I collect my luggage, then tell the coachman to drive to 1324 Ohio Street. We started out through the skyscrapers, somewhat lower than in New York, then through ordinary muddy streets, finally over the Allegheny River Bridge, and again through the streets, until the carriage stopped in front of an insignificant house at 1324 Ohio Street. I turned off the light and saw on the door the sign Hrv. Nar. Communities. I asked the coachman to wait a moment and left. I found Skrivaniy, Marohniy, young Ljubiy and a few other people, and asked them to tell me where I could stay. They behaved strangely, as if they were looking at a man who had fallen from the sky; finally Skrivaniy told me that he did not know where I could stay near the hotel, but that I should run to Pavlinac, because he rented rooms. They told the coachman the number of Pavlinac's house and we set off back. On the way, the coachman forgot the number, so he turned the carriage back and forth, until I suddenly remembered and remembered that I had Pavlinac's address in my notebook, so I told the coachman, who was supposed to pay two and a half thalers at the end of the ride. Pavlinac received me kindly, but said that there were no rooms, because all the rooms had been booked by members of the supervisory board of Croats. of the National Community, who came to Allegheny for a meeting. There happened to be a certain Afric, a man who does nothing, and we will have occasion to describe this eccentric, and Pavlinac sent him to find me a room somewhere nearby. I put my luggage in Pavlinac's saloon until Afric found a room, and then I started talking to Pavlinac and his customers. I was in a good mood towards Pavlinac, because Sirovatka had described him in his letters to me as the most honest of the Croats he had come into contact with, and his appearance also inspires confidence in the man who is talking to him. He asked me what I would take, because it is customary in America to always offer something to a newcomer to a saloon. I am not yet familiar with the customs of 59, so I do not know what I would take. Since we are already in the saloon, it will be good to explain to the reader what it is. It is not a tavern, it is not a tavern, it is not a tavern, but something of all of these. The saloon still plays a large role in American life, where there are no taverns, in the European sense of the word. There people meet for a glass of conversation, linger for a while in front of the bar behind which the drinks are served; they offer each other beer, whiskey, punch, cigars, etc., and then go on to another saloon, and look for acquaintances and offer each other again. A large bar is usually at the entrance, and it occupies one side of a very long room. Behind the bar stand one, two, three, or more waiters, as needed. Along the wall they have jars of various drinks stacked, and on the bar is a beer tap, which is the most popular because it is the cheapest. Customers rarely sit down, and if there are some tables and chairs in the room, and usually a small tavern at the back, and if they don't have a friend to drink with, then they ask for waiters, and it would be rude not to offer a waiter every time something is ordered. The waiter usually takes a cigar, because it doesn't have to be smoked right away, and the one who is strong enough to resist the drink drinks as much as the customers. The one who can stand a lot is a welcome addition to the master, because he can make a profit with it. The master especially must be a hero when it comes to drinking, because everyone offers him. In this respect, Pavlinac seems to me to be a weak merchant, because he can't drink much. In that same saloon, I recently had the opportunity to meet a saloonkeeper from Chicago, who told me that he drinks over a hundred glasses of beer, twenty or thirty glasses of whiskey, etc. a day. That barrel is a native of Jastrebarsko, also one of the Croatian weirdos in America. When he told me how much he could drink, I looked at him a little better and it seemed to me that he wasn't lying. He's almost two meters tall and one meter wide. Measuring from the belly, he'd be even more. And he's got a big head, so it's no wonder he can boil more alcohol smoke. We'll see him in action, then we'll see for ourselves that he wasn't lying, and if, as they say, there's no bigger braggart in America than him; if that Fallstaff had brains, what a belly he has, it would be even more amazing how much he can fantasize. While Pavlinac treats me to homemade plum brandy, here's Zdravko Mužina. Who hasn't heard of the All-American who is in the land of the Croats, and the Croats know him too. He was certainly well known to me, although I had not seen him for seventeen years, but rumors about him often reached America. It is no wonder that sometimes they reached unfavorable ones, because the folk proverb says: a good reputation is heard far, and a bad one even further. Our Zdravko, who has remained in my memory well from our days of school, with his eccentricities, has provided and continues to provide good material for our newspapers to write about him. None of my Viennese fellow students, even Zagreb comrades, has left him in the memory." That Dr. Mile Mažuraniy immortalized him with someone's humorous satirical poem, when Muzina, repenting of his Gjak sins, had gone to the Capuchins to soothe his soul. But the 60-year-old man did not want to grow a long, layered Capuchin beard, and seeing that he had lost his career, he threw off the Capuchin coat, got married, and went to America. Clear and open-minded, if not so windy, he immediately learned English, and among our people, who have very little science, he quickly became the main person. Everyone needs Men. Need some advice? Zdravko will give it to him. It should

Do you need to represent someone in court?^ Zdravko will represent him. Do you need an interpreter?^ Zdravko will interpret. Do you need to get someone out of a critical situation? If Zdravko doesn't learn his lesson, there's no help! In short, Zdravko is a factotum. Journalist, lawyer, interpreter, organizer of the Croatian National Union, etc. etc. Nothing gets done without him, not even a church is built without him, and if necessary he would serve as a pastor, if he weren't married, even twice or thrice! Who could list all his deeds. to our bride-to-be: A young man from the old region came and Zdravko I will give just one example of his agility, to show how he knows how to deal with adversity. immediately found him work and income, as he finds for everyone who turns to him. The young man, seeing that dollars are piling up every day, so that he can't spend them even if he goes from saloon to saloon all evening, feels the need for love, to share his happiness with some tender heart. At that time, several girls from the old region arrived, some beautiful, some ugly, and they got into a fight and fell in love with each other like a pack of horses, and one of them fell for the young man, but she didn't win him over enough to force the yoke of marriage on him. The relationship lasted a little longer and the girl began to insist that he marry her. He went to court, and she went to court. When a woman sues, as we have already said, there is no joke in America, and our gjuvegijja was put in a bottle-press. The judge demands marriage, otherwise he won't let her out of the dungeon. In a serious predicament, he remembered his benefactor Zdravko and sent for him. Zdravko came and asked what was wrong. — Sir, the judge wants me to marry her, and I will not go from one prison to another; but get me both out of it, if you know God! — It's easy to say that, to do it that way! — If you can't, who will.^ I don't know how to talk to these people; I think they could keep me in prison until I die.

Save me! The husband thought for a while, then said: - You hear, if you will listen to me blindly, doing everything I tell you, without asking for the reason, and without telling anyone anything, I will deliver you from one dungeon or another. — I will do everything] you want, and the little money I have saved, don't save! — Good! and you need money, and you'll know why when you get out of the distillery. Now listen: I'm going to get your fiancée; I'll bring her here, and you must promise her that you'll marry her. — I told you that I'll never go from one prison to another. Not at all, for God's sake! 61 — Promising doesn't mean going to the priest! You understand! If you'll listen, fine; if not, goodbye! — Good, I'll listen. And after that? — And after that, that's my business! and Muzina got out. After about two hours Muzina returned with the happy fiancée, to whom he told her that he had persuaded her fiancé to marry her. She came, and there they made love and kissed in front of him, and she promised that she would immediately ask to be released from prison. What she said, she did. The next day the fiancé was free, and he took her for a walk on Ohio Street, and even took her for a glass of beer. However, the husband had bought a ticket for him to a third or fourth state, where she would never hear of him, and even if she did, the laws were different there, and they would not extradite him. Thus Zdravko freed his client from both prisons! And who could list all the similar and even more interesting exploits from Zdravko's life? One thing is certain, if he earns money, then he is not guilty of anything else! When he has dollars in his pocket, everyone is happy, because he entertains everyone he meets. He is not satisfied until he has seen the end of the last cent. Money gets in the way in his pocket, like a saddle and spurs on a horse; and after all, he knows that God is thinking about tomorrow. Zdravko is shouted at, but especially by those who know how to keep money better than him, and the question is, are they much less conscientious when it comes to acquiring money. Adversity sometimes forces him to use some exploit, similar to the one I told, but there is good in the bottom. There are tigers that slaughter without need and without hunger, and these are the most dangerous of the herd. The Husband certainly does not belong among you, and neither does this one, who walks in the door, that is Afriy. Atri came to tell me that he found me a room for 40 dollars a week, right nearby. I look at him in astonishment, and Pavlinac asks him if he has lost his mind, and tells him to rent a room for a dollar, plus half a day, because it is easy to find a decent room for that price. Afriy comes out, and Pavlinac tells me about the life of that weirdo. He has been in America for twenty years, but he does nothing, he does nothing! He is educated; in his homeland they say that he finished high school, and here he learned English perfectly, and he writes very correctly. He will not use his knowledge of the English language for good. He could serve in some office, be an interpreter in court, but he is not allowed to sit anywhere for long, he is not allowed to serve anyone. He uses his knowledge of English for another purpose. He writes letters to prominent people, senators, deputies, bishops, rich people. In these letters he complains about the bitter fate that haunts him, and with a masterly moving style, seasoned with wise sayings of moralists, he knows how to touch the heart of his high patron. More than once he has been tried for a bow, in this way he has extracted from the merciful heart of a well-wisher a handsome sum of money. At that time he is cheerful, he can be found in all the saloons, and he only sobers up when his pocket is lightened. Once he went with the priest Dolinec - let's leave the lip for the time, when there is talk about priests - to collect (in America they say they collected) money, ostensibly for the church. They traveled from Izrad to Izrad, from village to village, always knocking on the holy Catholic door, and sometimes on the Protestant one. Afriy wrote letters, and together with the pop, they would go to collect the fruits of those letters. They collected a lot, but they lived in the first hotels, traveled on the most expensive railways, and it would not rarely happen that the dawn found them in some kind of night club, where the silver, collected in almshouses, would turn into champagne smoke in their heads and in the heads of their lovely friends, which they would peel off, lest the corks of the champagne bottles burst. Afriy out, and here you have B . . .! He roars like a barrel, and he smells like a barrel. He came to eat, and since I'm hungry too, I'll stay at Pavlinac's for dinner, and I'll have the good fortune to be in the company of the famous B . . . His empire is in Chicago; he has his own saloon there, and his own clients, because he also practices law as much as he needs to. When he has no work or clients, he himself sets people apart. He tells one that another said such and such about him, and he teases him until the latter says something against the former. Then he goes to the latter and tells him what the latter said about him. When he has really got them into a fight, and they are taking each other to court—and in America, our people, just like at home, go to court for every little thing—then he becomes one's interpreter against the other, and tells the other that he will interpret in his favor if they grease his cart. People say that this Fallstaff also knows Gypsy, and that he learned that language with them in prison.

Drugi pripoviedaju žuda o njegovom junaŭtvu, prigodom okupacije Bosne, a najveŭa žuda pripovieda on sam. Neki naprotiv kaŭu, da su ta junaŭtva bila poŭinjena na muslimanskim ŭe- nama, na starcima i na djeci, na kojima da se je njegova bajuneta ŭesto omastila krvlju. Svi su pak sloŭni u pripoviedanju ŭudesa o njegovom ŭelucu, u koji moŭe spremi peŭeno tele, i bario piva. Fallstaff, ma pravi pravcati Fallstaff, pa mi se ŭini, da Shakespeare u svojemu nije niŭta pretjerao, kad ih evo ima ŭivih. — Pa ŭto ste doŭli meŭu ove jazbece." ŭta ŭete s njima, kad su svi jednaki! Ovgje je sve razoŭarano, izvarano! Narod ne vjeruje vogjama, i ima pravo. Dogjite vi u Chicago, pak ŭete vigjeti kaki su tamo ljudi! Ja ŭu vam ih sam dovesti tisuuŭ na vaŭ govor. Ovo su jazbeci i niŭta drugo; — reŭe ponosno B . . . He spoke the truth, because in Chicago a thousand people really came to my conference, and there was no B among them! I am not describing these types just by chance, nor out of idleness, nor to entertain the readers, but to show them what kind of people there are among our people in America, and not a few, but countless, even worse. There are those who cover their speculations on the people with the guise of patriotism, and even build themselves up as martyrs, just like in the homeland! 63 After dinner, Pavlinac took me to the Croatian National Community, where he had some business, and then to see the Croatian parish and the church of St. Nicholas, which is right next to the Community, on Ohio Street. The church is large, built of brick,

simple, with two bell towers and sweetly tuned bells. I looked inside and saw that it had two side aisles, clean, with stained glass windows and Croatian inscriptions, and a large organ. A large space was covered with benches for the faithful. In front of the church there was a larger space, as is the case in the homeland, for people to gather, and in front of the church was the rectory, also built of brick. I asked who the rectory was; the Pavlinac answered me: Dr. Ljudevit Lauš. — Let's go and visit him, I said, because he was my classmate in Vienna. While I was studying philosophy, he was studying higher theology at the Augustineum, and we met several times, so perhaps he will remember me, and it will be pleasant for him to meet again in America after thirteen years. We went; we kept him busy with the church accounts, which cause the pastor a lot of worries, because the church is in debt for about 50,000 thalers; as small as the church was. Our people built the church on God's good fortune, trusting in the generosity of the people, and besides, those who managed the church property did whatever they wanted, so that even to this day Dr. Lauš has not been able to find his way in the labyrinth of accounts and see how the money was spent. They had an old church, which they have now turned into a tavern and card room, instead of selling it and investing the money in a new one. This is one of the countless causes of friction between the pastor and the parishioners. Lauš, who came to that parish a few months ago, found complete disorder and arbitrariness in the administration of church property, and the parishioners always ready to create trouble for the pastor. The first pastor was the late Božij, who died of a drought in Steelton, the second Bosiljke Bekavac.

Both suffered heavy battles with rebellious parishioners, who wanted to treat the pastor as a servant, because they were paying him! In their homeland, the pastor receives part of his salary from the government, so the people think that the government pays him, not him, while here he directly gives him the taxes that are due to him; and everyone knows that the people are rude to those they pay, just as those who pay them are rude to them. And no wonder, because when those who are educated are rude to the people, how can the uneducated people not be rude, performing the same duty? To this must be added the intrigues of various miscreants, who wanted to take advantage of the money collected for the church, and if the pastor opposed this, they would "stir up the people to revolt against him!" All three former pastors were natives of Bosnia, all three were honest and very good people, but they made the mistake of unnecessarily getting involved in politics and publishing their own newspaper with Dr. Kovačević and collaborating in it.

Hence the friction and polemics, father, the slander against all the pastors, who collaborated in the paper, and from the slander lawsuit, a hundred other miseries arise. Bosiljko Bekavac* 64, now the parish priest in Lindora, suffered the most, among Slovaks and Poles. He was too soft-natured to resist the wolves that rule the Croatian herd in Alleⁿⁱ,^{lienyu}. During her pastorate there were several times angry conflicts between the parishioners and the pastor, even riots, as a result of which the church was closed for a while. Once several thousands of people gathered, raised and led by demat^{oi}[^], who started in a huge procession towards Pittsburgh, to ask the bishop to give them another pastor. On bridge iii, the police met and blocked their crossing, so they had to return without completing their work. In the end, Bekavac got fed up, and he asked the bishop for a transfer and now enjoys the peace and love of the Slovaks in Lindora. He was succeeded by Dr. Lauš, who until then also pastored some Slovaks in a village near Connellsville. He had built a new canonry and a beautiful church for the people there, leaving only a very small debt on it, so when the bishop moved him to Allegheny, the parishioners were very upset. Even now they come every day to visit him in Allegheny and send deputations to the bishop to restore their pastor. But the bishop shows no will to listen to them - even if Dr. Lauš himself would be happy to return to them - because he saw that he was in the company. Lauša found the kind of man he needs among the Croats in Allegheny. Dr. Lauš had just arrived, riots started against him, as well as against Bekavac; but even if he doesn't wear a moustache, like when he was a pastor in Bosnia, there is a man with a moustache. He saw that he was not going to be nice and give in, so he decided to act boldly. Unwilling to see the old church turned into a card house and a tavern, he, Rugby, sent the police one night, who caught several card players and sent them to the bus store. And these were the very leaders of the people in the riots against the pastor.

From there, three hundred woes and revenge. They started threatening him, waiting for him at night, that they would attack him, and finally once in broad daylight they broke into his house, to steal some books, or something. But Dr. Lauš, who was hajduced against non-Christianity in Bosnia, and carried his head in a bag, and was often impaled, and left his famous name in a folk song, does not know jokes, so he pulled out his revolver and fired two shots through the window. ! They stopped running, some through the door, some through the window, and were in the air for a moment. and Since then there has been peace, and now things are going their way. The church's debt is decreasing, the income is increasing, and every Mass from the altar he informs the people about the financial condition of the church municipality, and the people, seeing that things are getting better, obey. It still happens to the soul, that a parishioner of Ijani comes to the pastor, as if to his house, as to a servant, and demands some mukta, where he would have to pay a fee, but Dr. Lauš quickly deals with him, especially if he is not a member of the church municipality, if he does not pay the fee for the pew in the church, from which the debt is mostly paid. If he; such a one starts to whine too much and behave gruffly, he doesn't even two or three, but grabs him by the scruff of the neck and throws him out the door. After performing this operation, the rebel usually returns with his cap in his hand and a salute of 65 — something that had not happened before — and the matter is settled peacefully. I have been present at many such cases and have become convinced that American freedom is not for everyone, and that the pastor can rule his flock not with a shepherd's crook, but only with an iron fist. When Dr. Lauš saw me, the first thing he said to me was: I hope you will be my guest. — Don't seek fortune if it doesn't find you! — said Pavlinac. You have really spoken to me from the bottom of my heart. It would be a shame, when a representative of the people from his homeland is coming to us for the first time, if we don't receive him properly. And no one has taken care of anything. There is no place with me, and even if there was, he would be better off with you, because I am always busy, and all sorts of people would bother him. Pavlinac went to send my luggage, and Dr. Lauš welcomed me, and showed me the parsonage and the room where I would live. The house is not luxurious, but it has all the comforts that American houses have. It has two floors and a cellar for a beer hall, wood, coal, etc. On the lower floor is a vestibule, which leads on one side to the office, on the other to the dining room, on the third to the kitchen, and on the fourth are stairs that lead to the upper floor, where there are four bedrooms and a bathroom. On the lower floor there is also a beautiful reception hall. The furniture is very simple, in a purely American style, which is more distinguished by comfort than beauty. It has both gas and electric light for lighting, and the rooms are heated with natural gas, which is very cheap in Pennsylvania, because there are thousands and thousands of springs on all sides. Since all of western Pennsylvania is one huge coal deposit, gas springs out of the coal by itself, so all you have to do is drill into the ground and reach the coal seam, then put in a pipe and a nozzle, and the gas will spring out by itself, and you can lead it to any distance you want, and use it either for lighting or for heating. Gas stoves take up almost no space. Somewhere in the wall, a square door opens, lined with asbestos. There is a handle on the floor that closes the pipe. You turn it to the left, hold a match to the asbestos, and a multitude of blue-violet and red-yellow flames begin to lick the asbestos, reaching upwards. In a moment the room warms up nicely, and if the winter is too harsh, you can burn the stove day and night, the asbestos will not burn out, nor is there any danger of the gas breaking through some crack without burning out. — Choose the room you like to sleep in, otherwise the whole house is yours. The longer you stay, the more welcome you will be to me, and that

more boring, the more you consider yourself a stranger in the house, or even a guest. Behave, command, as if you were under your father's roof. If I can give you instructions or advice in your work, insofar as I know the relations in America better, because I have been here for as many years as you have days, ask and here I am. If you want to amuse yourself with science, in my office you will find a bibliography, because I have brought a lot of it from the old country. If you want to joke, we'll joke. and 66 So to me Dr. Liu, and it's enough to look at his face, so it's superfluous to offer him and encourage him with words, because his significant face alone tells you what kind of man you've come to. A true type of Bosnian liberal, in whom high learning has given the heroic traits of the types of his native homeland. I went into the office and began to rummage through the shelves of the library. There are very beautiful things there, not only from the military field, but also from the philosophical and historical. Dr. Lauš, while he was studying at the Außenleum, spent most of his money in Vienna's antiquarian shops, and bought very interesting works. It was not possible for me to search everything, because many books are buried in chests, and that is a difficult job. He knows where everything is, and when he needs it, he can easily find it. In addition to the wonderful philosophical works, which kept me in his office for a good part of the time I was in Allegheny, which was, on two occasions, for a whole month, I found one very interesting thing with him, and that is the correspondence of Fra Grga Martić. It contains letters from Ban Jelačić, Strossmayer, all the more prominent political and literary figures from the year forty-eight to the present, and even from the Bosnian pashas and valis.

It is known that Fr. Grga played a very important political role in the history of Bosnia in his time. While Dr. Lauš was with the old poet in Kreševo, the latter fell in love with him, and fearing that these important documents would be lost if an unexpected fate should befall him, he entrusted them to Fr. Lauš, knowing that he would guard them like the back of his head. Fr. Grga is dead, and Dr. Lauš will guard the trust entrusted to him. Fr. Lauš's house is open to everyone and always. Not a day goes by without guests. Since the diocese is in Pittsburgh, Croatian, Slovak, Slovenian and Czech parish priests, having a place to go to the inn, come to him. The Czechs also have their parish priest in Pittsburgh, a kind man, and he himself often stays with Fr. Lauš, so it is no wonder that others like to come to him. In addition to his hospitality, they also tell jokes at his place, which they would not find anywhere else. In this respect, Dr. Lauš is inexhaustible and tireless. It is most interesting to listen to him when he tells anecdotes about our Muslims, about hodjas and hajjis. As a result, they called him hodja, and they don't say: let's go to Dr. Lauš, but, let's go to the hodja. Our vogje, who at first greeted the new pastor quite unfriendly, even hostile, gradually began to approach him, and now they come to him more often. The only one who won't come is Mužina. — How can you expect me to come to him when he's shooting a revolver! He's a hajduk, not a pastor!

Muzhina can't possibly forget that day when he jumped out of the window with his friends; in fact, in the last few days before I left, he started to get closer to her, so I think he'll have forgotten about the revolver. And yet, with Muzhina, with the factotum, one must come into contact. 67 VII.

Invitations to conferences. — Croatian newspapers. — Preparations for conferences. — Study of peoples. — Pictures from Croatian life in America. — German bank with Croatian inscription. — A moving scene. — Croatian National Community. — Accidents in mines and factories. — Insurance companies for injured workers. — Humanitarianism out of interest. — Rules of the Croatian National Community and rules of the sections. — Frictions in the Croatian National Community. — Decline of members. — Property. — Convention. Croatian National Community. — Splitting of sections. — Ceremonial at sessions. — Vanity. — Task and work of the convention. — Enormous expenses of the convention. — Who can become a member of the community. — Ladies' sections. — Smaller communities. — Schism of the Croatian National Community. In the first days I wrote letters to all parts of America, to let them know where I could come to give lectures. At first, only Calumet and Ely, both places in the far north, along the Canadian border, on Lake Superior, had responded. In a little while, Sirovatka also informed me that serious work was being done in Chicago, that they would invite me there, and finally there were invitations from San Francisco, from Crested Butte in Colorado and from St. Louisa In the vicinity of Pittsburgh, Croats have three parishes, in Rankin, where Dr. Matin is the pastor, in Allegheny, and in Bennet, where Glojnarj is the pastor. In Allegheny, a committee of fifteen people was formed to enable me to give two lectures, one literary and one political. The committee is headed by Pavlinac, Marohni, Skrivani, etc. The long council committee issues a proclamation to the people, prints tickets to be sold in advance, and the newspapers Skrivani's "Napredak" and Glojnarj's "Glas Istine" print the proclamation and invite the people to come hear me. „ "Narodni List" from New York does not stop writing about my arrival, and Hrvatska Zastava" in Chicago, which is edited by my friend Sirovatka, is trying to arouse people's interest in me.

The only "Sloboda", published in Cleveland by priest Grjokovi, behaves, in the name of purity, unfriendly, although I came neither as pure nor as impure, but as a Croat, to study and to teach our people. If I expected anyone to be unfriendly towards me, I certainly did not expect it from priest Grjokovi, and even more so, 68 which cost 20.00() dollars, i.e. 100.000 crowns, four or five times more than one session of the Dalmatian parliament; indeed, if I am not mistaken, as little as a one-year session of the Croatian parliament. At least there is real benefit from these conventions, but time and money are wasted in empty debates. Everyone wants to i^ovor, and they come from all sorts of sources, without any education. I have heard some very comical anecdotes told about these conventions. The one in St. Louis e.g. once it was discussed for two hours whether the members would go to dinner or continue the session. However, it is said that the saloon, near which the convention was held, charged our delegates over \$6,000 for various drinks! It is no wonder, then, that when the brandy starts talking, there is a commotion. The election scene is especially turbulent, because there are always many candidates. It is no joke to be the president of the entire community! The Pennsylvania delegates usually outvote the others, because Pennsylvania has the most sections, and they again make sure that the convention is held in some city in Pennsylvania, or wherever in the business, as it will be easier for them to get there than for others. And because of this, the other states threaten to take over. Up until now, the presidents have always been from Allegheny. Pavlinac was elected several times, and after him Marohni, who is now an accountant. At the convention In 1906, Frano Zotti was elected president of the Society in New York. Any Croat who is not over forty-four years of age and who is medically found healthy can become a member of the Society. I think the same conditions are required for married couples and for women in general. Women can establish special sections, which also belong to the Society. There are such in all the larger colonies in America.

In addition to the sections belonging to the Croatian National Community, there are other societies for mutual aid in the United States. In Bemet, pastor Glojnarj, not agreeing with the community members in Allegheny, organized a special community, which did not find a response, except in the immediate vicinity. It would be difficult to list all such societies that do not belong to the Croatian National Community. All those of our people, who do not want to be Croats, but Slavs, Austrians, Dalmatians, Primors and what do you know, what they are not called yet, tried to unite, but they absolutely did not want to join the Croatian Community. Thus in Chicago there was a society called Maximilian, composed mostly of people from Vrbovlje on the island of Hvar. That municipality fell into Croatian hands a few years ago, and they fled to America, while the autonomy of the late Don Luka Lujić still ruled. In San Francisco, both Slovenians and Austrians have their own special and very numerous, flourishing societies, with beautiful wealth, but neither of them wants to know about Croatia. There are such societies elsewhere, especially in California and in the southern states, where our

The migration began earlier. All these societies, however, speak only Croatian internally. Most of these Austrians and Slovenes come from Konavle and the rest of the Dubrovnik area, and then from the islands, especially Brač, and from Istria, and, for a miracle, from the Croatian coast. Their hatred of the Croats is so fierce and stubborn that they do not even hesitate to make any real attacks. The Austrians in San Francisco have also organized a military society, and they have the uniforms of Austrian soldiers, regardless of the fact that the majority are made up of 75 military deserters. The only thing that is strange to me is that the republic allows such slavish and stupid antics within its fold. Let's talk about the Austrians and Slovenes in another place, and now let's return a little to the HN Community. I have already mentioned that the unity of the Community is wavering, and I could even say that it is completely disintegrating. Many sections of the state of Illinois have already left the Community, especially in the city of Chicago, where there is a large number of our intelligentsia, and they do not willingly put up with the arbitrariness of the Alleghenians. Chicagoans accuse the Alleghenians of incompetence in administration, excessive expenses in many things, which were not necessary. So n. ex. they say that they spent 12,000 dollars for the diplomas given to the members. Although the diploma is beautiful, it was painted by Bukovac, but the amount is also huge. They accuse them of excessive expenses for the dissolution of the "Zajedniyar" and for many other things, as well as nepotism and cliquishness in the election of officials. When I was in Allegheny for the second time, that is, on my return to Europe, they asked me to write them an article in favor of the Community, to prevent, if possible, the dissolution. I did so, although I had no particular reason, but to be grateful to the Allegheny forces, because I was convinced that the dissolution would be harmful, because premature. The article first appeared in Skrivaniy's "Napredak", and then in "Zajedniyar". 76 VIII. Number of Croats in the United States. — HN The Community is useful for maintaining a liberal consciousness. — The property of the Croatian N. Communities towards communities of other nationalities. — Pictures from the life of Croats. — Burial of Croats. — Golden deals of funeral entrepreneurs. — Inheritances left behind by deceased workers. — How difficult heirs receive their inheritance. — Austrian consulates and their expense accounts. — Credulity and judgments of our people in America. — The fairy tale of Rudolf, Maximilian and Orth. — Senseless swindlers. — American state and private police. — Pinkerton Agency. — The best moneylenders in the world. — A worker who dreams of liberating Croatia. — A Jewish priest-turned-propaganda. — The impudence and slovenliness of our man when he gets some money. — How much our workers' wages are. — What jobs our people do. — How much a simple worker can save in a year, if he is a saver. — A frivolous return to the homeland. — The cheapness of meat, bread and beer. — Excessive freedom. — The worker is a scoundrel. — Gilding teeth. — Flirting with American girls. — Shaving the mustache.

— Fear of the representatives of the people. — A freak who dries banknotes. — Amortization of church debt. — Self-called pop. Number of members H. N. According to the latest data, the total number of Croats in the United States is only about 20,000. That is very small, considering the huge number of Croats in the United States. How many are actually Croats there?^ There is no exact, or even nearly consistent, answer to that. Some claim that there are no more than 200,000 of them, others want to say that there are over half a million. No one keeps accurate statistics, not even the United States Bureau of Statistics. It is estimated that over 60,000 of them arrive annually, and it is not known exactly how many return. I, who have crossed all the countries from the Atlantic to the Pacific, can say that I have encountered them everywhere, and not only in the main centers of trade and mining, but everywhere. I have heard Croatian spoken countless times even at the smallest railway stations, and I have often heard my native language spoken in the carriage itself. I think, therefore, that I will not be exaggerating if I say that there are over 400,000 Croats in the United States. Of these, not even a twentieth part is registered in the Croatian National Union, a sign that there is not enough agitation and that the people are not being explained clearly enough the benefits that they would have as 77 members. Although I am convinced that in fifty years there will be no trace of the Croatian nationality in America, or of any other, which numbers in the millions, I still believe that the HN Union, even if only indirectly, benefits the Croatian national consciousness. In every association, education is spread, as well as political concepts, so that many of our people return to their homeland better and more aware Croats than when they left, and they bring with them some openness of spirit, experience and free-thinking, often even corruption. For such a large number of members, and taking into account that the Union has already existed for fifteen years, its fund is relatively very small. It is true that many members suffer, that many die, as a result of hard work, which also mercilessly drains the life force, and the expenses of the Society are consequently great; but with a little more rational management and savings, it would be possible to have at least \$100,000 in the Society's treasury today. The Societies of all other nationalities are in much better shape both in terms of the number of members and in terms of social assets. The Czechs and Poles have many flourishing societies for mutual aid, and even the Slovaks themselves are far ahead of us. There will probably be another opportunity to say something about the HN Society, and now let's move on to studying the lives of our people in America. I will throw in a few pictures here and there, which will perhaps tell more than theoretical discussions. I am in the office of the pastor, Dr. Lauš. He nods wearily on the sofa, because last night he had to recommend the soul of a sick person, and I am reading F 1 avi Josephi's "Antiquitatum Judaica - rum etc". A short man, nicely dressed, not harsh; drawing, enters the room. He does not say a word of greeting, does not take off his hat, but asks where the parish priest is. — There he is, sleeping, tired. — Wake him up. He wakes up himself, rubs his eyes, measures the newcomer, recognizes him. He must have given him some trouble before. — What do you want.^ — He died XY At two o'clock in the afternoon there will be a funeral. I have come for you, so that you can attend his funeral. — Was he a member of the church community.^ Did he pay for the pew.^ — No. — Did he attend church.^ — No. — And what kind of funeral do you want to have for him.-' — I want you to bless him in the church and in the cemetery, and for all the bells to ring. ~ So a first-class funeral, lo It costs fifteen dollars. — I won't pay that. 78 — And who will? .lo if it was member 11. N. Community? Is there a bailiff? Who left a foundation, \$lo ^a belongs to? — He was a t'lan, and I am his bailiff. — Then why won't you pay? — We pay you anyway! It's your duty to see you off. — Man, I won't argue. If you'll let me say the blasphemy in the church and ring one bell, you'll only pay seven dollars. — I won't pay anything, and you'll see him off to the cemetery and all the bells will ring. — Neither you nor he was ever in the church, nor did the church ever get a cent of benefit from you, and you have the nerve to talk to me like that? — Well, what do you think? The people pay you, and the priest is here to do his duty. We're not in the old country, where the government defends the priest, because it pays him. Here the government has nothing to do with the priest, and he is the servant of the people, who feeds him. If you won't bury him, and I'll go to the Slovak, to the Czech priest, he'll bury him. — Go ahead, go to whoever you want. You'll pay double. — Well, let him. I'd rather pay him double than you, who are paid by the people anyway! — Have a good trip! — But I want you to bury him. — Come, you fool! Get out of here, please! I have to follow the rules, and I won't pay for the bells for you, because I didn't inherit 800 dollars from the deceased, you did. — Okay, we'll see! We'll see! What kind of priest is this, who won't inter the dead, but wants a salary for everything! By God, your priestly virtue, I'll show you! I won't list all the cruelties of this rascal; and I wouldn't even do this if I didn't want to portray a scene that often happens. When Hodji got tired of his bullying, he grabbed him by the shoulder and pushed him out the door, and I was ready to help him if he died, because that behavior just disgusted me. His friend arrived a little late, so he asked the pastor if he would come to bury the dead,

will all the bells ring, etc. He also started haggling. He went to the Irish pastor, but he really wanted double. Croatian pastors are generally the worst paid and have the lowest fees for funerals, baptisms, weddings, etc. So our people changed their minds after all, and they wanted a Croatian pastor, because he was cheaper, and in the end they promised to pay, and since the pastor knows the birds, he demanded that they pay the fee in advance. Besides, he has to present the faithful with an account of the church community's income every now and then, so the money for the bells should be in the treasury. When we are talking about funerals, let's say some about that, because here too we will see the frivolity and economic senselessness of our people. 79 I If a deceased worker left behind a family, even if they don't provide for their children, they will give him a funeral according to American custom, that is, they will go to ruin, just to make sure the funeral is in order. If the deceased was a member of the HN Community, and his heirs receive 800 dollars in death benefits, it goes without saying that at least 200 dollars must be spent on his funeral. If he left some property, of course more is spent. If he was poor, if he was not a member of the community, if he left nothing, then there is no funeral for him. Out of mercy, if there is a Croatian priest nearby, bless him, and accompany him to the grave himself — since he has to be buried somewhere, the state allows a piece of space somewhere — but if there is no Croatian priest nearby, then there is no final blessing for him. It is customary for a dead person, right? rich and poor, to make a gilded coffin, which alone costs from 30 to 50 dollars. He is driven on a cart, and the escort goes to the cemetery in the cart. Each cart costs from 6 to 8 dollars. The poorer pays one bell, the richer all. It is a shame if there is no music for the coffin, and even then it is expensive. I had the opportunity to hear that music several times, so I thought that it was fortunate that the deceased did not hear it, otherwise it would have made his departure for eternal rest bitter. If he was a member of the HN Society, all members of the section to which he belonged were obliged to accompany him, and all under the banner and all with the HN sign Communities and with a ribbon of a section on the chest. As I said, everyone who left behind either a loved one or some heritage was given a beautiful funeral, and the cost reached 200 or 300 dollars. At home, in his native village, 10 to 20 forints would have been spent on his funeral, here from 500 to 700, even then, when his single parents, who pay all their income in taxes, mourn him in their homeland. Just what is spent to find him two cubits of land in a Czech cemetery, because there is no Croatian cemetery in Allegheny yet, would be enough; to buy a piece of land that would feed his elderly parents. I had the opportunity to meet EE Herman, a funeral director in Allegheny. That man cannot find enough words to praise Croats. How could it not be.^ He himself told me that he had done over \$100,000 in business with Croats in ten years, and that he had never had to spend a cent on court to collect a debt. He is ready to give every Croat a splendid funeral in a religious manner, confident that his heirs, without forcing them, will pay off the debt as soon as possible.

Tugjinac will, the pastor will not! Herman gives a beautiful testimony of the honesty of the Croats, but a bad testimony of their economic ability. If he himself earned so much, renting only hearses, selling coffins, and renting escort cars, how much other entrepreneurs in Allegheny and throughout America earned.^ How much was spent on funeral expenses.^ The bill would show millions of dollars. And at least half of those millions could have been sent to the homeland, to revive the domestic soil, domestic crafts with capital. Ÿ 80 When he dreamed about this business, it would be good to say something about the inheritances left behind by deceased workers. If the heirs died; workers in America, these come to the inheritance without much effort, and without spending a lot of money for transcriptionists and interpreters, of which there are countless everywhere, because many of them throw themselves into this very easy and fun job. If they are in their homeland, then it is another job. In many cases, they never reach the grandmother, and in half of the cases, they do not even receive half of what the deceased left behind. Lawyers, underwriters and Austrian consulates eat their share. If the deceased was insured with the company he worked for, then it is very difficult for the heirs to get what they are entitled to, usually \$1,200 to \$1,600, unless some honest soul can turn to them. That requires hundreds of testimonies. You need a death certificate from the doctor and the municipality, and you also need to show clear documents that the deceased has legal heirs in the homeland. The parish priest Dr. KaiŸ mediated in many cases and sent the heirs all the inheritance that belonged to them. He told me, and he is always ready to testify to this, that the Austrian consulates are the biggest bloodsuckers of heirs. These consulates, instead of directly mediating, usually get involved in lawsuits; because lawsuits always bring them something. If they win a lawsuit, then they make the heirs pay such a large bill of costs that the dollars usually turn into crowns or even eat up everything, as with the heirs of a certain Zagar and a certain Šandor Šišljevinac. If they lose the lawsuit, then they cheat the Austrian government itself, making it huge bills of costs; and in lawsuits of other types and nature, they keep their government on the bill of costs as much as they can. In the Croatian National Union, several councilors were punished for similar disturbances, such as a certain Antonij, Papa, etc. In the main, however, inheritance is easiest to obtain if the testator was a member of the Croatian National Union, because there is easier control. To show how gullible our people live, and how easily they can be fooled by all sorts of scoundrels, I will again use an example: Dr. Lauš and I are sitting at dinner. It is late, around ten o'clock. Someone rings the doorbell. Lauš gets up to answer and I hear him shouting something. — What is it? — That worker who was looking for you today, but you were not at home, has come again. He wants to tell you some nonsense about the late Rudolf. I told him that it was not the time, that it was bothering you now; let him come tomorrow. So he might not even come back, because he has come from somewhere far away, and will have to travel. But yes! he came back the next day and found me. His name is StaniŸ, from the island of Cres, and he lives in North Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Boston. He is illiterate, but one of his friends read in the Narodni List that I had come to America, so they decided to send him to tell me some great secret and to ask my advice. He carries himself very important and mysteriously, as if he had some great thing to tell me. Let him speak: — Sir, I have something great to tell you, but I beg you to promise me that you will be with us and that you will keep the secret. — I promise. ^- Do you know that Prince Rudolf, Archduke Maximilian and Archduke Ivan Orth are still alive? — What do I know, I would not want to be alive like them. — And if someone showed them to you? — I would say that they are dead, at least the first one, and I would not know whether the third one is alive or dead. — But if you were to talk to them.^ — Then I would say that someone had stuck a phonograph into the chests of wax dolls. — But I can assure you that they are living, like you and I, I talk to them every day, and you can too, if you want. They want it, and that's what I came here for. — I don't want to talk to the dead. When I die, I'll have plenty of time to talk to them in the other world, if I want to. — So you're not going to believe it.^ — Not at all! — Well, I can't be mistaken. I knew Prince Rudolf well. When I served in the navy, I took him on a boat several times, and even talked to him. And how is it that he recognized me immediately, fifteen years after he supposedly died?^ Don't you know that there are many people who saw him on the Rijeka that very day, when the rumor spread that he had been killed somewhere near Vienna.^ And those same people who saw him on the Rijeka then talk to him every day in Boston. I realized that I had tracked him down the heartless fraud with which some thieves exploit our gullible people, and although this conversation bores me, I want to find out how people are deceiving our good people, so that I can, if possible, sober up these poor people and save them from the swindle. — So how, please, do these three archdukes live? What do they do? — I asked Stanica. — You know, sir, that they are not

accustomed to work, like us other workers! The king will not know about them, because some wicked people have filled his head with the idea that they want to overthrow him from the throne. — So you feed them, and I suppose you take care that their apartment is lordly and that they live as befits archdukes? — How could we not take care of our king's son, who will be our king himself? And Rudolf, believe me, loves our people. When he comes to the throne, our people will be better off too. 82 — God forbid that we should wait so long for our people to be better off! — I blurted out involuntarily. — If you will not believe me, come with me to Boston. There you will be able to talk to them. They are calling you, because they know that you are powerful among the people, and they trust you, when the king dies, to see that Prince Rudolf ascends the throne, as the law requires. — I, my friend, have neither the time nor the money to idle and spend all the way to Boston; but I beg you to give up this useless business and not to feed your calluses to some thieves who are harassing you. I assure you that Rudolf is dead, just like Maximilian, just as dead as when a few lead pellets pierce someone's head or chest, and he has been lying in the grave for sixteen or forty years, and Ivan Orth, just like those who drown and lie deep at the bottom of the ocean, two or three thousand meters, if the sharks do not devour them. I saw Rudolf dead on the bier — and I did not see him, but I told him, to convince him better — with his head smashed in. — No, sir! You have only seen Rudolph made of wax, but the real one is with us in Boston. Same beard, just a little grayer, same face, same eyes, same voice! Come, and don't worry about the travel expenses. Everything will be paid for, if you like, in advance . . .

— No, my friend! If I were

to come with you at your own expense, I would be a worse deceiver than that Rudolf who is deceiving you in Boston. You certainly earn your living with great difficulty, you may have children, in America or at home; and parents, brothers, sisters. Everything you give to that Rudolf and that Maximilian, you tear away from your children's mouths, and even from yourself. Understand that I am speaking to you for your own good, because if I were not speaking to you for your own good and if I were like them, I would accept money from you, have you paid dearly for idleness, and could deceive you with the basics of how we will place Rudolf on the throne. — I see that you are an honest man; but you will not believe the truth that is known. If you were with me, you would speak differently. You do not spare us. There are several of us, who we will gladly spend. — Let us not speak of it any more! Why should I come to see a couple of thieves there? — And you at least sing a song to Rudolf, so that I have something to show him, so that he will believe that I was with you. I have heard that you sing songs beautifully. — I do not intend to sing songs to some heartless glutton who is deceiving you. For the rest, know that if this Rudolf of yours were the real Rudolf, he would not have sent you to me. Therefore, flee in the peace of God and come to your senses — Well, then, if you don't want to, goodbye! But you can repent. You could be possible, but you won't. 83 There was no way to get the deception out of his head; and what is most interesting, before long serious American newspapers began to deal with this matter. When I didn't want to, there was an American journalist who began to exploit our gullible people. It is not surprising, but it is surprising that the American police do not track down such fraudsters and do not lock them up. But in America the real police are not in the hands of the state, but, like the railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc., the police are also private enterprises. There is also a state police, that is understandable, but they deal more with external order than with intricate secret matters, where one needs to work with the mind rather than with the famous stick of the American policeman.

The most famous private police company is the Pinkerton Agency in New York, which has its branches and secret agents not only throughout America, but also in Europe and Africa. This agency bears the name of its founder, and today its chief manager is M.

Baugs, who has 800 detectives under him. The main job of this agency is to discover and hunt down thieves who rob banks, forge bills of exchange, etc. The job is lucrative, because it is supported by all the financial institutions, and so the detectives of the Pinkerton agency easily sniff out thieves, wandering around America, and they often manage to discover even the most dangerous y eggs or h o b o s, as they call those over there, the best thieves in the world, the best in the world, because in America everything is the best in the world, even the bank robbers. . . The Pinkerton agency doesn't care about things like this, which don't pay well, and the state police won't discover the thief, even if he skillfully steals right under her nose. I have related a case of credulity, and at the same time loyalty to the dynasty, and now I will present one of the opposite nature. One day I received a letter from St. Louis with a very mysterious content. The writer's name need not be mentioned. The letter speaks of the liberation of the fatherland and the easiest way to do this. The writer does not dare to explain the matter in writing, but gives me his address, wishing to be with me in any case in written communication and asking me to come to St. Louis, and when I do, to inform him of my arrival. I did not inform him at all, but he heard of my arrival and visited me. I knew that he would not tell me anything new, but I still wanted to listen to him. It is evident that American freedom had an effect on him. He had read both socialist and anarchist writings, and these ideas were all mixed up in him. The environment, he talks about secret societies, about not paying taxes, and denying military service by agreement and unanimously, but I can't explain the easiest way to liberate the homeland. Everything revolves around some secret society in which everyone would take an oath not to pay taxes, not to go into the military, but how such a society could be founded, he didn't mention it; he doesn't ask for the funds that would be needed for that. It's clear that he learned that from both Masons, but very little. He probably didn't get further than the first or second degree, so he doesn't know the organization, nor the true goal of Masonry, that's understandable. I told him to first organize American Croats into such societies. That way, he can help them achieve economic resurrection, and as a representative, I can only do public work.

This example certainly shows that there are people in America who care about the fate of the unfortunate homeland, and I must admit that there are a much larger number of those who would give money to feed Rudolf and Maximilian. This case is proof of this. A Jew found himself very similar to the late Rudolf. A Jew knows how to take advantage of any advantage, so how could he not take this one? He knows what our people are like, so he began to travel from place to place and complain to the workers that his enemies had slandered him before his father, and that he had ordered him to pretend to be dead and to disappear from Vienna and Austria until he called him back; that is, until the time came for him to go to the grave. He had no choice but to travel the world incognito! And one must live! He does not want anyone to feed him, but will earn his bread in the sweat of his brow; but it is the duty of his subjects to help him in trade rather than him, than anyone else. He is engaged in the trade of gold watches, and he sells them ten dollars cheaper than others. This is possible for him, because the factory, knowing who he is, gives him a much greater discount than other travelers to help him. Let them buy from him, they will not regret it. The watches are beautiful and large, accurate as chronometers. In Calumet itself, eyewitnesses there told me, he sold about twenty watches to our people from Lika and Carniola. After two or three months the gold darkened and turned into brass. Gsheft ist Gsheft! * *

When our man acquires some money, he becomes cocky, arrogant, not to say arrogant. Anyone who wants to can save some money. Let us assume that our workers do the hardest jobs, as is often the case—the lowest and easiest are done by Italians and blacks—yet every good worker can earn two dollars a day. The minimum wage is one dollar and 75 cents. If the worker has shown good will, diligence, and strength, his salary is raised to two dollars, immediately after a month of work has begun. If he has shown more intelligence, he can serve on some machine, and

that he does not have to carry coal, iron, iron ore to the furnace, etc., then he gets three, four, five, six dollars a day, and if he was a blacksmith and knows something about mechanics, he can get up to ten dollars a day. Every bricklayer who is able to lay bricks in house construction gets at least five dollars a day, and those who mix lime, carry, weigh bricks, etc. get from two to three thalers a day. In the mines they either work by agreement for how much they make, or they receive a certain daily wage. If a worker digs ten cartloads of coal a day, he can earn three to four dollars, and the daily wage is two or two and a half dollars. In copper and silver mines, if the worker knows how to skillfully lay mines, he gets four dollars a day, and those who pull the material in carts, who load it into the equator wagon get at least two dollars. The price is about the same throughout America. Workers in Montana, Washington State, and California are paid somewhat more. Not all of our people are simple workers; there are many of them who are engaged in salooning, trade, farming, fruit growing, and fishing. Saloon owners, if they know how to run their business at all, can make a living in a short time, of course by poisoning the people with alcohol. In California, our people are most successful in running a hotel, and if they are thrifty and industrious, they quickly acquire a good fortune. There are also our farmers there who have achieved great success, but unfortunately few of our people are engaged in agriculture and farming in America. They do not have enough vocational training or skills for a rational economy. The Czechs are the leaders of all nationalities in this. Our people are much more successful in fishing, especially in Louisiana, on the coast of Texas, and in California. And this job is very lucrative, but life is hard, and they tell me that our people around the mouth of the Mississippi are at the lowest level of culture, there are even some who marry black women, and for Americans there is nothing more despicable than marrying a black woman. Taking everything into account, even taking the salary of the simplest worker as a standard, he can earn two dollars a day. If he spends half of that on housing — there are usually about ten of them living in one room, in so-called boarding houses, and about that elsewhere — on clothes, food and drink, he still has a dollar left in savings. In a year he can save 300 dollars, in three, with interest, up to a thousand. In ten years he can save three to four thousand dollars, and when that is converted into our money, he will have a nice sum of twenty thousand crowns, which for our peasant means a nice fortune. But there are few, like whiteflies, who know how to save. Most of them spend their money in saloons and even worse amusement parks, where they sometimes ruin their health. If they have saved up two hundred or three hundred dollars, and are not deserters from the war — and this is the majority — then they can hardly wait to return home, and on the way, or at home, they quickly spend their savings, they can no longer get used to domestic work and a simple life, and then they go to America again, this time with the intention of never returning. In America, meat is very cheap, as is bread and beer, everything that is most necessary for life. Every single worker eats boiled meat every day — Americans do not eat boiled meat, and they throw it away, because even the servants in many cases do not want to eat it — everyone drinks beer, and that is a big deal for a simple man.

Besides, no one prevents him from moving freely, no one forces him into military service, no one controls his life, he is not accountable to either political or church authorities for his actions, unless they come into obvious conflict with the law, so it is no wonder that he celebrates American freedom.

We will see how he understands freedom. 86 j | If he saved a lot of money, he pretended to be. He dresses in a finer suit, which he can get for ten dollars, puts a cigar in his teeth and there you are, a gentleman who bows to no one, never takes off his hat in front of anyone. In America, there was a general mania for gilding rotten teeth. Our man, and many Americans, if he doesn't have a rotten tooth to have it filled with gold, he will have a healthy tooth pulled out so that he can put a gold one in its place. It is incredible how low aesthetic taste is in America in this respect. There is nothing more beautiful to me than when a man opens his mouth and here and there, like a toothless old woman, his gilded teeth are visible. And those who have them will constantly grin, so that they can see them. Old, young, male and female, everyone has gilded teeth, so that their mouths look like a... A native of Koryula, director of the foreign department of The First Nation Bank in Connellsville, a small town in the extreme southwest of Pennsylvania, in the so-called coal center. In that little town, the Croatian colony is very small, yet Mr. Ruskovič tried with all his might to persuade me to come and give a conference. He already knew me from his homeland, because he had only moved to America a few years ago, where he was lucky enough to get the wonderful position of manager of a department of a very famous bank after a short time. This is due to his knowledge of several European languages, as well as to his diligence and dedication to work. In Connellsville also has a Dr.

Kovačević, who moved from Allegheny, where he could not survive despite the fact that it was the most numerous Croatian colony. He also got involved in politics, and collaborated with the priests, which caused the hatred of the leaders for him. Added to this was the unfortunate affair of Hrnjak, who came to Allegheny, claiming to have found a cure for tuberculosis. Dr. Kovačević fell for him, believing his infallible claims, sweetened with honey the most convincing words, and the evidence of so many miraculous cures. It did not occur to him to ask Hrnjak why he did not then stay in his homeland to save the tuberculosis patients. In short, the honeyed Hrnjak talked and convinced so much that he withdrew the doctor.

Kovačević, many priests and other wealthy people, to establish a sanatorium for the dehydrated, and he was paid 10,000 thalers for his invention.

He just saved up the money, headed for London, to make humanity happy again with his magnificent invention.

However, out of the dozen or so patients who were admitted to the sanatorium, one after another they all died, and the sanatorium and the capital went bankrupt. Dr. Kovačević had himself invested his savings in the enterprise, and everything went to waste; but all the other shareholders, regardless, began to blame him for their loss, and he had no choice but to seek a quieter place for his profession. He is now content and at peace in Connellsville, surrounded by his family, who, of course, long for their homeland. Mr. Ruskovič and Dr. Kovačević gathered around them friends and a good number of Slovak brothers, and decided to invite me, even if they had to bear the expenses of my trip themselves. I promised them to come on Monday, January 30, after I had given a conference in Johnstown. On that road, it is worth mentioning the beautiful sight of coke ovens at night, when you drive from Pittsburgh to Johnstown. You see thousands and thousands of them firing in a row through the valleys, along the stream beds, lined up like a battle line. From each stove, a red flame rises into the night, reflecting on the snow around, and in front of the stove you see the shadow of a man, feeding the stove with coal.

Some lines are endless, like the street lamps on the long streets of large American cities. A railroad runs from Johnstown to Connellsville, and an electric tram runs part of the way. I boarded a railroad car at eight in the morning, arriving in Connellsville at two in the afternoon. Halfway through the journey, Mr. Gojsović accompanies me, who is going to Pittsburgh for a meeting of the supervisory board of the HN Community, and we talk about the condition of our people. Mr. Gojsović knows them well, because he has a lot of work with them, so I can learn a lot from him. At every station you hear Croatian spoken. People move from one place to another for work, and they all work as coal miners, because most of the Italians are busy around the coke ovens, so you can hear Italian and Slovak at every station. It is easy to recognize the nationality by the type and the costume, so when I have time, I talk to Italians and Slovaks. Italians are reluctant to stay in America, and having just earned two or three hundred dollars they return to their homeland. There are those who travel to America and back every year, spending most of their earnings on the road, and a lot of time as well.

However, the government and the Italian consuls are much more concerned about them, so they pay for crossing the ocean half cheaper than our people.

From New York, to Naples or Sicily, you pay half of what you pay to Rijeka, or to Trieste! Our man pays 32, 33, 34 or even 35 dollars, and the Italian 12 to 17! On the way to Connellsville, two Croatian workers boarded the train where I was sitting, and sat behind me, speaking in the Zagorje dialect. Both of them are well dressed, and they are discussing something about the HN Society. One of them has not paid his membership fee for several months, has not attended the meetings of his section, so they have expelled him, and he has lost all his rights. Now he would like to return to the Society, but he does not know how. The other has moved from one place to another, and they will not accept him into the section there. 130 until he brings documents that he was a member of some other section. Both of them swear and say that the management is full of thieves who steal their money. I get up to give them advice. ^At the wrong time! One seizes the opportunity, and leans first on the armchair behind my bed, and then directly on my shoulder, and belches under my nose the smell of beer mixed with whiskey. I explain to him what he will do, I promise him that I will stand up for him with the Society, if he pays the outstanding meals and promises to attend the more important meetings of his section, and perform the other duties of a member, and he rushes with questions, three or four times about the same thing. The smoke of alcohol prevents him from understanding my explanation. However, he resists my shoulder more and more strongly, and I dare to beg him not to bother me; because even if he does not understand anything at all about social questions, I understand from his speech that he is a social democrat, and he has heard something said about the equality of all people, about the commonality of all goods in nature; and such are the most dangerous. So suffer, and then be silent! He asks me in detail what I am and why I have come, and everything is somehow suspicious and unreliable, and my kindness towards him does not convince him in the least. He always thinks that I am guided by some secret goals; he evades answers when I ask him what he does, what he lives on, does he have a family, has he saved anything? He is drunk, but suspicion and caution do not leave him! These virtues always hold fast to limited minds, and besides, our peasant has long and bitter experience instilled in him a distrust of the coat-maker. So I could not find out anything about his living conditions, and I do not see that it will not be good, when he is drunk on a working day, and instead of working, he travels. When God willed it and we reached a certain station, he took the burden off my shoulders, and without even saying goodbye, he left with his friend. In Connellsville, Mr. Ante Ruskoviĭ met me at the train station and took me to lunch at Dr. Kovaĕeviĭ's, whose kind lady had prepared everything home-cooked with that delicious skill that distinguishes our Croatian housewives. During the meal, I was entertained by two little daughters, who quickly became friends with me, chattering in their lovely Croatian, like two nightingales from our grove, but in a sad grove.

After dinner, Mr. Ruskoviĭ took me to show me the sights of the town, especially the new modern bank, which shines with marble inside. Particularly interesting and new to me was seeing the intricate and truly masterful mechanisms of the huge iron cash registers, whose doors weigh tons, and turn with the help of machines as perfect as chronometers with the greatest ease. In this, the Americans have brought the machinery to perfection; but I will describe to the readers one of the largest banks in Chicago, or in San Francisco, because I think they will be interested in that too, since in Europe we have not yet reached such care and perfection in the safekeeping of money, probably because we do not have such skilled thieves as the Americans.

The National Bank of Connellsville issues its own banknotes, and Ruskoviĭ showed me several bundles of them, not yet cut, in denominations of five, ten, twenty and fifty dollars. There are also huge stacks of money from all foreign countries, especially Austrian. In the hall of the same bank, which the management voluntarily put at the disposal of Mr. Ruskoviĭ, I held a conference in the evening. Mr. Ruskoviĭ had already announced my arrival and the conference in the English newspapers in Connellsville, describing me with too much lyrical enthusiasm. He sent a copy to all the Croatian newspapers in America, and to many in the homeland, which then attacked Tresiĭ as a megalomaniac, a self-aggrandizing braggart, etc. There is no greater happiness for our journalists than when they can attack someone, whether with reason or without reason.

When they can hit me, it's a real holiday for some journalists, but I'm used to being beaten, so I don't even feel it anymore. The hall is small, but full to the brim, mostly with Slovak brothers. Knowing that there will be a good number of them, I considered it my duty to also address the Slovak question, which is otherwise very similar to ours, because despite the occasion, despite our brilliant history, education, folk literature, and the development of art, the Hungarians today treat Croats the same as they do Slovaks. * Law and order cease where force rules, and the Hungarians are just as rampant in Slavonia as they are in the Tatra Mountains. They are colonizing our most fertile lands, building schools, and building railways with our money, and for their own benefit. They have erected a tower over Zemun, with their predatory Turul, a sign of Hungarian conquest, just as they did in the heart of Slovakia, the former possible Moravian state of Svatopluk. I can at least say about Svatopluk that they beat him, that they conquered his land, and as long as they feel like masters and conquerors there — and if injustice against nature can never be justified by anything — they cannot be held so highly. But for them to build towers and spread their leader Turul's flag on Croatian soil, which they never conquered, from where they always returned with bloody heads, and not very far from Gorjana, where their brother Croats brutally beat them and captured both their queens, that amounts to audacity that no one but today's Croats could tolerate. In the conference, I outlined the terrible condition of the Slovaks and Croats, and tried to encourage them to brotherhood and harmony, even in sorrow, because those who return to their homeland will be able to preach to the people that there is another brotherly people, who endure the same suffering, and who could come to their aid at a convenient time against the common enemy. I convinced my Slovak brothers, no matter how terrible their situation was, that they had no reason to despair or lose faith in the salvation of their nation, because the Slovak idea has its apostles, whom I know personally, with whom I am friends, such as Svetozar Hurban Va-janski, the old fighter Mudronj, Hodŕa and others. The Hungarians can plunder the money of their mother country, they can close the gymnasium in Turĭjansko Sv.

Martin and other schools, they can snatch children from the bosoms of Slovak mothers, and transport them to distant Hungarian counties, to be Hungarianized; they nevertheless * Written before the Hungarian catastrophe. (Surprising remark.) 132) \ will not destroy the Slovak people, because in a thousand years of oppression they could not depopulate them. The Slavic soul is conservative, and especially the language cannot be eradicated. Those present enthusiastically approved my words, interrupting me often in my speech; they only noticed that two or three priests, and two or three more elegantly dressed men, were not dancing. We will see the reason for this below. In the evening they prepared a commercial with singing in my honor, to which everyone who was at the conference came. Mr. Ruskoviĭ and Dr. Kovaĕeviĭ distinguished themselves with beautiful speeches, and I myself took the floor several times to add something to what I said at the conference. However, one of those gentlemen who did not approve of my views expressed in the conference and at the fair rose up and began to defend the Hungarians, claiming that they were not to blame for our evil, but we ourselves. I have heard such wise men say this many times at home, and I was troubled to see that such plagues exist in America. They reason, like one who gives the right to a robber who killed and robbed an innocent man, and they blame him because he did not know how to defend himself heroically, and yet they themselves are the robber's accomplices, and they help him and give him instructions on how to ambush their own brother. They are the most disgusting scum of humanity. I do not deny that we ourselves are not guilty of many of our evils.

We are guilty of bringing such traitors into the world, and of not having the heart to root them out first; and we have countless of them, both small and large. The person in question was a guardmaster of the Honved in his homeland, and now in America he is spreading the idea of Greater Hungary among the poor Slovaks.

There are more of them, and it is said that the Hungarian government itself is concerned that there will be as many of them as possible, fearing that those who return from America to their homeland will bring with them free-thinking anti-Hungarian ideas. The Slovak priests in America are mostly Hungarians. The Hungarians already know who they will send when the Austrian consulates or American bishops announce that a Slovak parish needs to be established somewhere. I also know that the former Minister of Religious Affairs and Education Vlašij tried to influence the American bishops to prevent the pastors from engaging in anti-Hungarian politics among the Slovaks. He was not satisfied with sending only Hungarians, but he wanted the bishops to exercise control over them! Truly, the Hungarians deserve to be admired for their perseverance and diligence, worthy of a better and nobler purpose. Some Slovaks answered the Honved garrison commander as he deserved, and a lively debate developed, until my garrison commander pulled his tail and said that he did not mean to defend the Hungarians and the Hungarian idea, but to blame the Slovaks for not knowing how to defend themselves better! ! There will be nearly half a million Slovaks in America, mostly in Pennsylvania, and their center is in Pittsburgh, as well as the Croats. They have several of their own Insurance Societies, and the leader of the Slovaks is PV Rovnianek, a banker and landowner in Pittsburgh. He publishes a Slovak newspaper, and has his own 133 very nicely arranged printing. Once I visited Mr. Rovnianek with Dr. Lauš, with whom he is a personal friend. He received us in a brotherly manner, brought my picture in his diary, with my resume and recommended that the Slovaks hurry to my conferences, and even invited us to dinner, which I could not accept, because I had to travel to Chicago. Rovnianek was a theologian in his homeland, but not considering a vocation for the priesthood, went to America, where he soon distinguished himself with his abilities, became the most respected personality among the Slovaks, founded a bank and a newspaper — which soon turned into a newspaper — and made himself happy and helped his people a lot. He is still a young man, who cannot be more than 45 years old, very pleasant in appearance, polite in appearance and conversation. He enjoys a very good reputation and respect even among the few Americans. Slovaks feel Slavic solidarity, and socialize with other Slavs, while only the Poles make an exception. There are up to two million of them in America, they are the best organized of all nationalities, and with great thoroughness they preserve their religion and nationality, and they do not want to have any contact with other Slavs, as if they did not exist. At all my conferences I have seen only one Pole, and that in Chicago. Ruskovič and Kovačević are trying to make me stay in Connellsville for a few days, but I have to travel, and they will not let me go, except on the promise that I will visit them on my way back. I promise, if possible. Tomorrow morning my friends accompanied me to the train station, including Mrs. Kovačević with her two little nightingales. Everything was fine, but the hardest thing for me was to say goodbye to those two little American Croats, who also want a promise that I will return. However, I did not get to see them again, except for the one Ruskovič, who came to Allegheny to pick me up when he read that I had returned from the West. On that occasion, he also told me about the persecution he had experienced from his family in his homeland, which made his life bitter and made it impossible for him to survive in his homeland. And yet, we don't have enough intelligent, hardworking, and practical people in our homeland to give them to America! Goodbye! Goodbye! See you later! The train left, and I went with it, always through trains loaded with coal along some tributary of the Monongahela, always between snow and coal. On the opposite side of the valley, every now and then, trenches in the mountain could be seen, from which carts came one after another, and the coal was being unloaded from above into the wagons that had been planted. It was being loaded and unloaded constantly. After that, chimneys and factories, settlements, and towns lined up, and at every station I heard the Croatian word. The further the train goes and the closer it gets to Pittsburgh, the more numerous the chimneys are: five, six, ten, twenty in a row, all the same, all thin, like iron minarets, from which instead of the muezzin's chanting, black smoke billows into the heavens. There are thousands of them, real thickets of chimneys; and who could count the coke ovens, which line every side valley by the streams. - "Everything rustles, buzzes, rattles, clanks, rings, makes noise, as in Milton's underground forge, 134 when the devils set to work, to build a temple and a throne for Lucifer, when they gather for a meeting and there is a shriek, a howl, a snarl, a snarl of serpentine tails, and the shrill voice of the devil's mouth, and smoke and stench and fire come out of every nostril. In the evening I fell into my priest's lodging. The bell-ringer was just ringing Hail Mary," and Bums, the dog,

Lauša, as was his custom, with the parish priest, howled in a tearful voice at the bells, as if his father were ringing them, the hodja said jokingly. I stayed until Wednesday evening with Dr. Lauša, sometimes reading, sometimes joking with him, sometimes waiting to see if there would be any invitations from some part of America, to arrange the time and the journey. When the time came for me to leave, I said goodbye to the hodja, as if I were a born brother, promising him that I would stay with him for some time on my way back. At eight o'clock in the evening I boarded the fast train for Chicago, lay down in my bed, and woke up the next morning somewhere in the state of Indiana, not far from Lake Michigan. 135 XIII. Across the Mississippi Plain. — Rainforests transformed into cultures. — Trains full of cattle. — The grisly people in nature. — The dizzying movements of countless trains. — On the train through Chicago. — Agents on the train. — Telegram and telephone on the train. — How fast and busy people live these days. — Who knows how to live. — A friend's reception. — A luxurious apartment. — At Randić's. — Dr. Ante and Zlata Biankini's. — Tramway rush and vast distances. — Luncheon at an old friend's. — Goldy. — Chicago, the largest city in the world in terms of area. — American architecture. — Lincoln Park. — General Grant's monument. — Center of trade and commerce. — The largest slaughterhouse on earth. — Countless factories. — Newspapers in Chicago. — Studen. — Mr. Ante Randić's saloon. — To the Croats. — Protepuh pop Dolinac. — Don Ante Politeo. — From saloon to saloon. — The editorial staff of "Hrvatska Zastava". — Hinko Sirovatka. — His struggles. — Preparations for my conference. — Vrbovljani in Chicago. There is no point in going into describing the journey. The volume grows thicker and thicker, and I know that the shorter the book, the better it is to read. I passed through the barren plains of the state of Ohio overnight, where the last slopes of the eastern American mountains die out, and the vast plain begins, through which the Mississippi flows with its countless tributaries, and which stretches all the way to the Rocky Mountains, across about twenty of the largest and most fertile states of the Union, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico.

In this vast space there are no mountains anywhere, except for some low hills on the middle reaches of the Missouri in the state of Kansas, and where it will flow into the Mississippi, in the state of Missouri. How in a few centuries — one might say in a few years — the human hand has transformed this vast land! The barren, vast forest and scrubland have been transformed into meadows, arable fields and lush pastures. Corn and all kinds of grain grow and bear fruit in such abundance that they are harvested in many parts of the world, and countless, vast herds of sheep and oxen graze in all directions. Hundreds of trains, full of all kinds of cattle, large and small, carry live meat from these vast spaces to the slaughterhouse in Chicago, the largest in the world, from which meat is sent salted, canned, and in ice to all parts of America, and even to Europe. There is very little forest to be seen, and even that is stunted, as if it had been ravaged by fire. In the old days they had no quicker or better means of turning forests and scrub into meadows than fire. I think that America will soon begin to atone for the crimes it has committed against nature, because nature did not create forests for nothing. She had thousands of reasons for this, some of which man can understand, and many he cannot. He will understand them when he investigates them according to the consequences of the destruction of forests. As usual, the train was late. I had hoped to pass along the shores of Lake Michigan, but the map was wrong, and the line on which the train passes is so far from the lake that it is not visible. At last I saw that my hope was in vain, when

We plunged into a sea of houses and chimneys. I didn't look at my watch, but I think that the train, at full speed, from the first underpass to the main station in Chicago, runs for an hour, always through houses and streets. The tracks are countless, and the movement of the trains in the opposite direction is simply dizzying. They go three by four in the same direction, as if competing to see who will be first, they stop, overtake each other, and then fall behind again, while three or four others rush past them in the opposite direction, and you keep wondering if it all doesn't roll up into one ball, and you're afraid that you yourself will be present and experience one of those numerous and famous American railway disasters on your neck. Agents of all kinds rush onto the train. One asks for your luggage ticket so that, without any worries on your part, he can bring it to the hotel where you intend to go. Another asks for a telephone, a third a telegram, because you can also telegram from the train, and even make telephone calls. Time is not wasted in America, who does not want to waste it deliberately. With such means of transport and communication, today's man lives three times longer than he did a hundred years ago. For what is life but the time you have at your disposal for work, and especially for science? Some people can live longer today in twenty years than others in fifty, only if they know how to use the technical means that save them so much idleness! In the past, a journey that took me four months would have taken at least four years, not counting the suffering and the question of whether the ocean will let you cross its gigantic waves twice in the bitter winter, without penalty. In other words, for a man who does not know how to live, who spends his whole day just to make money, all these means of transport do not speed up or prolong the time of life, but only increase the pain and suffering in the pursuit of gold. Even today, whoever does not live and does not know what life is, whoever thinks that life is in wealth, whoever does not seize every possible opportunity to enrich the soul with knowledge and experience, observing the eternal truths of nature and human society, which are increasingly revealed and prepare ever greater pleasure for those who know how to enjoy them. Dead is a proud cadaver, who seeks life only in gold, because he takes wealth as his purpose, and when he has acquired wealth — and it never seems enough to him — then the purpose of everything comes, death. He vegetated, he squirmed, he dreamed badly, he did not consciously look into God's world. He passed like a shadow, and there are countless legions of such, the vast majority of humanity, especially in America. Like white flies, those who live in truth, which is warmed not only by the visible sun on the body, but also by the invisible sun on the traveling eye, but also by the visible sun of the soul, which illuminates thought, warms feelings, and under whose rays the heavenly flowers of virtue and poetry bloom. The train stopped. I got out and followed the others towards the exit from that labyrinth of tracks. At the exit I recognize several lovely faces. There is Dr. Ante Bianchini, my somewhat older friend from the University of Vienna. His handsome black heroic mustache, which has made many beauties in Vienna dizzy, has turned gray. He has been insulted by the filthy, merciless time, which does not tolerate the long flowering of beautiful forms. But the black hawk's eye is still as alive as ever, he still smiles as if he were about to sparkle with a joke and kindness, like the one who rang the bells at the "Zvonimira" sessions when the republic was proclaimed, and he entertained his comrades with his endless wit and lively joy. And his body is strong, and his face is still fresh, only his beautiful black mustache and lush black hair have turned gray! And what angers me most is that I see his two gilded teeth as soon as he smiles to greet me. Sirovatka is next to him, he sticks his head out the door, he would like to come to meet me, but they won't let him. He has grown somewhat stronger. Neither the winter, nor the fighting, nor the American polemics have harmed him. My heart fluttered, seeing friends, known and unknown, who welcomed me. I hugged Dr. Bianchini and Sirovatka. Dr. Bianchini asks about his brothers, about all his relatives, for whom he longs so much; and when I promised him that I will give him more details later, otherwise everyone is healthy, introduce me to other unknown friends. The first is Ante Randić, very elegantly dressed, a man, completely shaved in the American style, with a friendly expression on his face and a friendly smile; then Mamek, Lacković, etc. names familiar to me from Croatian American newspapers, and all the people, with Croatian expressions. They welcomed me on behalf of the Chicago Croats, said goodbye and left me with Bjankini, Sirovatko and Randić. Randić took the ticket for my luggage, handed it to a servant and we left. At half an hour the tram brought us to Randić's apartment, where the Chicago colony decided to put me to rest, because Randić has his own house and his very gentlemanly rooms. I have three rooms at my disposal, a bath, central heating, electricity, gas, a bed as soft as fog, a bed in lace, countless divans, armchairs and toilets, just the thing for some spoiled daughter of an American millionaire. I look, a little surprised at such luxury, which does not escape Randić's sharp eye, and he says to me: — Don't be surprised, no! Such are the customs here! It is like that in every slightly better house; in the rest I have not forgotten how difficult it is to sleep under the rotten and leaking roofs of the Croatian coast, or even on the cliffs of the Karst, above Bakar, herding sheep, often naked and barefoot, half-naked in the bora wind, with a piece of dry crust of black bread, happy if there was even that. Now, thank God, it is better! I have gained something, and I would have been more, if I could read and write; but I should have come to America, to learn to sign my name. This elegant American dandy reveals to me in a few words a simple and sincere soul, as it was when he was a barefoot eight-year-old shepherd boy on the Bakar or Kostrena mountains. Something more needs to be said about his life, because the work 138 would not be good, without good example, and Ante Randić will serve as the best example of how Croats in America should be. After he settled me in my rooms, let me wash and dress myself, showed me the other rooms of his apartment, introduced me to his lovely wife, daughter and stepdaughter and offered me some refreshment, and then we will all visit Mrs. Zlata Biankina together. The house of Ante Randić is in the south of Chicago, at Prairie Avenue No. 5118. The number of the house itself tells you how long the street is, and that you can't go home, and you can't leave home, either without a tram, or without an air railway, because they introduced them to Chicago, following the example of New York. Here the distances are even greater, and the area occupied by the city approaches that of ancient Babylon, while all modern cities in the world are smaller in area, even if Chicago has only about two million inhabitants. Dr. Biankini lives on Indiana avenue no. 321 3, and this avenue runs parallel to Prairie avenue so that both of these friends live, as they say in Chicago, close by. Well, if you were to go on foot, it would take about an hour and a half to walk. Fortunately, tramways run at breakneck speed; nevertheless, wherever you stand on the street, just raise your hand, and the *vogja* will stop the tramway. The system of city railways and tramways is the same as in New York, the trains are similar, and the pay is the same. However, more is spent on tramways in Chicago, because the distances are longer, and besides, you don't get a transfer from South Chicago (southern) to North Chicago (northern), and when you cross the line, which divides the southern from the northern part of the city, you have to pay for the tramway again. Orientation is also more difficult in Chicago, even if both avenues and streets have numbers, as everywhere in American cities, because tramways do not go straight along one avenue, but turn across the streets from one to another; in, a This must be known by signs, which requires practice. Dr. Biankini told me that he needed a dollar every few days, just for the trams. Carriages are not used except in exceptional cases, and they are terribly expensive. Two or three dollars for a short ride does not seem expensive. Mrs. Zlata Biankini was busy preparing 1 unch e- 0 na (lunch) when we arrived to visit her. The diligent hostess always found time for everything, so she knew how to receive visitors with the finesse and elegance that distinguish ladies from the better circles of Zagreb, and at the same time prepare the table. It is not very gallant to emphasize her virtues as a hostess, in the first place, when she is adorned with so many other virtues and virtues; but I said that I would write this travelogue, not paying much attention to the schedule, as it happens to me; and since she adhered to the old Croatian custom, that

first of all, I will praise her table and her taste in every detail. I have already mentioned that American cuisine is not the best, and if I were to say about that cuisine all the bad things I have felt in various taverns and railway dining rooms, I would not finish so quickly. And yet, even if I am not an Epicurean — let us inflict this insult on Epicurus, according to the usual unjust opinion about him — and if I do not seek rare and expensive dishes, I do not despise taste and purity, in fact I cannot eat without them. A French gourmand in a short story by Maupassant argues and proves that it is necessary to cultivate all the senses with the same diligence, and he sees no reason why someone should enjoy the paintings and statues of great masters, in buildings, in nature, in concerts and operas, etc., and not devote the same amount of attention to culinary art. For him, a simpleton is just as much a person who cannot distinguish a wild duck from a tame one, one brand of champagne from another, as he is who cannot distinguish a painting by Domenichino from a painting by Andrea del Sarto, or Schumann's music from Chopin's. We will not give so much importance to the kitchen, but it must be admitted that it also has a place in cultivation, and we will leave broad beans to Diogenes, Democritus, etc. Mrs. Zlata, with such virtuosity on the piano, and with a fine understanding of other arts, also cultivates culinary art, and she prepared us a luncheon in the style of Zagreb; and when I say in the style of Zagreb, I mean the best and finest possible, because in all the world I have traveled, I have not found a better cuisine than Zagreb. It is simple, but smooth and delicious to perfection. I was not a little surprised when, in the middle of America, I could also drink wine from my native island. Mr. Dinko Biankini occasionally sends his brother a barrel of fine prosecco from the local tavern, so that it will be known across the ocean that they are brothers. Mrs. Zlata has not changed at all in America, nor has she aged, but has only gained a little weight, and has retained all that freshness, all the fineness of her features, which made her famous as the most beautiful girl in Zagreb. Of course, even in the vast Chicago she will have to go around for a long time until she finds her equal in beauty of soul and body. She speaks all the major European languages, and in America she learned English so perfectly in a short time that she could pass for a native American everywhere. Even though things are going very well for Mr. Biankini now, especially since he became the primary physician at Columbus Hospital, Mrs. Zlata irresistibly longs for her homeland and can't wait to return. She asks me about all my acquaintances, and even more about relatives in Zagreb and Stari Grad; she wants me to tell her the whole truth about everyone's health, because lately she has been deeply shaken by many sad news, such as the death of Milivoj Šrepel, etc.

Mrs. Zlata has no children of her own, but I see a lovely little girl next to her, who is being cuddled, as if she were her mother's. That is little Zlatka, or Goldy in American, whom Mrs. Zlata took, while still a baby, from her friend Mrs. Penović, and raised as her own. Now the little girl no longer wants to know that her name is anything other than Bianca's, and the big question is already being asked, who will have Goldy when Dr. Biankini returned to her homeland. The little girl definitely wanted to go with them, but her parents still wouldn't give their allowances. across the ocean. It's another matter to give her across the street! As justice has turned out, someone will bitterly mourn the separation, be it father and mother, or stepfather and stepmother; and the little girl in any case. i 140 i We said goodbye to Mrs. Zlata. Dr. Biankini went about his business and then. Randić, Sirovatka and I walked slowly to Randić's salon, on Wabash Avenue almost in the center of the city. I won't describe Chicago, because it looks like other American cities, with the difference that the streets are longer, because it covers an entire small province along Lake Michigan, more than 500 square kilometers. In that area, Paris, which has a million more inhabitants than Chicago, would look like a small village. This vast space is filled with single-story houses, which rise towards the center along the shores of Michigan to two, then three, four, ten, twenty stories, increasingly higher, the closer to the lake. There is the heart of the city, and this heart is about as large in relation to the vast space as the heart is in relation to the human body. There are all the main buildings, such as City Hall, the Courthouse, the Rookery, the Temperance Ladies' Temple, the Chamber of Commerce, the Insurance Exchange Hall, banks, museums, the Academy of Music, the public library, the Masonic Temple, churches of all faiths, offices in Sky-Scrapers, on about twenty floors, etc. All these buildings are built with great luxury of stone and marble. The new post office building stands out most in beauty. I also visited the interior of some of these buildings in the company of Mr. Randić, and I saw everywhere an unusual splendor of marble and mosaics, but everything lacks proportion and taste. In the library, for example, you see huge marble architraves, set low, over enormous widths, without any attention to architectural rules about the spacing of the columns, about their ratio of thickness to height, so that you are surprised how those architraves do not break in the middle; but since you already know in advance that the architrave is made of iron, and only on the outside is covered with marble slabs, you can only smile pitifully at these architectural paradoxes, in which all the originality and power of the creative imagination of American architects consists, without fear that the architrave will break and cover the entire building with ruins. The stairs and vestibule of the library are not without harmony and artistic taste, and all around on the walls, on the friezes of the arches and architraves you can read the wise sayings of the great old philosophers in English translation. Chicago is distinguished by many beautiful parks, the most beautiful and largest of which is Lincoln Park on the shore of the lake, decorated with monuments to many great people, such as Shakespeare, Newton, Schiller, Garibaldi, etc. The most famous monument in Chicago is that of General Grant, by the lake itself on an artificial hill. The general rides a horse. The artist knew how to infuse the monument with much dignity, even grandeur. The monument to President Lincoln also deserves mention. In general, the monuments in Chicago are more beautiful than the monuments in New York. Lincoln Park is not as beautiful as Central Park in New York, because it can be considered the same in its infancy, but there is no doubt that it will become more beautiful in time. Of the other Parks, distributed in various parts of the vast city area, it is worth mentioning Humboldt, Garfield, Douglas, VVashington and Jackson, 141 Chicago is the main center of American trade and crafts. If you look at the geographical map, the city of Kansas would occupy the true center of the United States, and the center of the huge plain, which was already mentioned. Nevertheless, Chicago is the center of trade and commerce, probably due to its location on Lake Michigan, and all the grain and all the marv of the vast plains of the former French territory of Louisiana, and the entire northern part of the Union, are stored there. There are no more trains that come daily to the city from all sides, and in addition, countless steamboats cross Lake Michigan, which is artificially connected to the northern lake (Lake Superior) and Lake Uron, and bring various metals, wood, beer, all products of the states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Oxen, sheep, and especially sows come daily from the pastures of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory, and even from the endless plains of Texas. Hundreds of trains bring cattle daily to the Union Stockyards, the largest slaughterhouse in the world, whose yards occupy 350 acres of space. About a hundred million cattle, both large and small, are slaughtered there every year. The slaughterhouse employs 20,000 people. And who could count the other factories? In Chicago there are about two hundred garment factories, even more iron smelters, wagon factories, among which is the famous Pullman sleeping car factory, hundreds of huge furniture factories, machinery, agricultural implements, brick factories, steam mills, etc. In Chicago, over a million workers, of all possible nationalities and languages, work daily in various factories. There are over 100,000 Czechs in Chicago, and more Poles. There are up to 200,000 Germans, and up to 20,000 Croats. The Czechs publish three dailies, which are no less successful than those in Prague, and the smaller Czech papers are countless. All the larger

Nationalities have their own dailies and their own professional journals, and English ones come out every hour. Some English newspapers, like the Chicago Tribune, come out five or six times a day, bringing breaking news. Advertising newspapers, like the Chicago American, bring illustrations every day, and are full of all sorts of sensational news from the city and the whole world. The truth is not much considered, the main thing is that people read and that the paper finds its way. The climate is terrible, with great heat in summer and unbearable cold in winter. Snow is constantly falling, and no one is clearing it. Who would remove the snow from that vast area? It would be necessary to sweep several hundred, if not thousands of kilometers of streets every day. The city budget is enormous, and if the city were to clear the snow at its own expense, not even a huge trade or industry would save it from collapse. It is left in heaps on the streets until spring, and the trams, with their constant rolling, crush and throw aside what falls, so that traffic remains free. Still, sometimes it gets so crowded overnight that the tramway company is forced to hire several thousand workers to open the tracks to traffic. 142 I Za,c:jinio niei::jii nak. Saloon ,c:. Ante Randiř does not sell to the soul of the people of our country, because it is far from them, and also because it is too refined. Chicago and the locals come here, because it is located almost in the center of the ^work, and Randiř has countless acquaintances and friends who visit him daily.

The saloon is large and elegant, yet, just as I was leaving Chicago for the second time, Randiř was not entirely satisfied with it, and he had it completely modernized, sparing no expense, to make it one of the most elegant in Chicago. He has guests who can leave 50, even a hundred dollars in his saloon in one evening. He doesn't even count on those who come to drink a glass of beer or a glass of whiskey.

There is no profit from these, because they usually eat him up in roast meat, sausages, oysters, as much as they spend on beer; and everything that is eaten is at the discretion of each person. Such is the custom in American saloons. After we wrote a letter of welcome, Randiř entrusted me to Sirovatka, with a recommendation that she bring me either to the saloon or home in the evening. We set off towards West Chicago, where our people are. It is a poorer part of the city, a working-class area. Sirovatka wants me to visit all the Croatian saloons, to get to know the people before the conference; then he takes me to some of the more respectable families, he wants me to visit every prominent Croat with him, and our Uniate community, headed by Smiřyiklas.

We have a Croatian church and a parish, but we don't have a pastor, because just at that time the scoundrel priest Dolinac committed one of his many iniquities, so the Croats were forced to throw him out of the rectory into the field. Before him, Don Niko Grřkoviř was the pastor, but he didn't get along with the parishioners, because some wanted a church built here, others there. Other arguments came, and the income was low, so he went to Cleveland, together with the printing press and his list of friends, finally went to „ Freedom". He was succeeded by the infamous Dolinac. This one had already committed all sorts of crimes in his homeland. Belgrade and converted to Orthodoxy, then repented again and converted to Catholicism. He came to America and in New York seduced his landlord's daughter. When he was elected pastor in Chicago, a correspondence began between him and the lover he had left behind. One day she ran away from her father's apartment and came to Dolinac. The idyll lasted until the Croats threw the priest into the palace, that is, until the father of the seduced girl brought the matter to the public, to the great joy of the American press. Dolinac and his mistress became the heroes of the day, their picture appeared in the American press. The priest presented himself to the American press as a sublime victim of love, renounced his faith and married in a civil marriage in New York, appealing to the tender hearts of American prostitutes, or surviving vagrants. Dollars began to fall like rain. Even some Jews, amazed by the liberalism of our priest, sent for a few sums. Thus the Reverend Dolinac built his nest. And who does not know Don Ante Politeo.^ He is an original, the like of which has no equal in America, and many will remember him from their old homeland. This one should not be held responsible for what he does, because he is just as sincere when he sins as when he repents. Today they will apostatize, and throw off the mantle; tomorrow he will repent and take to the grave, and retire to some monastery, to atone for his sins in deep asceticism, in the reading of the church fathers. Before long, the rustling in his brain will rustle again, and there he is on the St. Peter's in Rome, yes, the new Savonarola, preaching to thousands of people a crusade against the simony of the church, to announce the idea of socialism, today on the basis of Christ's teaching, tomorrow on the basis of Marx's social revolution. It won't be long before he will sincerely repent again, make a contrite confession, and he will take the missionary's staff and go to America to preach the Gospel to Masons. On the way he will change his mind and in New York he will throw himself into the need among the Puritans to convert to Catholicism again, accept a parish in Johnstown, and not satisfied with the small church, he will order that what has been built be demolished, that a temple worthy of God be erected to God, something like St. Peter's, or St. Paul's in Rome. Let the Croats not worry about money, millions of dollars will come from New York from some conceited friends, in whom Don Ante himself seriously believes, although he does not know them. He is convinced that Cardinal Gibbons will send a few hundred thousand dollars. Finally, one day he will leave the flock and the pen, and go out into the world! He has learned English perfectly, he has all kinds of education, which torments his brain, like the most severe indigestion, and he will write in American newspapers, and amaze American peasants with his learning. He knows how to quote Tertullian, Origen, Basil the Great, Nazianzen, Chrysostom, Thomas, Bonaventure, Dun Scott, George Bruno, Bacon, and when necessary Voltaire, Rousseau, Lassalle, Marx, Bernstein, etc. When he starts all this into one gibberish, even the greatest American scholar will shake his pants. And there he is, thundering in the American newspapers, as once in the middle of Bernini's colonnade in Rome! He apostatizes openly and publicly, declares himself a free thinker and casts anathema on the pope, cardinals and bishops, on kings and princes, on all the hypocritical deceivers and gluttons of the misguided poor human herd. The American newspapers are scrambling to see which one will bring him a picture first; everything is talking about our Don Anti Polite, from Stari Grad on the island of Hvar! It is known where he was born, other cities will not fight for him after his death. But Americans have enough quotes from scholars for two days, for two articles. I can't digest it anymore! They love novels about a seduced girl, about a boy who ran away with his sweetheart, and Don Ante's star is quickly dimming. God's punishment! What the hell.^ Don Ante thinks about the transience of human things, about the vanity and the illusion of fame. Remorse begins to gnaw at his soul, "In horrore visio nis nocturna e" the large shadow of Aquinas rises, and from his cloudy forehead flash implacable objections, to which Don Ante does not know how to respond, until the sun from the saint's chest illuminates him and warms him with grace, and he goes bowed, contrite, to the bishop, and gives public penance.

The bishop appoints him as the Croatian parish priest in Kas: sas City. But there he is surrounded by temptations, and he does not have the fortitude and stubbornness of his namesake, St. Anthony the swineherd, he did not 144 [numb his nerves on the burning fire of Tliebaide. A beautiful little devil, in the guise of an angel, begins to tempt him, and Don Ante does not let himself be tempted for long. He is doing well! He has a beautiful, comfortable apartment, a bath, central heating, electricity, and the sheep bring dollars after dollars, as if for alms. He lacks nothing, except a beautiful housekeeper to keep his apartment in order. And he, as he is exalted above social judgments, does not want a simple maid, does not want a chambermaid! Why should he humiliate God's creation equal to himself? One fine spring day, my Don Ante made an agreement with the chosen one of his heart and went to the nearest municipality, and in perfect order and according to all the rules of the law, he married her in a civil marriage, and took her home. But the devil was in the bride, in the angel, and she began to insist that he give her everything he had, that he write down all his future income to her, or he would bring the matter to light. And he never has more money than the believers for one

day bring! Of all the commandments of the gospel, the commandment of poverty is kept most faithfully and most consistently! What. you receive today, spend by evening, so how will you appease the devil, who does not want to hear anything about this Christian commandment?^ She runs away, and sues him in court for damages, because he deceived her, not telling her that he was a Catholic priest. In Kansas, the Lika hook and hoe is rising, and my Don Ante barely finds time to grind his heels and get his head out alive. He apostatizes again, declaring in the newspapers that he is ashamed that he ever wore the black shameful priest's robe, and he begins to preach socialism among the Lika people in St. Louis. He couldn't make a living from preaching, and here he is for a while in Wheeling, at the president of the "Croatian National Society", Mr. Ivan Ljubic, as a waiter in a saloon, pouring beer and whiskey to drunkards. Along the way, he spreads his ideas, teaches the people. Suddenly he disappears and reappears in St. Louis, keeping accounts, savings books for the workers and writing letters. This time he got into the middle of real devils, because some people accused him of embezzling money - as far as I know him, and I know him well, I don't think he's capable of doing that - and here he is for several months in a difficult pre-trial detention center, until his innocence is established, and then he is released. And who could describe all his adventures, all his suffering, all his wanderings, all his confusion, all the flashes of genius seasoned with frenzy." It is enough for him to peer into a living fiery eye, which at one moment flares up, as if begging for some sublime with an idea, now he becomes confused like a madman, whose brain is clouded with darkness, now he sparkles like a button, now he softens like a dove. Don Ante would have charged humanity to write his biography, his confessions; but in a roundabout way, without any concealment, without any flattery to himself, if he could. That would be a wonderful document for modern psychiatrists, and for psychologists, and perhaps an important literary work, more interesting than Cellini's autobiography. When I was in St. Louis I looked for him, but could not find him; and he did not look for me, probably ashamed of the state he had fallen into. — "You will see that one day you will receive a penitential letter from Polite, 146 10 that he will ask you to intercede with the bishop and for help; I said to Comrade Lauš once, talking about Polite. — "Come on, I would like to experience that too!" said the hodja, smiling. When I returned from my trip to Allegheny, a letter from Don Ante to Dr. Lauš arrived, full of Pima and from the Fathers. I could have written it myself, I just don't know if I would have made the same statements, I think, if I knew Don Ante. There are other originals among Croatian priests in America, but let's not dwell on this subject too long. Since there is no pastor in Chicago, Sirovatka does not take me to the parish or to the church, because they are closed. He takes me from saloon to saloon, and that is more difficult than the Stations of the Cross on the night of Good Friday on the island of Hvar, when you go to the district through six places: Vrboska, Jelsa, Pitve, Vrisnik, Svirje and Vrbanj. In every saloon you should drink, and with everyone you meet. If you refuse, under any pretext, it is considered an insult. There is no other way, I have to practice drinking, so that I can say, like Socrates, that in this too I will not lag behind anyone, and that no one will see me drunk. The first evening we visited five or six saloons and a few families, then we will visit the editorial office of the "Hrvatska Zastava". It is small and poor, but it is still fighting heroically for survival. In a ground floor room, where a large iron stove burns, heating the space as if in a smelting plant, there are tables for the editor Sirovatka, his associate Unkovič-Meij, and the administrator Miss Polij, the daughter of the first Croatian journalist in America, who died a few years ago. The paper has about two thousand pre-prints, but it does not live off them, but from advertisements, which are expensive in America, and anyone who knows how to find them can publish the paper without worrying much about subscribers. Sirovatka is helped by her friends in this. „ "Hrvatska Zastava" was founded on shares, and each shareholder thinks that as a result he has the right to interfere in editorial matters, which is a matter of great concern to Sirovatka. Today one clique is formed, tomorrow another, and they want to overthrow the editor and appoint another. Sirovatka has already had enough of it several times, and left the paper to the shareholders' discretion, but the crisis always miraculously subsided, and the editorship was entrusted to him again. The polemics over "Hrv. N. Zajednica" never cease. "Hrvatska Zastava" is now in the fiercest fight with "Narodni List", now with "Sloboda" in Chicago, now with "Napredak", now with everyone together. Personal attacks play the main role. One tries to destroy the other without mercy. Whoever gets in the way must get out of the way! Sirovatka came to America with the hope of organizing the people politically, just as they were organized economically, and he wanted to create a political Croatian community, with the aim of protecting the people from alienation, to organize them, so that they could support the political struggle for freedom in the homeland, morally and financially. 146 And Sirovatka began to work about 100% of the work with that enthusiasm; with the constancy and energy, which is natural to him, but he would have done much better, if he had not immediately set to work, but had already been studying people and circumstances for some time. At the conference, which was convened for this purpose in New York, a rift immediately appeared over the issue of the presidency. Sirovatka, who, we must admit, worked a lot and suffered for the people's cause, and Chamio and Khuen's dungeons, trusted that the halo of a martyr and a preacher would help him, and that he would be listened to. He also trusted in his political knowledge, which, even without high education, he knew how to acquire with considerable diligence and natural talent. But he did not take into account the mental state of the Americans, who, in complete freedom, do not readily recognize any moral authority. If I had not known how to behave cautiously and impartially when I came to America, despite the fact that I am several years older than Sirovatka, that I enjoy the reputation of a writer, and that I am a people's representative, the blow would have been turned on me with no less ferocity than on his beds. And anyway, I did not get away without a few poisoned arrows, and if I had turned away, hailstones would have fallen and hurled arrows at me. He believed in the sincerity and honesty of some, and in the dishonesty of others, and naturally sided with the honest. He had occasion to see later that personalities and personal interests played the main role there, and that it was not necessary to trust anyone or warm up to anyone. After the meeting in New York, at which nothing came of it, passions flared up even more, and the polemics in the newspapers became downright vile and shameful. Everyone lost their reputation in the process, and no one gained anything. The situation became especially difficult for Sirovatka, and he can only thank his energy for being able to survive and continue working. He was certainly right to stay in Chicago, because there were people there whose support he could count on, especially if he shook off the verdict and forgot the past. The people of Chicago did everything possible to welcome me warmly and to ensure both moral and material success for my conference. "Croatian Flag" brought a rousing proclamation to the people, a committee was formed of all the most distinguished personalities, even a special committee of Czechs, Slovenes, Slovaks, Serbs and Bulgarians. It is worth bringing the program, to see how much effort the Chicago Croats have put into action to ensure our success: "On Sunday, February 5th, at exactly 2:02 p.m., a conference will be held at the Theater in the Hall. At two o'clock, the Croatian singing society "Zora" will begin singing songs, and the Croatian band "Sokol" will play selected folk pieces. At 2:02 p.m., President Juraj Mamek will present the guest to the community in a speech. After that, Dr. A. Tresij will hold his conference "On the political and cultural situation in Croatia, in view of relations in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy." After the lectures, the Slovenian society "Orel", the Slovak "Delnički zbor" and "Zora" will sing "U boj, u boj!". The ceremony will end with a Croatian march, played by the "Sokol" band. 147 In the evening, at seven o'clock in the "National Hall", there will be a folk entertainment with the following schedule: 1) "Oj banovci", played by the "Sokol" band; 2) "Croatian anthem" sung by "Zora"; 3) Greetings

speeches to the guest, delivered by the presidents of the Croatian societies in Chicago present, and our guests, Slovenians, Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs and Bulgarians; 4) "Wienac hrvatskih popjevaka" is played by the tamburitza choir; 5) "Lz bratskoga zagrljaja" is sung by the "Delnicki zbor", "Orel" and "Zora"; 6) "Oj Hrvatski" is played by the "Sokol" band. Tickets cost 25 cents per person, and are valid for the conference and for the public entertainment. After the entertainment, a dance. For the board: Juraj Mamek, president; Hinko Sirova tka, secretary; Tomo Lackoviĳ, treasurer. In addition to these, over thirty Croats, twenty-four Czechs, among whom were editors of many newspapers, and other distinguished personalities; five Slovenians, ten Slovaks, two Bulgarians, and one Serb. A truly great agitation was in full swing. The cheese is made everywhere, wherever there are our people, and it drags me along with it, and in the evening it returns me to Mr. A. Randiĳ. The hardest job fell to Tomo Lackoviĳ, because cashier jobs are always the most boring.

Dr. Biankini is courting our islanders, especially the Vrbovljani, of whom there are a good number in Chicago. The rest are still tono-mash, as the late Don Luka Luĳiĳ christened them. If you told them they were Italians, they would protest boldly, because they do not know that today Italian and tono-mash mean the same thing, and that this word was only a disguise under which Italianness was hidden, to seduce our people. They have their own society, called "Maximilian" and they will not leave it under any circumstances, nor will they join it. The consciousness began to shine. Just while I was in Chicago, a ... Croatian National Community". However, in recent times, even among them, the national new society was opened under the name "Juraj Biankini" and it is mostly Vrbovljani. They invited me to the opening, and asked me to give a speech about the politician after whose name they had christened their society. I gladly agreed and outlined the work of Biankini, trying to clarify our national Croatian idea for them. The proof that I had struck a chord was that they elected me as the first honorary member on the spot. The people of Vrboska also wanted to show their love for their homeland by giving me a beautiful silver inkwell with a gold pen, inviting me to a feast at the distinguished Kozmi family, where the oldest member of the large family, after a celebratory toast, presented me with the gift. About twenty very strong young men from Vrboska gathered there, and the younger Kozmi, an excellent tenor, led the choir. Old Kozmi, who, although approaching eighty, still boasts a fresh voice, sang our ancient church songs, together with his sons. Some of these songs, very beautiful in language, verses and melody, have been heard for centuries in the churches of the island of Hvar, and today in America as well. Some of the people of Vrbo have acquired a good fortune, mostly engaged in the food trade, and all are hardworking and 148 iiiiic. They remember their birthplace with pride, and say that even Chicago does not have such paintings as are decorated in the Vrbo church of St. Lawrence and Joseph, Mo is the living truth, because Titian and Veronese, as far as I know, are not in Chicago. Paintings by the old great masters no longer easily change their masters. What one has, one has; and if the city of Chicago offered the people of Vrboska several million dollars for the aforementioned paintings, they would hardly give them. One should know their pride! If anyone touched that sacred place, they would raise a shovel, a hoe and an oar, in defense of the works of art, with which little Vrboska can stand shoulder to shoulder with the great cities of the world. The ancients had such artistic taste that they turned to the first artists of the world to decorate their churches, sparing no expense; and generations know how to preserve and appreciate What their ancestors intended. That is what children are proud of even in their sorrow. I 149 XIV. Mr. Ante Randiĳ, my companion. — More about American banks. — Safe Deposit Company. — Cheques. — Dajdala's miracles. — Theater. — Caruso. — Whistling in the theater. — Dramatic societies. — Ballets. — Chorus Girls. — Entertainment in Randiĳ's saloon. — Getting to know more prominent Croats. — Life of Ante Randiĳ. — With Randiĳ in Chicago. — Conference in Thallia Hall. — Juraj Mamek. — At Brother ĳeh's. — Editor of the "Chicago Tribune". — Entertainment in the National House. — A wonderful speech by Dr. Ante Biankini. — Club of the Croatian Progressive Youth. It is winter in Chicago, so cold that my ears fall off. Mr.

Ante Randiĳ would like to take me in a carriage to show me the city, but there is so much snow that the carriages cannot pass, and he is afraid that I will freeze to death. He takes me wherever he can, to public buildings, factories, banks, saloons, introduces me to countless rich Chicagoans, who invite me to parties, to houses, etc. I have already said something about the main library. I will say a few more words about one bank, and that is enough. Banks are an American specialty. Into the construction of banks Americans throw more money than Europeans into theaters. On the contrary, Americans do not spend much on theaters. They build huge, but as simply and cheaply as possible. Banks are usually in the middle of the city, and they are built on ten, twenty or more floors. Everything is made of stone and marble on the outside, and the marble itself shines on the inside. Let us not look for taste and proportions, nor for style, because a confusion of styles does not necessarily produce a new style. But as far as comfort, lighting, warmth, and arrangement are concerned, everything is without complaint, perfect! Elevators on all sides lead to the highest floor, and the grooms are always ready to take ten or fifteen people on board. Let us enter the largest bank in Chicago. There is also the Safe Deposit Company, that is, a society in which everyone can have his own special cash register, where he stores his money and the day's expenses. On the ground floor is a huge marble hall with galleries all around on the first floor. Various bank offices are open on all sides, exchange offices, cash registers, where checks are exchanged and paid, etc. 150 Nowhere is as much work done with checks as in America. Some people pay their bills at stores, even at iĳ^ostiousas, with checks. Every even more successful and well-to-do citizen has his own checks, on which he indicates the amount, signs and thus pays. The check usually indicates the bank, where the check can be cashed, because every bank is not obliged to know everything, what in the works, which number a million souls, would not even be possible. Every big bank issues its own banknotes, buys gold or silver, which it keeps in its treasuries. Some have the right to mint gold coins, and any private individual who has raw gold can have it converted into thalers free of charge. Mr. Randiĳ has acquaintances in many banks, and now this is the case, to meet one of the chief manager, who leads us in all directions, all the way to the last, probably twentieth, floor. The bank is not yet completely finished, and the old one has moved to new, unfinished premises, so there is work everywhere. The upper floors are all offices, where you don't see people, but where they keep accounts and examine books, which doesn't interest me much. Let's go down to the lower basements, where there are iron treasuries, stocks of gold and silver, and private coffers. It is dead quiet, and we are going to get a tire. We come to some iron doors. Our leader said a word to the guard sitting in front of the door, and the huge doors, at least a meter thick and such that thirty horses wouldn't move from their seats, opened as if touched by some miraculous wand. At the same time, you see that the marble columns around the door are also lowered! Inside there is a whole labyrinth of rooms, fenced off with thick iron, and everything is burning in the electric light. We come to another door, as big and heavy as the first. It opens, as soon as The vogja whispered a certain word to the doorman. We enter a huge room beautifully decorated, and in its iron gilded doors there are a hundred drawers. Each master has his own special key and his own drawer. Some are present there, and they open the drawer, which is all made of heavy steel, and put in or take out valuables from it. The very rich have other rooms, where each has his own special safe, a huge block of steel, two meters high and almost as wide. The barrel of the most modern cannon would not pierce it. The doors and keyholes of these safes are such a complicated, wonderful work of modern mechanism that the most perfect chronometers look like a joke compared to them. At the same time that the door is opened, it is locked with several small keys, each of which is built differently — each keyhole, like a wound clock, jumps only in

at a certain moment and at a certain movement of the hand — one can observe all this Daedalian mechanism. Of course, the door of the bank's treasury, where the gold and silver bars are stored, is even stronger and more perfect than all the others. It is even deeper underground, and it is reached by narrow steel stairs, surrounded by iron bars. Vogja presses a button and this iron gap lights up, and when the door opens, you see before your eyes bundles of iron and gold bars, stacked against the steel walls. — There is no danger of thieves getting in here; — I said.

— If anyone were to come near, who was not privy to these secrets, he would be caught like a mouse in a trap. Except that automatic electric bells would warn the clerks of danger, if the thieves brought a bag of dynamite they would not be able to destroy the iron walls or get out. Neither fire nor flame can do any harm. There is no danger, indeed, not even in the event of a riot, if the rebels were to sneak into the bank's vaults and loot them. If the entire bank were to be destroyed by dynamite, an earthquake, a fire, whatever, the valuables would remain untouched. If by some unforeseen event a whole legion of thieves were to enter the bank and the vaults, not one of them would breathe for more than a minute. Day and night, faithful guards stand guard, and they are well paid, while the invisible ones look through the tiny bars. All one of them has to do is press a button, and hot steam would rush from all sides into all the vaults and suffocate everything alive. Thus our guide, as we emerged from that iron labyrinth, to which Daedalus's works would be mere play. * * Theaters, as I said, do not deserve attention. Nevertheless, we will remember them in a few words. When I returned from San Francisco to Chicago, Dr. Bianchini invited me to his room on the first evening to the Grand Opera. It is the largest theater in the United States, and in the whole world it is second only in size to the San Carlo in Naples. An enormous building, ten stories high on the outside, with a small tower in the middle, all without any taste. The inside is the same. A cavernous building, like the mouth of a volcano, with two or three galleries, with a few boxes, which can accommodate seven to eight thousand spectators. The stage is so far away that even with a fairly good telescope, you cannot see whether the actors are beautiful or ugly. Tonight they are performing Lucia di Lammermoor by Donizetti. The opera company of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is performing. The part of Lucia is sung by the famous Polish woman Mrs. Sembrich, and Edgardo by the world's first tenor Caruso. The other roles are also entrusted to increasingly famous singers. Tickets, of course, cost tens of dollars for the better seats; two and a half dollars for the back gallery. * Dr. Bianchini

and I left a little earlier, waiting for Mrs. Zlatka and Mrs. Penoviĭ to enter. They arrived just in time, while the orchestra began to adjust its instruments. Despite the enormous cost, there was not a single empty seat. In the boxes everything was burning, sparkling with precious stones, which [are twice as expensive in America as in Europe. The toilets were luxurious, I did not see any beautiful women, not even despite the assurances of Mrs. Bianchini, who defends the beauty of American women. I did not see them even in the foyer. A few fat rich women, rich in flesh as well as in jewels, I did not see any real beauty. If someone seems even slightly prettier to me, if she opens her mouth and shines her gold teeth, it spoils even the little bit of joy I have. 152 Caruso is the hero of the evening. After each aria, there is a storm of dancing and whistling, like around the snake king in Indian fables. It should be known that in America whistling is a sign of the most enthusiastic and,^ approval. All the singers sing in Italian, as is usual in America. Mrs. Sembrich cannot be heard, the voices of the others are hardly up to the immense space. The choirs are quite strong and quite well-rehearsed. That is over, and we take the train to Indiana Avenue. It is midnight, and we must scramble to grab some seats for the ladies. Dr. Bianchini accompanied me on by train to Prairie Avenue, and the ladies went alone. Instead of the ladies, Dr. Bianchini was to be my cavalier.

Dramatic societies in America are organized quite differently than in Europe. An impresario comes along and puts together a troupe. The troupe learns a single play and acts it for several years, going from town to town, from theater to theater. Another troupe acts another play.

In this system, there is no need for a whisperer; every actor is as precise as a wound gramophone. It is also worth mentioning the American ballets. Here, the black men are true masters of rhythmic movement, and the black women too. Their bodies are wonderfully built, strong as iron, and agile as a real ballet dancer. They have an unusually great sense for music, and for the elegance of bodily movement, with an unusual tenacity of muscles. It seems to me that these black men were called to revive choreography, they have such a sense for elegant rhythmic movements of the legs, arms, and the whole body, and they also have temperament and invention. Suffice it to say that the blacks invented the famous K ake - walk 1 k, which has already acquired the right of citizenship in European salons. The Americans, who understand little about music — the men absolutely nothing — and little about dramatic art, are content with the simplest antics. The most ordinary and shallow joke, or how the infamous roasting of a black man, or a sudden joke, arouses a roar of laughter, so that all bellies jump with joy. Americans have the most fun watching the ballets of black women, who are far greater masters in this than white women, because they are stronger, more voluptuous, have rounder and fuller breasts, more agile, I would almost say more elegant bodies than European women. Chorus girls (ballet girls) are in high demand, and theaters, where black women dance, are doing golden business. Mulatto women, and especially Creole women, are physically the most perfect female type, because they lose the large strength and cruelty of the black race, and take on the elegance and grace of European blood to the greatest extent. The eyes remain black, shining like lightning, the teeth like mother-of-pearl. * * * Two evenings before the conference, Mr. Ante Randiĭ invited all the most distinguished Croats of Chicago to his hall for a small party, so that they could get to know me, talk and have a fraternal laugh. The tamburitza choir and singing group "Zora", directed by Zlatko Kerhin, also came. Enthusiastic toasts are made, followed by the clinking of tamburitza drums, or the loud song "Zora" is sung. There I met all the most prominent Croats in Chicago, among whom I mention Mamek, Lackoviĭ, Lopina, Kauzlariĭ, Jankoviĭ, Maric, Badovinac, Skendroviĭ, Seljan, Popoviĭ, etc. I said that my discussion would not be complete or objective if I only gave examples of evil and corruption, because in America there are good, honest and hardworking people who knew how to acquire a nice fortune, and what is much more, the love and respect of their fellow tribesmen, as well as a reputation among Americans. Mr. Ante Randiĭ, one evening, when we returned home together, told me at length about his life, full of hardships and suffering, and in the end success and satisfaction. I will tell the story in short strokes, so that you can see what a strong will and character can do. He was born 42 years ago in Kostrena near Bakar. He was three or four years old when he lost his parents and no property. An uncle took him in and immediately sent him to pasture in the Bakar mountains when he was still a baby, giving him a piece of black bread, which would feed him for the whole day. He walked on the karst barefoot, of course, but you could also say naked, because the poor rags that were on him did not hide his nakedness, not even from the human eye, let alone from the furious bora and the bitter winter.

When there was sun, he would warm himself on it, when there was none, he would run after the sheep, to warm themselves, or if they lay down somewhere in the lee, and he would huddle among them and warm himself with their fleece. For the smallest thing, even for no reason at all, he would get beaten. Spruce branches often left their thorns on his body, and sometimes the heavy, merciless hand of an uncle or aunt would beat him. This went on until he was nine. When he was ten, he began to think a little about how to get out of that hell. From the mountain, he saw large sailing ships and steamers sailing towards Rijeka, Bakar, Senj, and he thought how wonderful it would be to travel around the world on those ships, even if sometimes the sea splashed over the deck. That thought stuck in his head like a nail. One morning he got up early, so instead of going to pasture with the sheep, he took the road to Rieka, without a coin, without a crust of dry bread. Diet came to Riek, then to the coast, to watch the ships. WITH

A boy was on board a ship and he started talking to him, asking him how things were there, if they needed a little boy to wash the deck, do laundry, or do anything. The boy told him that the captain was on board, so he should talk to him. He got brave, climbed up the plank, and spoke to the first sailor he met, begging him to recommend him to the captain, to take him on, without pay, just to give him food, and not to send him home, because his uncle would kill him. The sailor himself was afraid of the captain, so he told the boy to wait there, so that when the captain came out, he could ask for it himself; he would probably take pity on him, and so they needed a few boys on the ship for small and menial jobs. You're a captain, dark and bearded, so that fear grips you on the very shore. The little boy gathered all his mental strength, flew to her, and, ^a, fell to his knees and began to shed terrible tears. The captain angrily shouted at him and at the sailor, who had not given him any leftovers from the kitchen, and sent him away with God. The little boy declared that he had not come to beg, that he would rather die of hunger than beg, but to beg, but to beg, to be accepted on board. The captain looked him over from head to toe, liked his answer, the swill and the diet, and asked him what he could do. Nothing, he said, but to herd sheep, and he would learn everything, he would do whatever he was told, as long as they accepted him. The captain called the steward and asked him if he could use the little boy for anything. The steward replied that he would need him for many jobs, and the captain accepted him. The steward took him into the kitchen, fed him, took off his rags, and gave him an old shirt and old trousers, all big enough for a man. Never mind, the little one will roll up his sleeves and trousers, he will tie himself up well with a piece of string, and even that will fit nicely. That's how he became a sailor. He sailed the Adriatic, Ionian, Aegean and Black Seas for two or three years, experiencing all the hardships of a little one on a ship, and it is known that every sailor on a ship has the right to slap a little one with his heavy hand, or kick him with his foot. He was no longer hungry, he endured the terrible winter of the Black Sea, but he was not naked, and that is progress.

Once he heard that a large ship was sailing to America. He had gained some experience, he knew that others also received some kind of salary, so why not see two or three silver forints for once, and taste their jingle on the hand.^ He went to the captain of the ship and asked if they needed him on the journey. He no longer knelt, he didn't cry, he stepped forward openly, like a man who knew he was worth something. The captain took him on board for a small salary and he set off for America. And he sailed on the ocean for two or three years and became a real sailor, who, like a squirrel, knew how to climb ropes, close the sails in the fiercest storm. One day he sailed to New York. He wandered the streets. On the ship he learned some Italian, but he didn't understand a word of English. He overheard the conversation on the way, heard some people speaking Croatian. He approached, asked what they did, how they lived. Think about it, when other people of ours live at the end of the world and don't know English, why should he always carry his skin to market across the merciless ocean; and never return to the ship. There he worked as a porter, carrying sacks, unloading coal, until he saved up money to pay for the railroad to Chicago. He heard it said in his childhood that there was an uncle there who was wealthy, so he wanted to try his luck, if that uncle would take him in to work there. He didn't know his address, no one knew him to ask about his uncle. After long adventures, he finally met some of our people, who took him to his uncle. This one was better than the one in his homeland. He took him in, and little by little our Ante became a porter in his uncle's saloon. So in a short time he learned the trade of a saloonkeeper. When he saw how things were going and saved some money, he told his uncle that he would try his luck himself. His uncle helped him with that, and there he was, a saloonkeeper. He can't read or write, of course, but he quickly learned English, like a true American. He quickly gained many guests with his kindness and his business went well. He never traded with our people, but with Americans, who like foreigners to leave money in their shops, rather than our poor. But he never missed an opportunity to come to our man's aid, either with money or advice. This was not told to me by him, but by everyone I spoke to about him; in fact, many told me that they would not be exaggerating if they said that Randij would have a hundred thousand dollars more today if he had not been kind-hearted, if he had not signed bills of exchange, issued checks to anyone who found himself in need, or who wanted to take advantage of his kindness. He did even more good with his knowledge and words, because even though he was illiterate, he had friends in the most influential circles of Chicago, and many times with his knowledge and influence he resolved disputes that would have ruined the parties in court and blown away their entire fortune. Therefore, just as our ancestors chose good people as judges, so many of our people go to Randij to have him advise them and judge them when necessary. He wastes a lot of time because of this, and he never took a single penny in reward, content to have a good reputation spread about him. When the business increased, Randij felt the consequences of his illiteracy keenly. He had to keep accounts, sign bills of exchange and checks, so he set to work, learned to sign his name and do calculations. He cannot read, but he knows perfectly well addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; he keeps his own accounts. The young man married a Czech woman, and learned Czech and some German from her. He had a son and a daughter with her. The son speaks Croatian and Czech, and the daughter speaks Croatian less well, but Czech better, because she was with her mother more than with her father, since he is at work all day. And that is a rarity in America, because most of our people's children, especially if they are not married to a Croatian woman, do not know Croatian. When his wife died, he married her widowed sister and increased his family with two stepchildren. He did not regret it, nor did he make any distinction between his children and his grief, and he found a diligent housewife, a more diligent one than he could have wished for. Today he has a beautiful house, with all the most modern comforts possible, and also some thrift. He is a Croat in feeling and deed, which he shows on every occasion, and he always fondly remembers his homeland and the mountains where he used to graze his sheep. And today he is a real dandy, a gentleman from head to toe, with fine manners, like the son of an aristocrat, and even the more refined people of Chicago seek his company. We need many of such people in America, and there are very few of them. When I returned from the West to Chicago, the same friends met me at the station again, I stayed with Randij again, and after the March 166th price of Mio.^t softened, Randij took me in a carriage, which he himself drove, around the city, through the parks, through the exhibition, along the harbors and shores of Lake Michigan, and showed me all the sights of the . On the fifth of February in the ninth month, the day of the conference came. I went with the Randij and Biankini families, who cherish sincere friendship and respect for each other, to the T ha 11 ia - H a 1 1 theater. When we entered, the Sokol band played "L"epa naša", and enthusiastic cheers erupted from all sides. The theater was full, and I would not exaggerate if I said that there were 1,000 people. Reporters from American newspapers also came, who flew in to interview me. I asked the editor of the main Chicago newspaper, the "Chicago Tribune", to come after the conference to Mr. Bachman, a brother of the Union, who invited me to dinner with my friends, and we would talk there. However, the chairman of the board, Juraj Mamek, went on stage, welcomed me in a wonderful speech and explained my literary and political work to those present. Mamek has been a worker since childhood, now a clothes merchant, but he knew how to diligently acquire a fine education, and his word is respected among American Croats. He is a socialist by principle, but a national socialist, that is, a socialist, as any good Croat and man who loves the progress of humanity can be. His speech was received with enthusiastic cheers and applause, and then the music struck up again, alternating with the tamburitza choir, until it was my turn to speak. I spoke for two and a half hours, I think, with applause and cheers, to the general satisfaction. Then again the music and tamburitza, until everything was settled, to meet again in the evening for a party in the national hall. I went with the Biankini, Randij families, with Sirovatka and some other friends to Ceh Bachman, who was

He learned Croatian beautifully from the Croats, and he is a contributor to many Czech newspapers. Journalism does not interfere with his business, and his store of edibles and other small items is doing excellently. Like every good Guild member, he has about ten children, which is not a lot for a Guild member, and he has hope that the stork will fly in with a scythe once more. The editor of the "Tribune" came with us, a young man, apparently diligent in his work. I struggle to understand what he wants to know and to explain it to him in English, because like any true American or Englishman — he doesn't know a word of any other language. When I don't understand him well, Dr. Bianchini interprets for me, and when I struggle to give him an answer, and my mouth starts to tremble from the effort and pain, then Dr. Bianchini interprets. He has no idea about our affairs, or about the conditions of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. He remembers last year's movement and rebellions in Croatia, and he always turns his talk to revolution. He wants me to tell him when the revolution will take place, who will lead it and by what means. I try to explain to him in vain. 157 that in today's circumstances there can be no talk of revolution, that this is a peaceful constitutional struggle against the most heartless violence, even if the people wanted it, because they are always ready for rebellion, but that we We are holding back, so that we don't needlessly send our hearts to the slaughterhouse. He is not satisfied with the answer, he wants a revolution! He would probably like the "Chicago Tribune" to send him as soon as possible as a war correspondent to the battlefield in Croatia, of course with a large fee and a dozen horses of luggage. He certainly .., "Tribune" showed that he was capable of this job and that he knew our affairs very well, and also ours, because he wanted to see it in every way possible. wants to give the readers and owners a kind of revolution, a Garibaldi or Delveto. I tell Comrade Bianchini that it would be best if we dictate an interview to him, so that there is no embarrassment in the newspaper. Bianchini assures me that the editor will faithfully report everything I tell him and that I should not worry that he will distort anything. The relationship between Croatia and Hungary is not in his head at all, and who is going to interpret all that in one or two hours, and that too in stuttering English. ^ There is no other way, at least about the position after the elections and the defeat of the liberal party, we should dictate to him. I'm sweating, Dr. Bianchini is sweating too, and the journalist even more so. Finally we're done; Mrs. Zlata plays Croatian songs on the piano, and my American devours them with his eyes, devours the beautiful melodies with his ears, and understands all of it better than my English. He asks me if all Croatian women are that pretty. Of course, I said, no Croatian woman is ugly. I sigh at him. I can see that he would like nothing better than for me to unfurl the banner of the uprising as soon as I set foot back in my homeland, and for him to become a war correspondent. However, Mr. Bachman invites him and us to dinner, a purely home-style Czech dinner, where there is plenty of everything, everything is heavy, but smooth, everything is hearty like Czech hearts. The American feels good in our company, so he goes with us to the folk party in the National Hall. Everything is cheerful there, everything is decorated with tricolor flags, everyone drinks, sings, and the tambourine is playing. The music is playing, then the harmonious and loud voices of our "Zora" are singing. Dr. Biankini is the first to go up on stage and greet me with such a beautiful speech, with such captivating and ornate words that I wish he hadn't greeted me, because it puts me in a dilemma about how to respond to him. It's not easy to speak after a good speaker; I'm tired of speaking after an afternoon, and even more so from interviews. Sirovatka speaks next, also beautifully, in the way he's already practiced in strumming the folk string. After him, a Czech speaks, as fiery as a volcano, a Slovenian, a Slovak, a Serb and a Bulgarian, and finally I, to thank everyone together. The singing societies, the tamburitza choir, and the music fill the void with their speeches, and the enthusiasm grows more and more. Finally, the president of "Zora" Zlatko Kerhin arrives and announces that "Zora" has chosen me as its honorary 158 j 5 1 member. Sirovatka drags me from table to table, wants me to introduce myself to Czechs, Slovenes, Serbs, Slovaks, Bulgarians, to thank everyone, including "Zora" and "Sokol" and the tamburitza players and singing groups. I became hoarse, like a broken bell, and suddenly found myself on the backs of the youth, who carried me through the hall, until it seemed a little comical to me, and, with a swift jump, I moved to a friend's table, letting the youth dance and be merry. * * From all this, it is clear that there is a lot of Croatian feeling, intelligence, and even harmony in Chicago. Music, the tamburitza choir, the singing group "Zora", which is just excellently trained, many societies for international aid, etc., all this proves that the Croatian consciousness is awake there and that the Croatian colony in Chicago could be maintained for quite a long time. They will find a priest, and perhaps a teacher, and in addition to that, they will cultivate Slavic solidarity with all those who have this solidarity close to their hearts.

Relying on the powerful and progressive Czechs, fraternizing with the Serbs, who are few in number, making friends with the Slovenes and Slovaks, who are quite numerous, they will not sink so quickly into the American-English sea. In addition to all this, a political club, "Croatian Progressive Youth", has been formed. Its president is Stanislav Šulentić, a mechanic-engineer, vice-president Franjo Vidmar, secretary Košta Unković-Mejić, treasurer Ivan Šimec. Council members: Hinko Sirovatka, Vjekoslav Ćop, Ante Kružić, Franjo Strmić and Zlatko Kerhin. The latter has recently moved to Allegheny, and will continue his work there, establishing a singing society and the "Croatian Progressive Youth" club. These clubs may contain the germ of a political organization of Croats, and I have explained to the youth enough, even in private, what their purpose should be. The young merchant Ante Narić, whom I cannot leave out, is particularly enthusiastic about this idea; because there are few hearts in sorrow that feel the love for their homeland as he does. He is diligent in his work, but he does not miss the opportunity to read all the newspapers and all the books that come from the homeland, and he speaks beautifully and enthusiastically. All these young falcons cherish the hope that they will one day return to their homeland, and they are always ready when they are needed. 159 XV. Towards the north. — Report from the "Chicago Tribune". — Along the Michigan coast. — Milwaukee. — Six hours on the train in the snow. — Ivan Kalić and Gašparović. — Welcoming the people in Calumet. — The city of Calumet and its population. — Croatian and Slovenian churches. — Pastor Polić. — Uniate priest Makso Relić. — Mr. Ćop. — Addressing the people. — Conference in the city theater. — Dr. Ante Tresić Pavičić Society. — Dinner at the workers' house. — Copper mines and smelters. — Mammoth machines. — Perfect automata. — Crushing copper flint. — Copper veins underground. — Flint mills. — Teeth, such as Gašparović would need for magjaron. — Smelters and molds. — Siberian winter. — Lake Superior. — Sea of ice covered with snow. — Copper wire factories. — Workers' house, and lunch at a Croatian worker's. — Sunset on the snowy expanse of the North Lake. — Bold human craftsmanship. — Morality and industry of our people in Calumet. — The land is hard on the plains of Canada. — Our man cannot stand the harshness of the Canadian climate. — Photograph in a company of workers. — Little Ruža Gašparović. — GM Dražić. — Farewell to friends. I will pass over all the kindnesses shown me by my brothers in Chicago, especially Ante Randić and Dr. Biankini, and Sirovatka. The latter devoted all his free time to me, and they devoted their time, their house, and their hospitable table to me. These three accompanied me to the station, when I set out for Calumet, where a conference had been arranged for Sunday afternoon, February 12, at the city theater.

I said goodbye to my friends, who called out to me, "Goodbye!" and at eight o'clock in the evening I set off on the express train for the north. On the way, I thought about the patriotic feeling that burns so beautifully even far from the land from which we are not, and how difficult it must be for those who sincerely feel this feeling and are condemned to spend their lives far from their native land. The editor of the "Chicago Tribune" also came to mind, who, as I had foreseen, had made a long sausage about the revolution, and had misunderstood and misrepresented everything I told him. However, the train dragged on for an hour through the endless streets of Chicago and its suburbs, until it finally came out into a clearing, and began to rush along the shore of Lake Michigan.

It is moonlight, and in it the vast ice of the lake, covered with white snow, glitters with bluish reflections. To the right, the ice-free wasteland of the lake spreads out, and the whitewash along the shore is growing stronger. Nothing alive moves on that frozen sea during the winter, but as soon as spring comes, thousands of steamboats are sailing in all directions. I dreamt of Milwaukee, a small, purely German colony, which is all one big brewery. When the train moved on, I asked the black man to make my bed and I lay down. Although the bed is soft, clean, and perfectly made up, I cannot fall asleep as usual. My brain is boiling, and my thoughts are like clouds, colorful, sometimes gloomy, full of worries about the uncertain future that awaits me, about so much effort, and without any visible success. Literary work trampled by all sorts of critics, by a youth that is puffed up, arrogant, such as I have not encountered in any nation, full of conceit, and with little preparation and talent, while neither I nor they have readers. Political work is wasted even more uselessly, and the people are devastated, misled, and deceived by all sorts of Levant and Tujin mercenaries.

Finally I fell asleep, and slept deeply, for I did not wake up until ten in the morning. I was surprised to look at the clock, and was glad that I had only two and a half hours left. I got dressed, got ready, and there was the black man, asking me if I wanted to eat, because breakfast time was long past. I thought about what I would have for dinner when I got to Calumet before noon, and I gave the negro an answer to that effect. He warned me that I would not arrive in Calumet until seven in the evening, because the train had to stay in the snow for six hours, and immediately after noon I would have to change trains, which had no inn. Now I understood why I had slept so soundly. I woke up several times, but each time I thought that I had woken up because the train had stopped, and the rhythmic shaking of the cars and the hum of the engine had ceased. It was impossible to stay hungry until night, so I ordered dinner. The train passed over the deserted fields of Wisconsin covered with snow, and the lake remained far to the right. In the afternoon I disembarked at a small station on the border of the state of Wisconsin and the northwestern part of the state of Michigan. I waited three long hours in the dirty waiting room of the station, and when it was time to leave I boarded some ordinary train, also dirty, even though I had paid for the express train and the Pullman. In Chicago, in the bitter winter, I caught a cold, and I was coughing as if all my lungs were going to fly out. I had never had such a cough in my life, and my throat was burning and stinging, as if a sea urchin were walking along it. I was worried whether I would be able to speak on Sunday with such a cold, and it was hard for me to waste a week, because, as I said, the conference could not be held anywhere but on Sunday, or Saturday evening. It was Friday, and there was no hope that it would be better by Sunday. My thoughts and my cough were already beginning to darken. An hour before I was to arrive in Calumet, which is located in the northernmost corner of the state of Michigan, which is being drilled deep into Lake Superior towards Canada, at a small station I saw two men enter, who seemed to me to be our own. I saw them, they looked around, listened to the conversation of the passengers, I realized that they had come to meet me, I stood up, extended my hand to them, and said: good evening, Mr. Kaliy! — And is that you? It has been many years since I have seen you, ever since the assembly of the right-wingers at the opening of the Starčević home. He introduced me to another companion, Mr. Gašparović, and we sat down to ask about their health and talk about our people. Kaliy is a hard-working Croat from Gorski kotar, he suffered a lot and died for his political conviction, so when the persecutions came, he left the management of the estate to his son, and he set off for America, in order to save some money and leave his son the little poor without debt. He is a tailor by trade, so he also does that work in America. He's not doing badly, but he can't, he can't, to make it in America; his heart yearns for his homeland. It is ruled by Swabians and Magyars, and what's worse, a thousand times worse, Magyars, sadistic agents, all kinds of political muckrakers and dopenecks, but it's still the homeland! Gašparović is also from Gorski kotar, from the Carniolan border, and he fled, not from his homeland, but from trouble, and in America he knew how to gain a good position and the respect of the citizens of Calumet through hard work and diligence, so this year he ran for city treasurer, I don't know with what success, and whether the elections have been held yet, but he was certainly one of the most serious candidates. He is a saloon owner, and his saloon is one of the largest and most visited. He is a tireless joker, so people seek his company just for the fun and entertainment. He learned excellent English and some Italian, working with Italian workers, so he can tell with particular comedy his experiences with Italians, especially when he speaks some Italian, where mimicry plays a greater role than language. ! His wife is Croatian, and his daughters speak excellent Croatian, while the men, who have more fun with American children than at home, already speak their native language poorly. When we arrived at the station, we were greeted by a crowd of people who had come to welcome and greet me. I thanked them as best I could in a hoarse voice, and we set off in a carriage towards Gašparović's house, where the board had assigned me lodging. The house is large and comfortable, of course with modern comfort and cleanliness, because there is no shortage of that in America, even in the countryside. I soon settled into my room and got ready to go down to the saloon to talk to the people. Calumet is a small town that today will have thirty thousand inhabitants, a third of whom are Slovenes and Croats. There are Finns, Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and other nationalities. There are few English speakers, but the official language is English everywhere. Calumet owes its survival to the discovery of rich copper mines in the immediate vicinity and in the surrounding area. It is situated on a small island, separated only by a small channel of water from the northernmost cape which juts out into the vast North Lake, the largest in America. Twenty years ago there were but a few shepherds' lumberyards there, and today the town is flourishing with trade and commerce, and is the chief center of copper products in America. Some Slovenes have acquired a great fortune there, 162 of whom are reckoned merchants and homeowners. Ruppe numbers a considerable number of people, and possesses about a million dollars in wealth. The Slovenes also publish a weekly newspaper in Calumet.

Its editor is J.;^ ^vaji^er. In May^^ju the Croats and Slovenes live in good harmony, except for some quarrels over the church. The old common church fell into disrepair, and they could not afford to build a new one, so the Croats built theirs, and the Slovenes theirs. The Croats built a fine but modest church, with a parish church, while the Slovenes built the largest and most beautiful church in Calumet, in the Gothic style, with two bell towers, all made of stone, at a huge cost of \$80,000. It is not yet finished, and the cost will exceed \$100,000, or a million crowns. However, there is already an English inscription on the front of the church, and in fifty years it will not be known who built it, nor will Slovenian words be heard in it. For now, church services are held in a huge hall under the church. The hall can accommodate about ten thousand people.

The Croats have a young parish priest, the Reverend Josip Polic. He is not involved in politics, but is studying languages, and speaks English, French, Italian, and German fluently. He loves peace, and has no quarrels with his parishioners, so I think he is the most peaceful Croatian parish priest in America. The parishioners do their duty towards him, and he does it towards them. The parish is large and wealthy, so there is no worry from that side either. There are some Uniates among our people, so when necessary Polic calls in the Uniate parish priest Maks'Relic from Cleveland. This one is a real dragon, restless, belligerent, intelligent, talkative, polemical, and even a joker when necessary. He left his homeland to escape the persecution of the Magyars, or as he says, to avoid killing a thief with a revolver in his hand, because it is not fitting for a priest to shed blood, neither a thief's nor a Hungarian's. And he had already given one of the Magyarons's leading men, I think žiro Milekiy, a terrible blow. I met him in Chicago at Dr. Biankini's. And there he threatened to shoot the Magyarons with a revolver if fate ever brought him back to his homeland. What a strange contrast, when he and Poliy r

Slovenes and Croats have some societies in common, and societies for mutual support are separate. Both of them worked hard with equal zeal to ensure that my conference was well attended. On Saturday, we had to go with Kaliž, Gašparovič, Švajger, etc. from saloon to saloon to visit. Again, the same way of the cross, as in Chicago. It is impossible without it! We also visited some families, such as Mr. Cop's family, whose wife kindly welcomed us. In the evening, there was a meeting in Mr. Gašparovič's saloon, where I gave several speeches teaching the people about the situation in the homeland, and how they must behave in their sorrow, especially considering the economic situation. On Sunday afternoon, we went to the city theater, which was already filled with Croats and Slovenes. There was music, there was a tamburitza choir and a singing group. It was obvious that our people in Calumet were not sleeping. The committee lined up on the stage, and President Ivan Kaliž took the floor on behalf of the committee to greet me and introduce me to the people. The calyx is short, but very 163 L gro vit. Every word made him burn for a distant homeland, and with hatred for those who are guilty, that so many people, here in the terrible ice, laboring in deep caves under the earth, languish far from their homeland. His speech was accompanied by a storm of approval, and on behalf of the Slovenes, Mr. Švajger took the floor and greeted me in ornate Slovene, also receiving the prize of noisy approval. The music, the tamburitza choir, the singing group alternately performed beautiful Croatian and Slovene songs and compositions, all of which delighted the community. I was coughing and was afraid that I would be able to speak in such a bad mood for two or three hours, and in a strong voice, so that they could hear me, because the theater was quite large. I took the initiative, gathered my strength and spoke for over two hours, coughing sometimes, but without any hoarseness in my voice, to my great surprise. I took into account a large number of Slovenes in the conference, and I also spoke to them about Slovene relations, about the need for fraternal harmony between Slovenes and Croats in the homeland and abroad. I outlined to them the common enemies by which we are surrounded, and showed that only a common future and united resistance can save us. After this conference, I held another one in Mr. Gašparovič's saloon on Monday evening for the select few only, and I explained to them the need for political organization, and also economic organization, especially in the city, where they could become a decisive factor in political and municipal elections. My words did not fall on barren ground, because a month later they telegraphed to me in Allegheny that they had organized a political society, and in my honor they had named it after me. During the days of my stay in Calumet, I tried to study the life of our workers, and I peeked into many workers' houses, factories and mines. I even had dinner once at the worker Skender's house, which he had bought a little house a little outside the city. It is small, but very comfortable and clean for a worker. His stepmother is a hardworking Croatian, and the children speak nothing but Croatian so far, because they are small and do not go to school yet. He treated us to a rabbit, the fruit of his labor, because he is passionate about hunter. I went with Mr. Kaliž, Mr. Gašparovič and the pastor Polič to see the copper mines. We were accompanied by a Slovenian, Mr. Šneler, a young man who is involved in banking and agency business.

He learned English well, and married in Calumet, having acquired a handsome fortune. We reached the seat by carriage in a quarter of an hour, falling through the deep snow, to the high chimneys of the smelters. We went first to the section of the machines that pull copper ore from a depth, as I was told, of five or six thousand feet. I sell what I buy, and I did not measure the depth, nor did they want to let me into the bottom of the mine, because that is strictly forbidden to foreigners. In a huge and high hall there are two mammoth machines, one next to the other. The main wheels, around which a thick cable of steel wires winds, on which hangs a wagon full of ore, which the machine pulls from the gap, are six or seven meters in diameter, and their thickness is proportional. The other wheels, which bite their teeth into the axle of these, are much smaller. When the electric bell announces that the mine is full of ore in the depths, the machine begins to move slowly, then the wheels move more and more quickly, until the eye can see their spokes from the speed. They are tightly connected to the axle, and the two shafts that move all this by the pressure of the steam, like two briar hands, rise, move forward, fall, go backward, all with accelerated speed, and without any noise, except that the cable buzzes through the air and on the wheels. The shafts are simply enormous, six or seven meters long, and of proportional thickness. There are only two men with the machines, one of whom explains to me their very intricate construction. He claims, of course, that the main one of these machines is the strongest and largest in the world: the greatest of the world. Without it, there is no such thing in America; everything is the biggest and best there, as I have mentioned several times. He also told me how many thousands of horsepower there are, but so that readers don't get scared, I won't say the number, because if we are to believe that American, the ten largest English ironclads would not develop that much steam power. Certainly the power must be really great, because, if it is true that the trench is as deep as my companions indicated to me, and as I heard mentioned several times in Calumet, then the iron cable alone, which the wheels move around and pull, must weigh about forty tons. On the cable is an iron wagon, which itself will weigh at least a ton, and in it about twenty tons of ore.

Every quarter of an hour, depending on the occasion, one wagon rises and the other falls into the gap, the first full and the second empty. The machines work day and night, and therefore would have to extract 1920 tons of copper ore every day. To my great amazement, while observing the better machines, I saw on the main point, on a huge piece of iron, which forms the axis and abutment of the whole machine, the mark of Krupp's factory. They told me that only those points were ordered from Krupp, because they don't make such hard steels in America. Americans buy even more in Creuzot, and all the plutocracy drives French cars. They buy finer things in Europe, and yet they flood the whole of Europe with their iron products, let alone the world!

After we had looked at the machines, we went to see the mine shafts, from where the wagons full of ore come out. Above the shaft there is also a tall building, which is connected by corridors to the first one. One of them, or rather the shaft from the machine, is about a hundred meters away. We go along the iron cables, which now twist and turn, now stand still, depending on whether they are pulling ore from the shaft or not. The shaft is double, or at least it looks like that at the edge, where there are two holes; one for the wagon that is going up, the other for the one that is going down. At a depth of a meter, you can see nothing but darkness. We climbed the stairs to see how the wagons were unloaded. We had to go very high, because before it could reach the ground, the raw ore passed through three mills, which ground it into powder, which would not be so easy or so quick if the ore did not fall from above into the mills. In this building, one could hear a terrible crunching, breaking, cracking of hard flint, the crunching of material as it was thrown out of the wagons and rolled down the iron slope of the chute onto the floor, the banging of hammers, the rattling of ropes, the falling of smaller pieces through the chute into the depths. The dust of the ground stone was whirling everywhere, like gray flour. He reached the top. Our men were working there. One of them stood by the trench and watched only when the wagon would peek out of the gap, and then he gave the workers, who were pounding stones below, a sign to move away, so that they would not be crushed by the stones. There is no other job for the rugby, because the wagon reaches the top by itself, with a strange skill it tilts, straightens, and then plunges back into the chasm again in a flash. All this is so perfectly arranged, as if it were a living organism. The wagon has just turned the ore, the smaller pieces fall through the iron grates to the lower floor, where there is a mill for smaller pieces, and the larger ones roll down a three- to four-meter slope to the workers. They immediately fly to work. Each one recognizes which stone contains copper ore and which does not, and immediately uses long iron handles to pull the simple stones to one side, and push them down the slope, and the ore towards the throat of the mill. Simple flint, without copper and silver ore, is there for this, because the mines tear off the stones and on the side of the copper vein, which the workers follow further in depth, where nature has

led. There are several of these veins, deeper and higher, some are inclined, some horizontal, some intersect. Their thickness is no more than two or three meters. Some are already exhausted, others have lost their trace, because they are interrupted by some huge rock, in which it is necessary to make a tunnel, and to look for the continuation of the vein, which often runs for several kilometers. The mines are very rich and will not be easily exhausted; but as soon as they are exhausted, the city of Calumet also disappears. The workers do not work with their hands, because they would quickly not only scratch them, but also wear them out on the sharp stones, from which copper and often crystallized silver protrude in all directions. For this reason, everyone's hands are wrapped in a cloth, or they wear thick leather gloves, so as not to scratch themselves if they push a small piece into the mill with their hands. They drag the larger ones with handles, and those that cannot enter the throat of the mill are broken with hammers. There is nothing more interesting than the vigjeti, when a large block, weighing 300 to 400 kilograms, arrives at the mill's throat. Grab it with the iron teeth at the lower end and you immediately hear shaking, creaking, cracking, breaking. In a few seconds it is gone, and another one is in its place. — Oh, if only there were a mill like this for magjaroni, or if only I had teeth like this! said the humorous Gašparovič. — And if only we could pull them into your shaft with iron handles! added Kalič. As soon as the first wagon reached the bottom, you could hear from the other side where the second one had turned, and where the second mill was grinding and gnawing at the stones just like this one. The workers were in a hurry, because by the time the wagon arrived, to turn the newspaper material, everything had to be cleaned. For all this work, five or six people were enough at each mill; and they worked all day, with shifts in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, because they worked at night too. Lower down, other mills grind smaller stones, and the lowest ones turn them into dust, then come the sieves that separate the copper from the stone; then the water, which washes the copper, and then the smelters. 166 Poičio to the smelters. Several brick furnaces, which are not subject to fire, are full of molten copper, and above them are the molds arranged in rows. An iron ladle hangs on a chain from the ceiling, next to each furnace, and a worker straightens its length with a wooden handle, and just as the furnace door opens, he directs the ladle into it, sucks in the molten copper, pulls it out, pushes it towards the molds, pours one after the other to the top, and picks up the copper again. Not a drop to spill, or to pour over the mold. In the furnaces, the molten copper sparkles with yellow flashes, and when the worker pours it, he would say that it is some kind of transparent yellow crystal, light as water. As soon as the copper has been in the molds for a few moments, another worker arrives, turns them over with an iron handle into the water, which bursts and evaporates with thick steam from the heat. The water often boils and it is necessary to pull the pieces of copper out of it again with an iron and transport them to the cooling room. Infernal heat erupts from the copper worker wears blue glasses to protect his eyes from the fire and the flash of molten metal in the furnace. On all sides are piles of copper pieces ready for sale. I think that not even a tenth of the material that is pulled from the mine is pure copper, and the amount of silver is insignificant. One morning we went to see the copper wire factories, for telephones, telegraphs, etc. The factory is an hour's train ride from Calumet, and is located on the very shore of North Lake. Gasparo Vic's sister, married to a worker at the factory, invited us to dinner. I had just left Gasparo Vic's house, and my breath froze on my glasses from the cold, so that I could not see the road ahead. A strong wind was blowing, and a fine snow flurry hit my face and pricked me like needles. Since the snow is not cleared, and you walk on it, on both sides of the sidewalk, your feet slip into deep ruts, so that at any moment you can find yourself covered in thick snow, no matter how long and wide you are.

I'm wearing a good turkey, and I have a sealskin cap on my head, but it doesn't cover my ears. I'm stumbling like a drunk, and tears fall from my eyes and freeze on my face. Šneler and Kalič saw that I couldn't go on, so they grabbed me from one side and the other from the other side and dragged me on. I wouldn't allow that to be seen, but I can't see anything, because the breath on the glasses has frozen, and even if it hadn't, I wouldn't have seen anything anyway, because my eyes are full of tears. I look under my glasses at the track, but the snow's frost hits my eyes under them, and the snow makes me shine even more. Lucky that it was only a ten minute journey to the station! As soon as I step into the warmth, I want to take off my glasses, but my fingers jump; cheekbones, nose, ears like living ice. When the reaction of the blood occurs in the foot, the fingers, nose, ears, cheekbones burn like live fire. I don't think there can be a harsher winter in Siberia, because even if the thermometer drops lower, there won't be that much wind. Since in America they measure the weather in Fahrenheit, 167 I don't remember how many degrees the thermometer showed, but I estimate that it would have been around -30 Celsius. We boarded the train, enjoying from the warm rooms the view of the endless ice of the North Lake, in those places where the train climbed to the high clearing. The sea was white, vast, blinding, even though the snow covered the reflections of the ice. It looked like an endless plain, without a single tree anywhere.

Nowhere is there an end, no shore, only where the lake enters the land by canals or harbors do you see some trees, completely white with snow; but few have been spared by the axe, and even fewer by fire. The forests of America are disappearing with incredible speed, because they are being devoured by mines, which need millions of pounds of gravel for their trenches, lest they collapse and crush the workers with landslides, and they are being devoured even faster by fires, because pastures, meadows, and arable land are needed. Unfortunately, we arrived too late at the factories, because it is lunchtime, when the workers are not working, when the countless carts that pull and refine copper wires are not turning. We observe the neglected dead work. Countless wires are stretched out on all sides, some as thick as a little finger, some as thin as a silk thread, and huge wheels of already bent wires are piled up, of every kind and thickness, at all corners, along the walls. The wires are stretched from one wheel to the other, passed through a muddy mixture of red-ijenica, which cleans the wire and gives it a slightly golden shine, while the uncleaned wire is green with rust. Copper is one of the most malleable metals, and you can stretch and thin it on the wheels to an incredible thinness without it ever breaking if it is clean and overcooked. There are also furnaces for melting and overcooking copper nearby, and not far away is a mine, of which there are several in the Calumet area. Regretting that we cannot see and hear the whirring of the countless wheels over which the wires are stretched, we went to lunch. Anyone who is a better worker in America, who is diligent and knows how to save, can in a few years acquire a house and furniture in it, such as a wealthier man would be satisfied with here. Entering the roof of Gašparovič's brother-in-law, I was amazed at the comfort and cleanliness. His faithful maid keeps everything in order, and despite the children, she even manages to cook, and she prepared a home-cooked meal for us, as if we were in Gorski Kotar. At parting, she gave me, as a memento, a piece of copper, cast in a mold filled with straw, so that it looks like it is made of golden stalagmites. It is used to press papers. We said goodbye and set off back. The blizzard and the wind died down. The western sun, which in that area is already slightly above the horizon, broke through the gray layers of snow in the air, and casts pale pink rays across the snowy expanse of the North Lake, across the snow of the valleys and the bare nature. A profound peace reigns over it. There is not a living creature anywhere, not a rabbit, not a bird; as if all of nature had died, as if it were all — žuljaka, where the train passes, in the snow that covers the trees, in the snow that covers one huge corpse, covered in an endless white blanket; "Oh, the sun, as if dying, exhales, barely breathing, barely sending weak, sickly rays across that sheet, pale rays, like the color of a sick person's face, fading from dryness. How can you not believe that our ancient fathers had to believe in the struggle of good and evil, light and darkness, Vision and Vision? An indescribable necessity is dewing with the sun's rays across this ocean of snow, like the petals of some pink, airy flower across that endless, vast expanse of wilderness. . .

But the tall black chimneys, which here and there belch dark shafts of smoke into the snow-covered skies, remind you that there is a man here, one who is not afraid of the north, nor of snow, nor of ice, who does not need the warmth of the sun, nor of the moon, because he tears and tears the bowels of the earth, to dig out of it iron, metals, to warm himself, to work on its ores,

forges, fights and lives. A bold tit, who does not need fire or the warmth of heaven, who renounces even the help of the Deity, to live on his own, because he steals fire from the depths, and not from the heights, as in the Greek myth, and even light, and it is enough for him that God does not destroy the earth beneath him; — that he does not take the air from his lungs, that the earth turns as before, brings morning and evening, rains and droughts, storms and silences ... he will take care of everything else himself. Calumet is one of our best colonies in America. There is a lot of work and saving here. People drink to the brim here too, but in moderation. And morale is higher than in the southern regions. There are more women from the homeland, more family life, and fewer boarding houses. The wages are good, and perhaps only in Montana are wages a little higher. Some of our people have also taken up farming, but they are very rare. The autonomous government of Canada gives the poor as much fertile land as anyone can commit to cultivating by a certain date. The Canadian plains, although not as cold as Siberia, still have so much warmth in the summer that the crops ripen completely, and the harvests are very abundant. Cattle raising also pays well. Some were tempted by this, wanted to be masters, and sailed across Lake Superior, and obtained the promised land. Unfortunately, our man cannot stand the harshness of that climate and dies quickly. The climate of Calumet is already too harsh and dangerous for our man. While work is possible underground and in factories, it is possible to live, but the air is merciless. Nevertheless, many, very many get stuck. Catastrophes in mines and factories are on the agenda, as elsewhere. I quickly gained the sympathy of our people in Calumet. Everyone would have liked to have me visit them, to stay longer among them; but it was necessary to travel. To leave a memory of my stay, they wanted all the most prominent people to take a group photo with me, and we went to the photographer Steckbauer, where one of our employees took a photo of us. They placed me in the middle, on the right was the pastor Polij, on the left was Mr. Kaliy, and the others in two rows, among whom I mention the editor Švajger, Mr. Šneler, Ožaniy, Josip yop, Štefanac, Stipey, Mihelijy, Skender, Tonkovi, Gašparovi, Mihelij, Grguriy, Tiyc, etc. They all wanted to accompany me to the train station. I left with thanks from the lovely Gašparovi family. Little Roza, with whom I had once been on friendly terms, sometimes on good terms, did not want to believe that I would be leaving, otherwise she would have made up with me and kissed me. I wanted to catch her, but she ran away like the wind. That charming and beautiful diete, with her chatter, shortened many hours for me in the icy Calumet, where you have to stay indoors, because the weather doesn't allow walks in the snow. Before going to the station, I also visited Mr. M. Dražic, a steamship agent and money changer. This man, from a simple worker, probably a tenant in Vino Dol, managed to become a money changer, a kind of banker, and amassed a considerable fortune. It is no joke for a worker to learn enough English to be able to conduct both agent and banking business. All it takes is a clear mind and a strong will. Dražic lacks none of this; otherwise, he has not become the least bit gentlemanly, but lives like a simple worker, and his wife has not changed our coastal costumes to this day. He treated me and my friends to a glass of home-made wine; that is, to be clear, with wine prepared at home, but from grapes from somewhere in the southern states, which have a special smell, and you have to get used to it, to get used to it. After that we went to the station, where I said goodbye to my friends. Kaliy and Gašparovi wanted to accompany me again for a few stations, to show me their special friendship, as if they had not already shown it to me, more than my ardor could dissuade them. I shook their hands, we kissed and one by one, goodbye! the other, until we meet again in the homeland! The night is dark, but outside the snow is white, but always the same, boring! The black man made his bed and I lay down. 170 XVI. Through the wastes of snow. — Beautiful scenes on the open sea of the North Lakes. — Ely. — An American dinner. — Marko Zoretij. — Two conferences in Ely. — Iron mine. — A huge deposit of iron ore. — Maliine and work. — Disruptions in the travel program.

— A Slovenian pastor with a long white beard. — Indian oases. We woke up early somewhere on the border of Michigan and Wisconsin. The train always runs along the shores of the North Lake, whose open waters often open up to the eyes through the hills. Everything is desolate, and rarely do you see any trace of human work. Burnt pines stand out in all directions, as if struck by lightning; the forest is disappearing more and more. Snow on the hills, snow in the valleys, snow on the vast expanse of the lake. Morning breaks timidly and late. Dawn breaks out all the same on the border of Minnesota. From here, the views of Lake Superior become even more beautiful, because the train is traveling at a certain height, so that a magnificent horizon appears before your eyes. Here the southern arm of North Lake runs south, across which you can see in the great distance on the mountain slopes the city of Duluth, the chimneys of its factories, some huge warehouses, bridges over the river and the ice-covered and frozen piers in the harbor. In Duluth I got off the train, had lunch in a hotel near the station, very expensive, as if for travelers or for foreigners. At two o'clock I returned to the station, and shortly after boarded another train, which was heading north again towards Ely. And again I went for hours along the other northwestern shore of North Lake. Children slide on it, some ducks slide on a sail-shaped pier, driven by the wind on the ice. There is plenty of space, and they are not afraid of winter; they are used to it. In Duluth too I heard Croatian spoken at the station and in the streets, and I talked to some workers, employed in sawmills and carpentry factories. Towards evening the train left the shore of the lake, turning in a complete circle around a hill by the lake itself. I was amazed at this strange movement, and thought it was returning south, and even today I do not understand the real reason for this loop, because there was no great steepness, so that the train would have to go back to ease the resistance of the track. Of course, that was not a complete idleness either, because the location is very romantic, around a hill covered with fir trees, to take a last look at the vastness of the snow-white lake, illuminated by the pink light of the setting sun, which is extinguished in the mists of snow. Late in the evening I arrived in Ely, where Marko Zoretij met me at the station, with several friends, among whom was the young Slovenian Broziy, a bank clerk, with whom we went to dinner. In America it is customary to bring to the table at once everything that God and the house have given, so that the table is full, both cold and hot, and now you eat in the order that suits you. You do not drink until you have had dinner. Our people quickly adopt American customs, and so it was with the Gašparoviys, so it is now with the Broziys, so it will be with the Zoretiiys and elsewhere. I am afraid of such abundance. If it were a little at a time I would eat more, but as it is, I don't know what I will eat, and I am quickly full and tired, and if everything is clean and smooth, as the diligent sister of the housekeeper Mary Broziy knows how to prepare. A few guests gathered, who seemed to have a better appetite than I did, and after a while the beer was finished, conversation and welcome developed. Late at night we went to sleep at the Zoretiiys. Marko Zoretij is a lukewarm man. He can be no more than 35 years old, and he already has two houses and two stores in Ely. He was a simple worker in the iron mines, he worked his ass off, digging iron ore, pulling carts; and now he is the boss. Zoretij is small in stature, but extremely strong, a true athlete, and he challenges anyone who is willing to come forward to wrestle, as long as they are not bigger or heavier than him.

As many as came forward, as I read in the newspapers, he overcame as many of them. I had the opportunity to see for myself his strength when we competed to see who could lift the biggest piece of iron ore. He overpowered me, and I was not afraid either. He learned English, and even Finnish, because there are many Finns in the mine. Now he can speak both languages, because the Finns mostly buy suits from him, and tobacco and sweets from another shop. As soon as Zoretij got his bearings, he wrote to his father home, asking him to send his younger brother to him. When he arrived, he put him to school, and now he is studying to be a lawyer. During the holidays, he works with his brother in the shop, and his brother pays the huge fees for him at the university, provides him with all the provisions and demands that he study. He asks nothing else of his brother. His house is one of the most beautiful in Ely, and he has a ten-room apartment, with

with beautiful furniture, with a bath, electric light, etc. It also has a small library, where you will find Preradoviĭ, Vraz, Gunduliĭ, Shakespeare, etc., and when he came to America he could barely get his name on paper, because he had not finished but two elementary grades, and then he still had to go out to earn a living. He has everything, only one thing is missing: a wife. He would like to marry, but he has no one, because Ely is far from the world, right on the border of Canada, and there are no friends for him in the place. He would prefer a Croatian girl, if she is honest, chaste and somewhat educated, and if necessary he would send her money for the trip. He would like to write to his father, asking him to send him a good girl, but he is afraid that the old man, a peasant, will not know how to choose what he needs, and that he will send him a simple peasant girl. He likes Croatian women. Anyone who feels that she is what Zoretiĭ is looking for, that is, good, chaste, pretty, born to be a housewife, not ugly, and who can speak, in addition to Croatian, at least one other European language, such as French, German, English, or Italian, should contact Marko Zoretiĭ, Hly, Minn., and send a photo.

He will find a man who knew how to acquire wealth through hard work, even a considerable education, a good Croat, a good merchant and a virtuous husband. She who does not have these conditions should not bother him, nor should she who would like entertainment and company, because she will not find all of that on the desolate border of Canada. This is American, but we must adapt to customs. It was worth bringing up this example, so that it can be seen that not all of our people are scoundrels and drunkards, and Marko Zoretiĭ should forgive me for bringing up this need of his to the readers, because it is noble. It is noble to refuse so many marriage offers, which American agents bring and send to him every moment and from all sides, with 30—40—50 and 60 thousand dollars in dowry, and to look for a Croatian woman naked and barefoot, only if she is honest and raises children in the Croatian spirit. There are few Croats in Ely. There will be about a hundred of them at most.

There are a few more Slovenians and Zoretiĭ was counting on them when he invited me to come to Ely. He must have been a bit egotistical in that matter.

He wanted to hear me, to talk to me for a few days, to learn something, to find out about the situation in the homeland, and he didn't really think much about whether the trip and the idleness would be worth it. He should be forgiven for that, because he was guided by a noble feeling. He scheduled two conferences for Sunday, February 19. One, "On the Situation of Croats and Slovenes in the Homeland" at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the church hall; the other, in the same hall, at 8 o'clock in the evening, "On the Needs and Duties of Croats and Slovenes in America". That's what Zoretiĭ decided, without asking if I was squeamish and rude, and that's how it had to be. And it was, and if very few members of the community came to either conference. When I'm here, there's no other way, it's worth talking about, no matter how many there were. to b:l .

I spoke to them for two and a half hours in the afternoon, and another hour and a half in the evening. There were few of them, but they were enthusiastic.

Zoretiĭ and Broziĭ spoke before me to the people, the first Croatian and the second Slovenian, to interpret why I came and who I am. Ely is a small town, which owes its existence to a large iron mine, which was discovered in the valley below it. One morning I went with Zoretiĭ to inspect the mine. I won't be long, readers will already have enough of mines and machines. Falling into snow up to our knees, in the winter of Calumet, we descended towards the valley. The valley became a real ravine, since the iron, which was on the surface, was depleted from it. In the north, the cliffs drop vertically to a depth of 50 to 60 meters, and the valley descends into a basin towards the west. Landslides and rockfalls are now common. 173 which little by little fill up that huge pit. When the iron on the surface was gone, they dug a sloping trench on the south side, where they set up machines similar to those in the Calumet mines, but of less power, because the depth of the trench is smaller and the abundance of iron ore is much greater. To the left of the buildings is a veritable mountain of this ore. The carts, which are loaded with ore over the mouth of the trench, roll automatically every moment over the top of this enormous deposit, emptying themselves down the high slope, which is daily lengthening, and every day a multitude of trains, loaded with ore, move southward, towards Duluth, Minneapolis, Chicago, and even to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, where the largest factory of railway engines is. They build 2,000 of them every year, mostly for Europe. Double rails run along the top of the massive deposit, so that the carts loaded with ore can roll continuously. One comes, the other returns, and every now and then you hear the rolling of huge and heavy pieces of natural iron down the bridge. On each wagon stands a man, who has no other job than to open the doors for the carts when they reach the edge, so that they can be emptied. Several times, due to the carelessness of the driver, accidents happen, because the driver does not stop the cart, or does not open them in time, and the force of the swing carries them down the bridge, and he ends up like a piece of dough. On the other side, the train comes right under the iron block, and the wagons are loaded very slowly from above. Next to the buildings where the machines and the trench are located, there is a long planked shed, where each worker has his own cabin, in which he puts on his clothes before going down into the trench, and puts on the simplest clothes, because rust stains everything. There are also washbasins set up around it, so that they can wash themselves when they get out. The work is very difficult and tiring, because even a small piece requires great strength to place it in a cart that will fill an iron wagon, which carries the ore by air. The percentage of iron in the ore is enormous, like in few mines in the world. I tried to lift a few pieces of ore that were lying around that iron hill and I was convinced that it was not an easy job, all day long, extracting and loading that object. I stayed in Ely until Tuesday, waiting for an invitation from Montana to come and hold a conference there. There are three large settlements of ours there in Great Falls, in Anaconda and in Butte. I, having just arrived in Allegheny, wrote to all parts of America, to the presidents of the sections of the Croatian N. Society, informing them of the purpose of my visit. I wrote so many letters that if I were to collect them in one book, it would be like the one I am writing now. I took the "Jajedniĭar" in my hands, where all the Osijeks were killed, namely their presidents, councilors and the number of members. Despite these papers, despite the advertising that the "Narodni List" tirelessly made for me and the response. Some responded 174 iiee'n, claiming that there is great poverty among the people and that they cannot afford to pay my .., "Hrvatska Zastava", and other newspapers, the vast majority did not even honor me travel expenses. They invited me, as in Crested Butte and St. Louis, and it would have been much better if they had not. GM Draĭiĭ persuaded me to definitely go to Montana, because the Croatian settlements there are numerous and quite conscious. He personally wrote to Mr. Marcelja, one of the most prominent Croats in Great Falls, and I wrote to him, asking him to wire me in Ely, if I could come. If I do not receive a wire by Tuesday evening, I will start for Crested Butte in the state of Colorado. If I receive a wire, I will take the first train via Minnesota and North Dakota, towards Montana, and I will hold conferences in Great Falls, Anaconda and Butte, and I will travel via Idaho, Utah and Nevada to San Francisco, California, from where I have already received an invitation. If I get a chance I will visit Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, famous for its geysers, lakes and springs. On the way back I will pass through Colorado, visit Crested Butte, and then to St. Louis. I waited until Tuesday evening, and when the telegram from Great Falls did not arrive, I set off for Colorado. On the train I happened to run into a Slovenian pastor from Ely. Duth was going to a priest's funeral. Although I visited him in Ely, he did not come to my conferences.

It goes without saying that in Ely I had to go from saloon to saloon with Zoretiĭ and visit everyone, big and small, whomever I came across. The pastor, who has been in America since his youth, is still an Austrian at heart, so he was afraid that I would say something against Austria, and he never intended to return to it. Even if he is a peasant from Carniola, he is a German at heart. They say that he has acquired about 100,000 dollars in wealth. He wears a white beard, like a brown capuchin. He also learned the Indian language, because there are several Indian oases in the vicinity, and someone had to take care of him and

for their souls. I have forgotten his name, in the rest of it literature will lose nothing, and neither will the national economy, because his dollars really will not go to Carniola. On the way he was kind to me, and we talked to Duluth, where we arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening. On the way we saw beautiful scenes, while there was still light, along the small lakes, which are full of northern Minnesota, as well as Canada; and there are all shapes. All are frozen, covered with snow and surrounded by forests. Among these lakes hide the remains of Indians, who are engaged in fishing, deer hunting and a little herding. 175 XVII, Accidents on the road. — Expensiveness of American railroads. — St. Paul. — The Negro's feigned kindness. — The Negro question in America. — Negro violence in the southern states. — . The national strike of whites. — Savage instincts in blacks. — Lynch law in practice. — Are Negroes capable of organizing a country? — Quarrels between the southern and northern states over the Negroes. — Booker Washington. — Negro University at Tuskegee. — Omaha. — Platte River. — Railroads create cities. — A wrecked train by the railroad. — Denver. — The decline of the Spanish language in the western states. — Salida. — The serenity of the night skies over the Rocky Mountains. — Marshall Pass. — Crested Butte. — Croatian Home, — A Merry Society. — Would you like something to drink? — Teaching the people. — Croatian Section of the Salooner Society. — Conference at Crested Butte. — Anthracite. — Silver mines in the Rocky Mountains. To travel from Ely, the northernmost point of Minnesota, to Crested Butte, on the summit of the Colorado Mountains, perhaps the highest point above sea level in the Northern States, and to do so in one trip, is no joke. If only there were direct railway connections, like those between big cities! But to get to those places where God said good night to people! that is not a very pleasant job. For four full days I rolled from Ely to Crested Butte on American railways, which are far behind the exaggerated fame that they enjoy in Europe with their alleged speed. It is an Americanada like many others! Already in Duluth, when I went to buy a ticket, a boredom that cannot be described took hold of my heart and a foreboding that very boring days awaited me. I wanted to buy, to save money, a district ticket in this order: Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, Crested-Butte, ↯ Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg, New- York. American railways are terribly expensive, and with a district ticket I would have saved more than a third of the cost. The railway official, when I handed him the paper on which those places were marked in order, with a request to give me a district travel ticket, stopped looking at the paper, then rummaged through a pile of books and geographical maps, and after a long search, asked me: where is Crested 176 Butte? Odi^ovorili, that it is in the middle of Colorado, nie,t;jii Denver and Grand Jiinction. He shakes his head, fidgets, phones higher-ups, torments me with questions that I barely understand, because he's like he has a big American potato in his teeth; and I understand English well, when it's on paper, but when it's in the air, especially if it's not spoken to me quietly and clearly word by word, I don't understand it very well. A word escapes my ear, the thread of thought is interrupted, so let's go after it! While I'm thinking about what he told me before, he's already talking about something else, and it's as if he's not talking. I struggle as best I can to explain my wishes to him.

I happen to turn around and see a bearded Slovenian priest from Ely in the hall, who has stopped with someone, and we are talking. I ask him to help me and he comes. He speaks and understands perfect English-American, but even with his help I can't go, and I can't go! The clerk says that everything would be fine if Crested Butte wasn't on my trip, because he doesn't know where it is, or how much it costs to get there. It's not on any map! He advises me to leave that place out, as if God is inspiring him, but I don't want to, because I've arranged a conference there on Sunday, which is the first one. The priest gets fed up, leaves me alone and goes away. Now I have to struggle on my own, and then passengers come to buy tickets, and every now and then interrupt my negotiations with the clerk. I crouch in front of his window for a full two hours, but he can't get me to give me the district map I'm looking for. When I finally had enough, and the time of departure was approaching, I asked him to give me a ticket to Denver. Around eleven I sat in the compartment and lit a turkis h-tr 0 phies cigarette, to dispel my worries. The black man had already made the bed. I lay down and fell asleep late. The black man woke me up in St. Paul. I got dressed, washed my face and brushed my teeth, and the black man was already carrying my carry-on luggage, with a sweet smile on his lips, and told me to hurry, as if the train was about to leave. He helped me put on my coat, saying all this kindly, showing his white teeth, and he cleaned my shoes so that they shone like a mirror. His smile seemed to remind me not to forget to put the usual quarter in his hand. I gave it to him, took my luggage and left. I asked the clerk at the station where the train to Omaha was. He told me to go. I took off my coat, arranged my luggage and suddenly remembered why the black man was in such a hurry. He liked my beautiful silk scarf, which protects the neck from the winter, and the white collar to prevent it from getting dirty, brand new and according to the latest Parisian fashion. Black people are good at things like this, like magpies on glass. Fashion does not put out anything that would be too expensive for a black man to make himself as beautiful as possible. In that rush, I didn't remember that handkerchief, and the black man just happened to forget it on my bed! When it comes to blacks, it won't be worse if I say something about the black question in America, because that question is not one of the last, since today there are over 10 million blacks, and 70 million of other races in the United States. Blacks are spread everywhere, but in the northern states they are less numerous, and they perform the work of servants 177 12 in railway carriages, inns and hotels; clean shoes on the streets and in the stations. I did not find them in factories and mines, and they are not among farmers. In the southern states they are in the majority in many places, engaged in agriculture, cattle breeding, fishing, etc. As is known, the war between the southern and northern states, which lasted from 1861 to 1864, was primarily motivated by the Negro question. Until then, the Negroes were considered slaves, and the northern Puritans could not bear this insult to humanity. The war was one of the bloodiest and most expensive that history knows, and it ended in the complete defeat of the southern states. In 1865, the Negroes received all civil rights, and were completely equal to the whites. As a result, in the elections from 1865 to 1875 - blacks reached the majority in several southern states in elections, and became masters of the parliaments and city municipalities. Then they began to turn away the whites from the fire, drive them out of the civil service, and appoint only blacks, without asking whether they were capable of it. It is worth knowing that in America, as soon as one party defeats the other in the elections, and comes to power, it immediately dismisses all previous officials, without any pension, and appoints its own people. In other respects, elections are necessary for all important official positions, whether in the state or in the city service, and even for judges themselves. It is therefore not surprising that blacks did the same thing that whites do in other states. But what whites did not do anywhere, blacks did in the states and cities where they came to power. They imposed unbearable taxes on whites, both on property and on trade and commerce, and they voluntarily exempted blacks from taxes. In doing so, they allowed themselves to be bribed and began to sell themselves like cattle in the market, exposing whites to all kinds of injustice and violence. They behaved, in short, like savages who lorded it over educated people. This began to be unbearable for the white race, so they came to complain in the Senate in Washington, but the Puritan majority, in the name of equality and humanity, dissuaded them, saying that the Senate could not interfere in the autonomous affairs of various states. Whites have the same electoral rights as blacks, so let them fight to reach the majority. This is how it is

The French and Russian diplomats told me the same thing when I told them about the state of affairs in Croatia and the violence of the Hungarians. They asked me if there were any Hungarians in Croatia, and when I told them that there were few or none, they would look at me in surprise and ask again, don't you have a constitution? I would tell them that we do, but if I tried to explain to them this so-called constitution and the way elections are held, and the slavery of officials, it would be difficult for them to understand. Finally, the whites got fed up with the violence of the blacks. Not wanting to watch the complete destruction of the southern states with folded arms, they decided to overthrow the tyranny of barbarism and savagery by force. From 1875 onwards, they began to come to the elections armed, began to break into the polling stations, took the ballot boxes with revolvers in their hands and declared all the whites elected. 178 They soon came to the majority and to the state legislatures, to pass several laws. The Constitution of the United States states that there is no difference between citizens and that all enjoy the right to vote and to be elected. But the legislatures of the southern states passed laws according to which only those who can read and write, who can prove that they understand the laws of the constitution, who own property worth at least \$300, and who can prove that their father and grandfather enjoyed the right to vote, have the right to vote. All this was directed against the blacks, who for the most part cannot read or write, do not own anything, very often do not know who their father is, let alone their grandfather, let alone be able to prove that their grandfather enjoyed the right to vote! The northern states still resent the southern states for this and wherever they can express their dissatisfaction. From Washington, in the affairs of the Union, among which the customs officers are concerned, President Roosevelt and his government are making trouble for the whites wherever they can. A few years ago he appointed a certain Dr. Crum, a pure-blooded negro, to the position of superintendent of the customs office in the city of Delaware, South Carolina. This is a very important and lucrative position, and the appointment aroused general disapproval among the whites. Everyone shouted: Roosevelt is protecting and pampering the negroes, in order to secure their votes for the presidency. They were right, because the negroes voted for Roosevelt by ballot. In truth, observing the dispute impartially, it must be admitted that the whites of the southern states are not entirely to blame. Nature did not create all men equal, and therefore the law cannot make them equal either. Just now, human law itself is trying to turn against the progress of mankind. I have had the opportunity to see a few thousand negroes, but I have not had the opportunity to go to Florida or Louisiana to study them in their homes and in the fields. But for that I diligently read American newspapers every day. And there wasn't a day that I didn't read about some crime committed by black people. There are many of them who are engaged in simple banditry and robbery. They are stout, tall and muscular, but they are also very lazy. If he worked one week, the next week he drinks and wanders. He lies like Satan himself. Lying is as innate to him as the color black. The Rietkos marry and live in extramarital life, changing their concubines very often, who only cares about raising their bastards. They are crazy about white women like real satyrs. They stalk them in buses and if they manage to catch one, they rape her mercilessly, in a brutal manner. They are not intimidated by the thought, if they are caught, that they will be stoned to death, hanged from the first tree, burned alive without a regular trial. In the southern states, white women are as afraid of black men as of the devil, especially if they live anywhere on a farm surrounded by blacks. Then they are capable of breaking into a house at night. Without a weapon it would be dangerous to live among them. Just while I was on the journey I am describing, I read in a newspaper I bought at the Omaha station that a black man came to a white lady in a small town in the area and begged her for alms. She fed him and gave him beer to drink, and when she was gluttonous, he began to molest her, although she was 65 years old. She began to chase him, but he fell on her, crushed her and did not let her go until he had satisfied his animal instinct, and left her unconscious. As soon as the servants arrived, called the lady to her, and she told her what had happened, the servants started shouting, the people gathered, and they all started chasing the black man. Some, who saw him enter, declared that they would recognize him. They pulled out all the blacks from the vicinity, until they found one, who was hiding somewhere in the barn. As soon as they recognized him as a criminal, some with stones, some with a kick, some with a stick, some with a beating, they pinned him down on the spot, and then they dispersed, and let someone take care of the funeral. I read another case of satire that happened somewhere in Arizona. There a black man raped an immature white girl, but when the child screamed, the mother came running, shouted, and the people immediately gathered, attacked the black man, tied him up and hung him from the nearest branch. On the way through Nevada, I read in the "Salt Lake Tribune" that two blacks and a white man attacked at night and enslaved a merchant. They tried to drown a white man and a black man in the wasteland of salt, around the Salt Lake, and they caught one black man and burned him alive in straw, and then they started chasing the other two. There is nothing more despicable in the southern states than marriages between whites and blacks. Only white men and women, who belong to the lowest branches, engage in this. Nothing good can be born from such marriages, so mulattos are usually worse than blacks, because they were born from a worse mother than if she were black or from a worse father than if he were black. It is true, every breed can be improved by science, even the black, but neither books nor religion can completely eradicate African rainforest instincts from them. They are not cannibals, because they have plenty of pork and beef meat, in other respects they are far below white people in spirit. When they give in to drunkenness, they become real chickens; and even faith cannot drive out the atavistic remnants of fetishism from their souls, and they give in to the most base prejudices. The best proof that they do not have sufficient abilities for state life is Liberia and San Domingo. In San Domingo, the French left them a completely organized state, arranged ports and fields, gave them Christian science and education, built roads, etc., and then they suddenly felt that the French reins did not hold them back, and they returned to a wild state, to eternal revolution and civil war. They exterminated not only all the whites, but also the mulattos, gave in to all kinds of vices, forgot their faith and returned to fetishism. The southerners are angry with the northern Quakers, because they interfere in their affairs, and they ask them: Who went to Sudan to hunt blacks, who brought them to America, who traded with them, as with ordinary cattle.^ You! And you, who sell us blacks for dear money, have announced to us their labor and freed them; but you have not returned to us the money that we gave you for them! 180 Where is the truth? On Wednesday. It is inappropriate to talk too much about blacks, and to try to make them equal to the whites, when nature did not want it: but neither did nature want slavery, nor that the human family should be considered animals, simple tools for pulling. In the southern states, whites are still unjust to blacks today. They exclude them from all government services; from their society, to the point that on trains there are separate cars for whites and separate ones for blacks. For blacks, they are no cleaner than those in which pigs are loaded. In the northern states, they are equal to the whites on paper, but they are not accepted into the government service. They are content to serve white people in taverns and on trains, there are very rich and respectable blacks who are merchants and farmers. When they become wealthy, they do not allow themselves to be neglected by white people in any way, they go to the theaters, and usually take the most expensive seats, they shower their wives with pearls and precious stones, they send their sons to higher education, even to European universities, and they have their daughters brought up in a noble manner. They stand up for their people and spare no expense for this purpose. With the help of similar benefactors, the intelligent mulatto Booker Washington established a high school and university for blacks in Tuskegee, Alabama. Today he is the representative and leader of the black movement, and he became famous with his book Up from Slavery. He devoted his whole soul and the very enthusiasm of an apostle to the moral upliftment of his people. He was a slave himself, a bastard, who didn't know his father, so he didn't even know the year he was born, because t

nor the name of the parents. With indescribable passion and tremendous effort, with small beginnings, Booker Washington today manages the institute, which is an entire city, because it has 60 buildings, and in them 1,400 students of all professions and professions, from farmers to doctors and lawyers. Before him, General Armstrong had already built a nursery school for blacks in Richmond. Booker heard about it, so he walked, already a grown man, to Richmond and asked the general to admit him to the school. There he learned to read and write, and today he is the rector and supreme lord, economic manager of his university. In addition to rich blacks, he is also helped by American tycoons, such as Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, etc. In that black institute, there is the greatest strictness and purity, and in rugby, all blacks push themselves, especially Booker Washington, to make the university team and show that a black is equal to a white. The plains of Minnesota are boring, and the plains of Iowa are even more boring. All plowed fields to plowed fields, stubble to stubble, and all covered with snow. No forest, no hill to catch your eye. The railroad usually runs in a straight line, so you can see somewhere in the distance where the 181 parallel tracks meet at a sharp angle. Late at night I arrived in Omaha. There it was my turn to change trains again, and the connection: the trip to Denver wasn't until tomorrow morning. I ran to the first hotel, which I had to go to the station, and lay down in some huge bed, whose iron springs bounced, clanked with a metallic hum, and even pricked my ribs. The room was cold. There was no electric light, no bedside table to lean a tallow lamp on and be able to read, and I can't fall asleep without reading. I roll around on the bed from right to left, from left to right, like that patient of Dante's: *Che per dar volta suo dolore scherma*. (Which, rolling over, tries to ease the pain.) All kinds of thoughts are running through my head, and behind every thought is the face of desire, when I will go to the ocean again, to go towards my dear homeland. I finally fell asleep and woke up in time to catch the train to Denver. The passage through Minnesota and the state of Iowa was boring, the one through Nebraska was even more boring. All day I drive along the frozen tributary of the Missouri Platte, and all around is an endless plain, covered with snow. Just before evening, the peaks of Colorado's Rocky Mountains appeared in the distance in the southwest. Along the railway line, which always runs straight, you often find small towns and villages; well, if you look at the map, you won't find anywhere far from the railroad tracks. All emptiness itself. Like rivers used to be, today railroad tracks attract people to build houses along them, to make it easier for them to travel with the world. When the government wants to populate and revitalize a region, it gives permission to a railroad company to build a railroad there, and the region immediately comes to life. Often, the large landowners themselves offer the company free land where the railroad will pass, and the government also gives the land to the poor. This benefits both the landowners, the government, and the railroad companies, because the price and value of the land increases greatly, traffic and trade revive, and everyone is satisfied. And if a large mine is hidden somewhere, the railroad companies themselves offer to build a railroad to it. They are sure that the job will pay off, because it will transport the product from the mine, as well as passengers. In any case, the state benefits, and the land is always poor, and so without petitions, without bureaucratic hassles and delays, the railroad is just conceived, and is already being weighed. This is how it is explained that the United States alone has more railroads than all of Europe. And here? The government itself prevents the construction of railways, to leave our rich mines dead, to kill our transport and trade, to keep the people in ignorance and poverty, to force them to migrate, all so that the Magyars and Germans will more easily squeeze our people out of the horned lump, or keep them in subjection, which is very similar to slavery. On the way across Nebraska, the train suddenly stops moving slowly. All the passengers peeked out the windows, and so did I. 182 an entire train was lying along the track, smashed, broken, destroyed; complete ruin. *Machina*, with broken wheels, cracked[^]. boiler, sank halfway into the ground and rolled onto its side, and the broken chimney fell into the corn stubble and into the snow. Some wagons ran over others and crushed them. Only the last one, the rugby ones, remained intact, and they were cut in half. There are scattered fragments of wagons, roofs, walls, wheels, seats and various goods on all sides. I do not see any dead people; they must have already been dragged away. The track is free and hastily repaired, so that the train can pass, but slowly. In my travels in America I have had the opportunity to witness three such trains, which either fell off the rails or collided with other trains. This is nothing unusual, it is the order of the day. Delays are no exception, but happen daily. Often the engineer or the train driver is drunk as a cork, and often the officials at the stations, and they forget to report the delay of the opposing train, or the train driver forgets that he was informed, and so telegrams about disasters fly in daily. Every day you read in the newspapers about train collisions, so many dead and so many wounded, yet no one stays home because of that when they have to travel. Human life is not valued much, the main thing is that business progresses, and whoever remains alive, let him enjoy himself. I always expected to suddenly hear the thunderous clash of machines, when some wagon would run over my bones. Fortunately, though, I made it through so many thousands of kilometers crisscrossing the United States alive. A little after ten o'clock in the evening I arrived in Denver, the capital of Colorado. There, I think at least they will know where Crested Butte is. I went to the cash register and asked when the train leaves for that place, and the clerk told me, at nine o'clock in the evening. I thought he had made a mistake, so I asked him if it wasn't nine in the morning, but he repeated in the evening! The train I took was exactly an hour and a half late, and if it had arrived on time, I could have gone straight to Crested Butte. Now I have to wait all day in Denver, in a city like all other cities in America, and without work! I looked for the nearest hotel again and spent another boring night, unable to sleep. They say that a wise man is never alone, because he is always by himself, but the question is, wouldn't a wise man sometimes want to be without a wise man, without himself, without his thoughts, in the company of some carefree person. I don't know if I can be counted among the wise, but I do know that sometimes my thoughts tire me, that they won't leave me, nor give me rest, and I would gladly shake them off, I would gladly run away from myself, to some carefree place to rest. But they won't leave me! Imagination burns like a flame, it inflames all the cells of the brain, and one gives another a spark, like a blade of grass when the wind fannes a fire. When the flame of imagination is played out, it seems to me to be rustling, like a fire in a wide forest. I wandered all day through Denver, a city so regular that one cannot imagine anything more boring. There are beautiful wide streets, there are also 183 buildings, on which a million dollars must have been spent, huge churches, banks, etc., but all this is killed by its regularity. The space occupied by the city is enormous, but you can cross it in a day by electric streetcar. I am most interested in listening to people's conversations, to hear what language they speak. Colorado used to belong to the Spanish circle; today you do not hear a word of Spanish in Denver, nor in Pueblo, nor in any other city in that state, and until soon you will not hear it even in California itself. Let only a few old women die, who still in churches that bear Spanish names string Spanish Fathers on their rosaries, and farewell to the wonderful, sweet tongues of Calderon and Cervantes! Cruel, simple English is everywhere displacing Spanish, as a cruel, robust peasant has ruined a languid hidalgo from his ancestral estate. Finally the sun sets and it begins to feel a bit of winter, because already in Denver the temperature is completely different from that in the northeastern states. There is some snow there too, but it is melting, because we are on the plains, while the mountains are still full of it. I ran to the station to buy a ticket to Crested Butte. I calculated that it would cost four or five dollars, when it was eleven there, and with the Pullman it would be almost a full fourteen dollars.

Oh, those American trusties, they know their business, how to rip people off. I've already had a trip from Ely to Denver with various minor travel expenses.

The expenses had fallen to sixty dollars, and now by Crested Butte it had risen to over seventy! Will the conference at Crested Butte pay off half of that? I was a little worried and began to think, whether it would not have been better to listen to the clerk in Duluth, drop Crested Butte and take the district ticket, as I had planned, and get a third discount. It was already late now, and besides, I had given up. It must be kept, and it would have been a disaster. I would have done well financially to have gone to Ely, but morally I did well to go. Perhaps I will gain experience at Crested Butte, study our people in the simple life in the mine, far from the world, and teach them. I resigned myself to fate and went to bed before the train left. The negro woke me up before dawn in Salida, because I had to change trains.

The beautiful Spanish name Salida, which means ascent, because here the railway and the old road begin to climb the high mountains, the English distorted it with the pronunciation Selajda, which means nothing at all. I dressed quickly, washed myself and went out. The stars twinkled in the sky just like in the first spring over the Adriatic Sea. In the southern sky, above the snow of the high Timors, the two planets Jupiter and Mars blaze, and the wonderful Sirius competes with its flickering rays, with the calm and motionless flame of Jupiter. It is winter, and the stars tremble in the blue clearing of the heavens, as if they too felt its power. I pulled my hat up to my chest, turned up my turkey collar, and walked in front of the station, watching the first milky clouds of dawn in the east, until it finally began to whiten, then to turn red, until the 184th day spread the rosy flowers of the morning air on the snow of the mountains. The train moved slowly and slowly, climbing towards the famous Marshall Pass, the highest pass, if we are to believe the American maps, that any railroad in the world has crossed. The map says that the height of that pass is 10,856 feet! My Andrew, however, which is one of the best atlases in the world, indicates the highest peak in Colorado at 4,379 meters. Accordingly, Marshal Pass would not be a thousand meters lower than the highest peak. It is possible that the American map does not lie, but I have become very wary of their thegreatest, thebest, etc., in the world. There is nothing unusual, nor beautiful, nor romantic about this ascent. The mountains are slow, round and swollen, and there are no high steep hips, except for the mountain hair in the distance, above the plateau covered with snow. The train meanders here and there around the rounded mountain ridges, it always climbs, but there are no ravines, no gorges, no abyssal riverbeds, but everywhere you can see the view of a huge plateau, sown with rounded ridges, like waves. Only that mountain hair in the distance with its snow-gilded morning rays breaks the monotony of the scene. You wriggle like that for several hours. This is the famous and American-styled Marshall-Pass! The crossing over our Ivan Mountain, and the hundred scenes on the railroad between Karlovac and Rijeka, especially near Skrad and when the Adriatic sea opens, cover the beauty of the Marshall Pass a hundred times over. Who has crossed the top of the mountain by railway around the valley below the beautiful Skrad, and not looked in awe at those glades and glades, valleys and ravines, slopes and lakes, all covered with fir, birch, beech, blackthorn and other mountain trees? Who has not been amazed by the splendor of colors, which flow into each other without visible transitions, more vivid the closer, thinner and more diffused, more blue the further away, as the valley rises behind the valley, and the higher mountain peaks behind the lower ones, all intertwined with thin mists, which, like spirals, evaporate in all possible colors of the iris and their most delicate vaporizations.^ This is not the place to describe the beauties of our homeland, I have done enough in my other travelogues — and if a hundred human lives and the best pens would not be enough to even remotely depict these beauties — I will only say that all the famous European mountain passes, such as Semmering, Brenner, Mont-Cenis, Saint Gothard, etc., are incomparably more beautiful than the much-vaunted Marshall Pass. This crossing has no other beauty than that which all American things have, that is, size, because Americans, like rugby, see beauty only in size, while that is not one of the most urgent conditions of beauty. I am increasingly afraid that hyperbole plays a role in all their sizes, even in the numbers of mountain heights and passes. As usual, this time the train was late. In Gunnison, the train had to be changed again. I sat on some kind of carts, in comparison with which our, so much ridiculed, Samobor railway looks like the Orient Express, and our Zagorje train, in terms of its speed, like a horse to a frog. Around noon, the heavy wagons creaked towards Crested Butte. Like a horse whose load has made deep grooves in its bearings and can barely pull, that is how that train went, now becoming, as if to rest, now continuing its journey with great effort. It seemed to me that the machine was groaning and groaning from pain and strain, and it almost aroused a kind of pity in me, like some kind of animal. About three hours later we arrived at Crested Butte, having covered about 40 kilometers of road! As soon as I looked at the place, something froze in my heart. The last village in Bosnia doesn't look like that. All are huts and woodsheds, and only two or three chimneys show that there is work there. You can see as far as your heart's content and the countless wagons loaded with coal and anthracite, which lie on the tracks around the station, also poor huts, lost in the snow. The train rushed, coming, far from it, so I looked from the steps of the wagon where I would get off.

I have no choice but to sU\ in the snow up to my knees, and make my way to that wooden hut. I look to see if I can recognize anyone by their appearance as a Croat, I listen to see if I can hear a Croatian word; all for nothing. There are five or six people there, workers, so I ask them if they know Mr. Muhviy. They don't know. I ask them if they could tell me where the Croatian society is, they tell me that it's in the village. I was already from Ely, Mr. Muhviy, president of the Croatian section of the N.C. Society, giving him the exact time of my arrival, and for the second time I telegraphed him from Denver, asking him to wait for me at the station. I turned to him because he had signed the letter in which the Croatians from Crested Butte invited me to come and give them a conference. He did not come. Where am I going, where am I going in that poor village, on a plateau covered with high snow.^ All around are the peaks of the snowy mountains, sharp, rocky, majestic. I am considering whether I should go back immediately and ask the clerk when the train returns to Gunnison. Tomorrow at two o'clock in the afternoon! There is no other way, I am stuck here and I have to worry about where I will spend the night. "Demitto auriculas ut inique mentis asellus" (I hang my ears like a foolish donkey), Horace would say. I console myself with the thought that I will probably find Croats after all, and that I will be able to study them better here in the countryside, in the mine itself, than in the cities. I set off, by the grace of God, on the first road to look for a place to stay and stay. I struggle through the snow and meet a few people, but they do not seem to me to be Croats. Finally I see one who, by his appearance, could be a Croat. I ask him in English if he knows Mister John Muhviy. He replies that he does. I asked him if he was a Croat; he confirmed it. I started speaking Croatian with him, so we set off together towards the village and arrived in front of a wooden house, on one floor. On the door 186 it says on one side "Hrvatski Do m", with the druid "Croatian Home". My guide was ^. Ribiy, who runs the saloon business at the Croatian Home. He told me that Muliviy was working as a miner. Oh, good! I thought to myself. Our people must be very hardworking, diligent and thrifty, when not one of them wanted to leave work for a few hours to come and meet the people's representative, perhaps the first and last, who came to visit his brothers in America, to see how they were, to tell them how things were in their homeland, to encourage, comfort and instruct them. This thought of work and shelter, even if a little ironic and skeptical, somewhat alleviated the sad impression I had at first, when I found myself lost in that wasteland. Mr. Ribiy had my luggage carried to the saloon, and his wife gave me something to pawn. When I had regained my strength, I began to read „ "Narodni List", when some drunkard, who found out who I was from Ribiy, approached me,

He offers me the usual glass; I must accept it. Then he starts talking to me, he wants me to tell him what I will tell the people. It would be better to hold a special conference for him alone. At first I am amused by his beer-drenched thoughts, so I study him. He tells me how he came to Anierika, where he has been wandering. I see that he has no left thumb on his hand. I ask him how he lost it, maybe in some accident? — Oh no. I cut it off myself, so that I would not go into the army and get married. It was like this: I used to herd sheep in Kapela, and my dear wife today, grazed sheep next to me, a little further away. We met every day. She was the most beautiful girl in the village. Her eyes were like lightning, and her shirt barely tightened her breasts, so that they would not run away into the mountains. Day by day, as if in front of my eyes, my breasts are growing, like grass growing in curls, and my mind is foggy, my head is spinning, worse than now, worse than if I had drunk five liters of whiskey every day. The time of conscription is approaching.

How can I leave her?^ By the time I get back the dove has gone with some other dove. There, right left! I decided not to give it to someone else to enjoy my gold! There, there; right left, one day I put my thumb on a stump, and with a pickaxe on it, as if it were sad. There; I called a doctor, who gave me a certificate that he cut off my thumb, because it was rotten; and my hundred dollars rotted in his stomach and so I did not fall under the military court. There, there, right 1 we got married and I was happy without a thumb on my hand, and my Anka was completely satisfied with the thumb . . . (Here my hero made a big one, which should be kept quiet.) I got tired of herding sheep in the mountains and we went to America. Now my wife has her own scoundrel. Nothing for it; I use it wherever I can. There; right left! I've told you my life story, and now you tell me yours. Fish, give the gentleman a cigar, give him a beer! What a service! The gentleman will still complain, here, there; right left, if we had welcomed him, like donkeys! If my wife had chosen a more handsome scoundrel than me, I wouldn't have regretted it! But there are no other blind people with healthy eyes like her, so I don't care! There there; right 187 left! She is, to my soul, the most beautiful! Sooner or later, I'll beat his ribs with a sneeze, by God! He was interesting for half an hour, but his story lasted more than three hours, and every now and then he slapped me on the shoulder. The stinking breath of beer and whiskey, dissolved in a rotten stomach, would be breathed in by the drunken grunting of the deceived gjuvegijja, and "there there; "right, left!" filled the air during our conversation. Ribij tried to get him away from me, started shouting, but it was all in vain. However, another drunkard broke the boredom, who came every now and then with another bucket, to carry beer to the families. That's the job he makes a living from. He doesn't do anything else, and every time he brings a bucket, he tilts it a little so that the beer doesn't spill on his way, then staggers away and there he is with a new bucket. He teases every female householder who comes to buy beer, or something else, rubbing her breasts with his hand, asking if she wants him. Where will she find a more handsome man? Where is a better hero than him.^ Because they all rush after him! My "Amo, there", leans over, irritated by that boasting, as if he were nobody and nowhere! And what am I, a.^ Will they love you more than me, little one, a.^ Amo there; right, left .^ A} — What are you going to do.^ what are you drunk fool.^ If you were why, you wouldn't be looking for someone else's wife! — Here, there! By God, I'll break those buckets on the pumpkin. Why are you meddling in my affairs.^ Those are my things! After six hours, the workers started coming. My "here, there", doesn't give me to anyone, as if he had hired me. But other drunkards are also coming, who are no joke. Everyone wants me to drink with them and it's better to drink, so that there won't be a beating. The sober ones are also coming, who free me from the drunks for a moment, but "here, there" always rushes up to me and taps me on the shoulder. — Tell me, rich man, what are you going to tell the people.^ Every worker, as soon as he gets there, asks me what I'm going to drink, and asks for a cigar. And oh, Prince Marko, if only I could drink, like you, or at least like your Šarac! I take a cigar with the smarter ones and my pockets are already full. None of these people, extending their hands to me, say their names. When I ask them their names, they gape in surprise, as if they had forgotten them. Finally Muhviy arrives; he doesn't say who he is either, but Ribij tells me that he is the president of the HN Community branch. He doesn't ask me about my health, or how I traveled, or apologize for not coming to the station to wait for me, but asks: "Would you like something to drink?" That's all the politeness that, unfortunately, is within the reach of our people, scattered throughout the various mines of America, where they work like oxen for American capitalists, for the trustors, and all their happiness in life is in a glass of beer, in the thought that they can eat meat every day, as if that were the supreme good that a man can achieve on earth. I came on Saturday, and I can't stay among them, but on Sunday. So there's no point in wasting time, but in that short time I must do the world and the world as much good as possible. For this reason, I ask Muhviy to quickly gather as many people as possible so that I can hold a silent conference for them that same evening on the spiritual needs of American Croats, especially workers, to teach them about the rights they can claim from society and the state, about their duties towards themselves, towards society, towards the state in which they live and towards their old homeland; to give them advice on how they can unite and how they can more easily resist the struggle for life in competition with workers of other nationalities, how they can more easily find work and secure a higher wage. After an hour, Muhviy told me that people were gathered upstairs in the social hall. I went upstairs and found about fifteen people gathered, hardly half of whom were sober. I spoke to them for an hour and a half enthusiastically and emotionally, as best I could. If I had spoken to the walls, I might have warmed them up more, and I tried to lower myself to their spiritual level, so that they would understand me as best I could. We went back down to the saloon and there the pouring of glasses of beer continued again and again the drunkards surrounded me from all sides, pushing beer and cigars, and again they belched their nonsense, their drunken breath, into my nose. "By God, over there, right and left!" said my afternoon acquaintance, slapping me on the shoulder. "You spoke well! I have never heard such sermons. We pay two hundred or three hundred dollars for a pastor from Kansas to come and hear our confessions, and these fools will not give you anything, because they do not understand you. Over there, right and left! whether you spoke or not, it is all the same to these drunken fools! They did not understand you, and if they did, they will not listen to you. Over there, over there, by God, that is right! If my wife had been there, and had heard you, she would have been ashamed, by God, and left her husband, when you started shouting about fornication and adultery. Yes, by God! Here, there; right, left . . .

In vino veritas! I thought to myself. That saloon is the property of the Hr. N. Society's section, and Ribij only manages the business, with a monthly salary that he hardly deserves, because often neither he nor his mistress have two hours of rest at night, since they have to serve drunkards, who spend at night what they earned during the day. The saloon does excellent business. President Muhviy boasted to me that the saloon had paid off all the debts of the section, which were burdening it for the sake of the home, as well as the church debt, so that a new altar could be purchased. They do not have their own church, but together with other Catholics, but they have their own altar in the church, and sometimes they invite their priest to come and hear their confessions, give communion, and preach to them. So, in other words, let people drink to their health and their minds, only let the dear God be well; and do not care that His altar is built on beer and the vomit of hardened drunkards. When I received an invitation to come and hold a conference in Crested Butte, I looked at the report of the HN Community and saw that the section in that place had up to 150 members. I thought that there would be unregistered Croats there, as elsewhere, and that when the president invited me, at least the travel expenses from Denver to Grand Junction, that is, that part of the road that is not on the straight road to San Francisco, would be paid for. I was wrong. Muhviy was not at all concerned about ensuring my success. But when I was there, he didn't bother to impress people, but kept looking up at the sky the whole time, like a drunkard drinking. I told him that it would be a good idea to issue tickets for the conference. The tickets had been printed a few hours before.

conference, and Muhviy held them in his hand in the saloon, waiting for people to come and buy them. On Saturday evening, they escorted me to some kind of hotel, let's say, to sleep. On the way, I fell twice in the snow, because nothing was visible, and the snow was frozen and hard underfoot. There were a hundred potholes and irregularities on the road, so now you slide to the right, now to the left. Luckily you fell in the snow, and not on the grass, otherwise you would have broken your ribs. In the hotel, although coal is cheap, it couldn't be cheaper, because the mine itself produces excellent coal, the rooms are not melted; there is no gas, no electric light; a real miracle in America. There is no toilet either, so if you have to, you have to go outside to some kind of wooden stable a few minutes away in the yard. The road is all frozen, and there are snowdrifts hanging from the eaves. If one of them broke off, it would pierce your head to the brain, there are so many of them. Let's skip the details and get to the conference. I visited several families and houses over the weekend. The place is more neglected than I've seen anywhere else in America. Here, far from the big cities, the local customs have been better preserved. In the evening, when I entered the hall, there were about thirty people in it. I waited for half an hour to see if anyone else would come, and when I saw that no one was coming, I began. One drunkard, who wanted to enter without a ticket, shouted as if possessed by Satan, and interrupted my speech. I told him to let him in, but he continued to grumble inside. I spoke for two hours anyway, more to teach them about their duties than about their homeland. During the whole time, no one raised a hand. The emptiness, the cold, tired me more than the speech. I stopped and went straight to the hotel, slipping, stumbling and falling along the way every ten steps.

No one accompanied me. In the morning I went to see the mine, which is located in the mountain above the town. They told me that the coal has three layers. The lower the layer, the better the coal. It is important that they work diligently. I went down one of the layers, as far as it could be seen, but since it was damp, slippery and disgusting, I did not reach the end. Otherwise, the layers are like any other, and whoever has seen one knows them all. Near Crested Butte there is a small place called Anthracite. The name itself tells what it contains, namely the finest type of coal, anthracite. I saw several trainloads of it at the station. It shines like black crystal, and is dug in smaller pieces than other types of coal, because it is very hard and very brittle. Under the top of an involuntary mountain, they told me, there is a rich silver mine, and there is also copper. In winter, there is no work in that mine, because the snow covers all the roads for meters high, and the entrance to the mine, which is located in a hollow, under a sharp, huge, lonely hook. Often, large snowdrifts, which could bury an entire train, roll down the mountain, and more than once there has been an accident. Several times buried five, six and a half more people, and some were not dug out until the spring, when the snow was dug up. It is good to go to the mountains for wild animals, of which there are many, including deer, which are often hunted. Gentlemen come even from eastern countries to hunt deer. Around two o'clock in the afternoon, after saying goodbye to the kind Ribiyem, koji me je jedini sproveo do kolodvora, krenuh put Gunnisona. I 191 XVIII. Gunnison. — Gudura blizu Crystal-Creek:. — Ždrielo Rio Colorada. — Grand Junction. — U sumljivu društvu. — Junažanje za nevolju. — Država Utah. — Salt-Lake-City. — Postanak i povjest mormonske sekte. — Kako u Americi niyu vjerske sekte. — Sljepar Dovie. — Mnogoženstvo. — Organization of the Mormon Religious Government — Senator Thomas Kearns. — Ogden, — The Mormon Family. — Unusual Scenes Around the Salt Lake. — On the Railroad on the Ocean. — A Wonderful Panorama. — An Even More Magical Scene. — Through the Salt Wasteland. — Nevada. — Humboldt Mountains. — Prehistoric Scenes. — Death Valley. — The Coquetry of Mormon Women. — Sierra Nevada. — Firs and Pines, — A Tunnel of Planks. — A Sea of Variegated Flowers. — A Girl with a Basket of Violets. — California. — Sacramento. — The Wealth of California. — Oakland. — San Francisco. — A Welcome. — Zorkica Šutić. I had to spend the night in Gunnison, because the train to Grand Junction leaves promptly at eight in the morning. Fortunately, there is a wonderful hotel in that little town right next to the station. It is as expensive as in New York, but it is very comfortable. I had dinner, spent the night, and set off. The ride is pleasant, only the thought of the 45 dollars I had to pay to get to San Francisco again bothers me. After a while The train goes into the ravines, along a tributary of the famous Rio Colorado, which I will reach an hour before I reach Grand Junction, and see at least the beginning of its much-publicized gorge. Somewhere near Crystal Creek, the mountains narrow, and we pass along almost vertical cliffs. The scene is similar to the Vrbas Gorge between Jajce and Banja Luka. The railway is often dug into the cliff itself, above the river, and starts from one bank to the other, as it was easier to pass the railway there. The scene is even more interesting when you reach the bed of the Grand River (the big river) or Rio Colorado. This is the beginning of the famous Canyon or red gorge of the Colorado. The Grand Canyon is much more interesting and magnificent the further south the river flows through the state of Arizona, towards the Gulf of California. There, the red cliffs, through which the river flows, are several hundred meters high. Here the height is lower, but here too The cliffs here and there are red as blood, like washed cinnabar, and the river rushes down the gorges like a torrent. 192 Late in the evening the Grand Junction (the great river) arrives. I was waiting for the train from Chicago, Omaha, Denver to the station. The waiting room at the station is small, muddy, and the Yellow and Yellow people are suspicious. I look at them. I take a moment to show that they have been counted. I look at them. I reach into my pocket as if I were squeezing a revolver, but I have no matches. The office is closed. The office is closed, there are no people living there, I shoot them in the head because everyone is not looking at me and whisper! I curl my mustache, frown my eyebrows, look, or you, I don't want to look and look like a furious cat, like a bandit In two fours to one I come walking close to them, I measure them Selava to p te and when I get closer they fall silent. But they won't go, so 2yeSiedn"nr I'm tired, and I'm afraid that sleep will deceive me, so that I'll f otnlf that' little poor thing e and' maybe without a head. I read "what I have it would be ba > -'god- -I'm on the Colorado eranca without money, without a turkey - and it's winter! oez prr daily by n->"^™ ° JP" robbers whose audacity knows no bounds. Like hungry wolves -a tor "avalTye in broad daylight, in the city, in the old,, where U said at night and at the station where there is not a living soul! I don't give in to sleep, so I don't give in. When the wind blows too hard, I get up and walk with "fIS«!™^,™ steps, to look bigger and more formidable. I'm afraid I'll die but I'm not, It's hard to play the goat without a bitter necessity, because you can't go to the market. I don't have a revolver, which they're afraid of, but if he moves and comes at me, he'll pay for his ."" jrug^^ P^ Jf ° bude' Whom I smoke with my horn, he'll surely lie down on his bed, and ""^Seiterujlolfd^^stS gentlemen, and I almost started laughing° Sf the madness. But those four men sped away. So they weren't waiting for the train, they must have had other work to do .

^ alone

^ Oh, I hope I'm

alive, some kind of P of dignity, I thought, or maybe the presence of the ear saved me. A dark look. In the turkey I look bigger than I am, so she che- ""o"Come and the black man has already prepared a bed for me, I lie down, and in the morning there is a white, bare mountain in Utah. The snow is everywhere, it is still just a little bit of snow on the morning clouds on the mountain tops, mixed with clouds or fog. By ten o'clock the fog has settled thickly in the valleys and on the plains. Here and there the golden curls of the sun's rays are all bit by bit covered by the heat of their kisses, before they retreat into the ravines. The river, all diligently cultivated by the hard-working Mormons, is already completely free from snow and fog. Both those mountains on the right are covered with some kind of low pine and spruce, similar to the scheme. In general, the terrain seems to me similar to ours on the islands. About

The next day we arrived in Salt Lake City, the capital of the state of Utah (read "Utah"), a Mormon sect, it would be a shame to see the city for a while, so I asked how long the train was stopping. They told me that it would be 193 four dollars to drive around two hours. I seize the opportunity, take the carriage and make a deal that I will be the city until the train left. A city like other American cities, only very close, only incomparably cleaner.

There is no snow, no mud, and the buildings are built with more taste. The main Mormon temple is a truly magnificent masterpiece. Devout Mormons spent millions and millions of dollars for it. The assembly hall, the Mormon Pope's palace and the president's palace are also beautiful. I saw several beautiful monumental buildings. I go back and buy a few local newspapers at the station, then get on the train and continue to Ogden. I saw an elderly gentleman enter the Pullman car with five young ladies, several maids and several children. What a Mormon family, I thought to myself. And she was, and she traveled to California, to enjoy the beautiful climate. In the state of Utah, the winter is not as harsh as in the northeastern states, but it can't even remotely be compared to the Californian climate. Los Angeles is at the height of Cairo and Memphis, and knows no winter at all. Southern California is to North Americans what Nice, Naples, Hvar, Dubrovnik are to Europeans, only warmer, adorned with even more luxuriant southern flora. I sat down on my armchair and began to read the newspaper. Just at that time Senator Thomas Kearns was giving a famous speech in Washington against the Mormons, and a fierce controversy developed between the Mormon papers, headed by "The Desert News", and the liberal or, as they call it, Gentile papers. In Utah, all those who do not belong to the Mormon church are called Gentiles, and Senator Thomas Kearns, with the newspaper "The Salt Lake Tribune", is at the head of these. Mormons make up two-thirds of the entire population of the state of Utah. The founder of this sect was named Joe Smith, born in 1805 in Sharon, Vermont. In 1823. He found on the hill of Eumora near Palmyra, by the inspiration of an angel, "the sacred tablets of the name", but, by order of the same angel, he was not allowed to lift them until September 22, 1827. On these tablets were some strange writings, which no one could read, least of all Smith, because he, like Muhammad, could not read or write at all. Muhammad was helped by the archangel Gabriel and brought him surahs from heaven, and God Himself took care of Smith, because in the same chest in which he found the sacred tablets, he also found miraculous glasses, called the Urim Thummim, with which he could read these strange writings, and even read the future in them.

In 1830, Smith published an English translation of this new revelation, under the title: The Book of Mormon. During the time of the Jewish king Zedekiah, the book tells us, the pious Jew Lehi went from Palestine to America, and there he wrote a sacred revelation on sacred brass plates. His sons, like Laman, fled into the wilderness, and became the ancestors of the present-day red-skinned people. The descendants of his son Nephi were Christians several centuries before the coming of Christ. Christ, after his resurrection, appeared to the priests of the tribe of Nephi, and chose some of them twelve apostles, who converted the whole earth to Christianity. In the fourth century, a schism occurred in that church, but God sent a pious Christian and great hero Mormon (meaning, I don't know in what language Smith's "can" mean: more good). He cleansed the land of the barbarians, who became red-skinned by God's punishment. But they returned again and conquered the land again. Then Mormon's son Moroni completed on the sacred plates the history of his people and the revelation of God, and wrote in it that Joe Smith would reveal it. Thus God designated him as the prophet and resurrector of the true religion of the Mormons, or the Latter-day Saints (saints of the judgment day). It is said that Smith's Bible is nothing more than a novel written by a priest at the beginning of the last century; and he must certainly be given credit for his skill in making a holy book out of a novel. Besides, there is no fool who would not know how to find fools more foolish than himself to impose himself on them as a prophet, especially in America. Religious sects spring up there, like mushrooms after rain, and they bring mountains of gold to their founders. People must, by natural law, believe in something, and since there is no state religion in the Seven States, nor does any religion send enough missionaries, there remains a free and fertile field for the blind, especially since the state does not interfere with anyone in religious matters. Thus, recently in Zion City, a certain Dovie founded a new religion, presenting himself to the world as the new Messiah and prophet, and in a short time acquired many proselytes and immense wealth, 'for church purposes, of course! Today he is an arch-millionaire.* He is mentioned every day in the American newspapers, because American prophets understand advertising very well.

There are a lot of such sects in America, and there is no such madness that blind men cannot impose on people blindly for God's revelation.

There are those who allow themselves to be crucified, to follow Christ, and to give their brothers an example of how to die, and their brothers lament and wail over them until they expire, and then bury them in their church and worship them as saints. There are those who dance and cut themselves with knives, like dervishes; there are those who live naked in the wilderness, like gymnosophists, like Yogis, and Thebaid anchorites. . But let us return to the Mormons, who are the most famous and powerful, because they are in government in a large state, such as Utah. Smith first founded his church in the state of New York, and when he was driven from there by the Puritans, he went to the state of Ohio. Protjeian, having been exiled with all the proselytes, went to the state of Missouri. When he had no better luck there, he moved to Illinois, and founded in Hawthorne county the city of Nauvoo, with 2,100 houses and a beautiful church. The city flourished rapidly, but because of the religious intolerance of the Mormons, a battle broke out between them and their neighbors in 1844. Smith was killed, and the city of Nauvoo was razed to the ground.

Nineteen widows wept for the prophet, for he, like Muhammad, had received a privilege from God for himself and for the high dignitaries of the church, that * He did not die, for he died in November, 1906. He was succeeded by his son. * 195 he may take as many wives as he pleases, and every faithful Mormon must have one wife. The church does not tolerate bachelors. Smith was succeeded as head of the church by Brigham Young, who, with the remnants of the sect, set out across the plains of the Missouri tributaries, over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake (Salt Lake), and founded the city of Salt Lake City near it. In a short time the unusual industry and diligence of the Mormons transformed the entire area from a wild wasteland and scrubland into a veritable garden. Proselytes began to flock from all sides, and the Mormons soon obtained for Utah the right of territory. Five years before Utah had been granted the right of citizenship. Brigham Young had been confirmed by the Union government as president of Utah Territory. The government also gave him a grant of \$20,000 for the construction of public buildings, and \$5,000 for schools. In 1854, however, there was a conflict between the Union and the Mormons. The Union sent an army of 2,500 men under the command of Stepton against them. The army did not reach Colorado, and in the winter, it could not go any further, and it asked for reinforcements. In 1858, a battle took place, which remained indecisive. The Mormons made a deal with the government and Brigham Young remained president. The basic dogmas of Mormonism are a mixture of Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Greek mythology, and Islam. They believe in metempsychosis, in the multiplicity of worlds, and therefore also of gods, in the unlimitedness of love phenomena; they support polygamy, believe in witches, spells, devils, and in all possible prejudices. Whoever does not agree in everything with the dogma, as the Mormon Church preaches it, will go to hell. Mormonism is a kind of theodemocracy. All members are equal and brothers, but the head of the church is the hope of all, directly inspired by God, with the help of the Holy Spirit, who communes with him whenever necessary. The pope is flanked by a council of five, among whom the eldest of them succeeds him after death. Under the council are the twelve apostles. All of these constitute a great

council. After the apostles comes the college of high priests, then the council of seventy, who are engaged in preaching and spreading the faith. The lower level of the hierarchy consists of Mormon priests, teachers, and deacons. The first level is in the order of Melchizedek, and is much higher.

The Aaronic priests have their bishops, who are also judges in civil matters. The priests, higher and lower, are not distinguished by any external sign from the rest of the faithful. The Pope has his secret police, the so-called Danites, or angels of destruction, who have committed much bloodshed. Everyone who was suspected of working against the faith fell in one way or another a victim of the Pope's vengeance. Polygamy is the most perfect state of man, and only the wives of polygamists can go to heavenly glory. A woman can be married for this world and for the next, and adultery is punished most severely (on paper). 1⁰ By the laws of the United States, polygamy is considered a crime, and hence the constant conflicts of the Utah government with the Union government. To avoid this, the Mormons invented the trick of cohabitation, that is, 3 96 » living together, but that trick doesn't fool anyone. After 20 years, Bishop Lee fell into the hands of the Union government and ended up on the gallows, due to cohabitation and complicity in some kind of robbery by the secret police. Mormons consider him, like Smith, a martyr. Old President Young escaped the gallows by dying .c:od. 1877- He was succeeded by John Taylor, Woodruff and Snow, and today's pope is John Smith. This is a brief history of this strange sect, which gathered in its hands a monopoly of agriculture, trade and commerce in the state of Utah. That is the real reason why Senator Thomas Kearns stood up to her in the Senate. Smith is today pope and king, the true autocrat of all Mormons. Every Mormon is obliged to contribute a tenth of all his income to the church, under mortal sin, and must not conceal anything, lest, like Ananias and Tabitha, he be thrown into the death chamber by God, or by Smith's secret police, the angel of death. Since the Mormons are very hardworking, excellent farmers, and the country is fertile and rich, the income of the church is enormous. All this is enjoyed by high church dignitaries, and most of all by Pope Smith, who has several million dollars in annual income, countless royal villas, full of the most beautiful women. The villas are surrounded by huge gardens, and in the capital itself, next to the palace of the civil president of the state, there is a much larger and more beautiful palace of the pope. He is always surrounded by a huge court, both friends and dignitaries, and servants. With the help of this hierarchy and the secret police, he is the real president, or rather the autocrat of Utah, and the civil president is nothing but a shadow. In his hands is the monopoly of railways, tramways, gas, electricity, coal mines, sugar factories, shoes, clothes, trading houses, journalism, various warehouses, theaters, the monopoly of salt and every possible trade. As a result of this centralization of all affairs, he is the master of the stock exchange, which rises and falls according to his will. State officials are also appointed according to his will. This luck always befalls the Mormons, because the Gentiles do not pay a tenth of all income to Pope Smith.

As a result, all the population that does not belong to the Mormon sect is exposed to all kinds of persecution, exploitation and hardship. "In the name of justice and philanthropy," said Senator Kearns, "I rise to protest in this high house against all these iniquities and disgraces, knowing full well the danger to which I expose myself, for the bloodshed of these impostors, who exploit the religious sentiments of the deceived people, for their carnal passions and for their wealth, knows no bounds. I call upon the government of the Union not to tolerate this disgrace in its bosom. The laws of the United States are against polygamy, and since the mistake has already been made in raising the Mormon kingdom first to the honor of the territory, and finally to the honor of the state, let the state of Utah be compelled to observe the laws which all the states of the Union are bound to observe.

The unnatural disgrace of polygamy must be eradicated once and for all and snatch the people from the clutches of the bloodthirsty who are exploiting them in every possible way." 197 Mormon Senator Smoot responded to Kearns's angry accusation with a long diatribe, but it seems to me that Kearns' accusations remained unshaken. There is no doubt that sooner or later the United States government will be forced to intervene and restore order, even by force of arms. After an hour's drive, we reached the city of Ogden, where railroads intersect from all directions, to which the city owes its rapid prosperity. We were twenty minutes away and the train turned west. A Mormon family had taken possession of the car. black-eyed, as hellish as hell. She must be about forty, and she behaves The women chat like sisters, all playing with their children, and you don't even know who their mother is. One is a plump lady with Juno-like features, freely, a little too much. The others are younger. The youngest is twenty-five; she looks like a girl. They walk here and there, go to the toilet, come back, flirt. I I curled up, and read the Salt Lake Tribune. When I had finished and put the paper aside, the older, dark-eyed woman asked me to lend her a copy, and so the conversation and acquaintance began. She asked me who I was, what I was, where I was going, how long I would stay; she introduced me to her husband's other wives—for whom our language, which has its own name for every thinnest family connection, has no word, because our ancestors were not polygamists—and finally to my husband, who looked elegant, gentle, and happy. He was about 50 years old; he was not educated, but he knew business very well. He was perhaps a bishop, an apostle, or some other member of the hierarchy in the order of Melchizedek, but he was certainly rich. Neither handsome nor ugly, neither tall nor short, neither hideous nor pleasant, he looked content, and he showed himself to be kind. However, one scene captured all my attention, and I forgot Mormon and his wives for a whole hour. There was no or very little snow on the plains in Utah, and the railroad led through meadows, orchards, pastures, and stubble.

Suddenly the train began to descend slowly and the whole plain around it began to turn white. Everything is flat, as if shaved, and it turns white, as if salt had fallen. Is it snow, or ice, covered with a thin layer of snow, or white slush, or some kind of white fungus or mold, that has covered the entire vast plain? I look at the map and see that we are near Salt Lake. I understand that the whiteness comes from dried salt. After a while, thin cracks, caused by drought, began to appear on the plain, then there is a shimmering light, barely concealing the surface, until finally the train plunges into a real expanse of water, like an immense sea. To the south, the expanse is endless, and on it in the distance is an island of high hills, shrouded in thin pink mists. Rugby swims on the lake and slowly sways. There is dead silence on the lake; not even the smallest ripples crease the surface, which shines like a shield of blue-polished steel. In the south there is no end to the mountains, you can't see the end of the water, because there are no shores there, there behind the lake is an immense salty wasteland, over 198 kilometers long, the lake is a thousand miles long, or more, when it swells, and there is no grass on it, no trees - nothing alive, nothing but salt. On that side, thin prose and a dense forest. In the north, in the distance, you see windows: not sky-high mountains, blushing, flying, like clouds, but some pink vapors, which can only be described as thin layers of magical patterns; because if you say something clear and definite, if you say blue, you are not going to get it. • ?;§ cloudy, etc. and if you mix these words into connected words, you will still not show true images, nor true colors, because human language mixes words and concepts like nature does, not like a sieve. In the west rises the high Rora, near and clear, a dark purple streaked with yellowish and greenish streaks, and on the banks it turns yellow - from afar - like a roasting pan, and further away, that is, to the glacier, the plain beneath it, like snow. Straight ahead is the bridge over the lake, so long that you cannot see its end, that it is like a needle! and that if .-. reaches up to the mountain in the open sea. Now you wonder whether you are in a lie, or are you on a railway? Casco and the new ?nr^Ct color opiiia You drink them with lustful eyes, you intoxicate your soul, and you cannot live^ God of the Adriatic

the seas are more lively, more colorful, diff.c-X, so they distract you more. because on our sea the scenes are nej-Drezio meniaiu but here they remain Almost always the same, vague, dreamy- Ear Ssticci'io as if you were on some other dead immobile Su Only if you look right below The train, the greenery and the silence of the lake, the monotony of Sutfopo, which irresistibly captivates you, lulls you " "The Americans built this bridge across the lake, to save some time, the train went around the lake, from the north side below the plain. The lake is not deep, though. but still, for the og^T^ buljana, that rebalo will spend tens of millions of dollars. The highest depth of the lake where the bridge is drawn, it will be five to six meters. At both ends, there is an embankment for a few kilometers, and then the palif.karilo bridge 1 Skrra Nevada and, The Rocky Mountains gave their firs and pines. The distance is twice as long, because there a train awaits us again on the salt plain, but Sn SŠ Snrpo puýfni eto the Som is narrow enough for the train to pass. There the train stops for a while, and then it surprises you with even more wonderful We didn't get to the other end of the lake, we just crossed a small bay and here we are on the cape, which juts out south into the lake. But now ^fj^ you can see no end to it either to the east or to the west, and to the west the arch of high mountains as before. The bridge is gf P'^ "J ^m The impression is indescribable, when the train descends onto that endless plateau, as if the ocean's water shines, flashing like a duck in the falling rays. with steel flashes. The sun's rays do not flicker on the surface, do not shimmer, 199 do not reflect with millions of mirrors, as on our blue sea, rather, it stands motionless on the water, a white-hot alem sword on a steel shield. Don't look at it, it blinds you, like the sword of the angel the gates of the earthly paradise. Only the mountains in the north, with their thin mists, the golden dust that falls on them, soft with clouds as if woven by the hands of mountain fairies from the finest misty muslin, soothing the eyes. After three-quarters of an hour of fast driving, the sight changed, but to be more interesting, if not more beautiful. There is no more water, now the train goes through the wasteland of white salt, but still through the endless a wasteland, where there is neither a plant nor a living creature. Horror seizes you, as if you were on cursed ground, on the ground of some Sodom and Gomorrah, which lies yonder in the depths of the lake, and hides worse wickedness than the Dead Sea in Palestine. You dream, in ancient times, of a terrible cataclysm, when Fire, hot hell, brimstone and asphalt rained down from the sky, when red lightning flashed crosswise from the dark clouds, and thunder roared under the clouds bent at the feet of the angry Creator. And this desolation does not cease, it hangs dead, terrible, incomparably terrible and from immense sheets of snow on the dead nature of the northern plains of America, because you know that it will not wake up to the gentle breeze of spring, under with the whole of the all-reviving, gentle benefactor of humanity, animals, plants, everything that exists in nature. The sun. Still on this side, the salt wasteland there is no such terrible expanse, as in the south, where the American Sahara is surrounded by the salt of the Great American Desert. where salt covers the land to Dugway, where the wasteland extends, to Sevier Lake and beyond, across the entire state of Nevada, the ducks across California to high mountains, small to the sea itself. Every desolation is terrible, but where the devil sowed it with white salt, who with the dust of decayed bones, it was as if she had cursed nature, as if she had said: nothing alive will ever pass here, nor breathe, not a single flower will bloom. to console this immense sorrow, this eternal curse. Finally, the hills of Onisa began to appear as if made of burnt wood, and in the distance bare, round hills, like barren breasts, without a waist of grass, began to rise. Towards evening, some thick, mushroom-shaped bushes began to rise, similar to the bush of our popanc, which grows on our heights, on stone and scorched earth, beaten with the salted wings of the heavy south wind. And you bush, like that they will never stop. The train rushes through them for hours, and to the north they begin to rise higher and higher. The train has already entered the middle of the state of Nevada, and there to the south and southwest are the high peaks of the Humboldt Mountains. The sun has set, and gilded the peaks of those mountains in a great The peaks burn, as if they were made of chrysopogon ziggurat, and throw golden rays onto the plain, through the low forests, which have been scratched appear, on countless flocks of sheep, standing motionless, motionless, in the twilight. Next to them on the hill stands a shepherd leaning on his stick, and patriarchal scenes of human prehistory are shown. 200 But the terror of salt and desolation does not end with the plain. There on the south side of the Sierra Nevada, in the secret recesses of the Sierra Nevada, there are even greater horrors. uSoviji Inyo Cm,nty iz.neKJu Rorski kosa Panannnto > funeral Mos is (the Grave Mountains) is a narrow bay one hundred and fifty feet long and more than seven wide. Like the Asphalt, or Dead Sea, it It all sinks sixty meters below sea level. It is surrounded by sheer cliffs, thousands of meters high, of dark green basalt and reddish granite. This terrible, dark valley is blindingly white and does not allow you to see it. mountain. and how could I let a traveler pass over me? The ground was covered with sharp, dagger-like crystals of borax. Somewhere, Sašena was shaking. a^a, which in prehistoric times was spewed out by a dormant volcano. Elsewhere, the surface swelled with hills of white dead salt. The salt, like The thick crust wrapped the ridges, filling the valleys on the edges of this enormous elevation. As soon as a living creature set foot on that crust, it cracked, and He climbed out of the thick salt flats. The few streams that spring from the bohemian Snih Ka quickly disappear under the crust of salt. The heat is in that hell, unbearable and reaches up to 70 degrees in the summer. Not a single t ca can cross the ;r;ko valley, to rise into the air as high as they can take it The corpse is covered in toxic fumes and it collapses on that grave, never to rise again. Whoever approaches that valley is lost, he was a man >↳ z'votmja. The heat and fumes whirled his brain, bewildered his vision, and his madness suddenly stopped showing on that plain of the sea. magical oases that g~~~~~ down the mountain deeper and deeper, more and more irresistible until they collapse into ""o lmr Only around the edge can one bring closer, f Jf '~~~~~f " ^" 't, humilishes from the bowels of nature. Ravens circle around in the air and caw in 5otS carrion, but they do not heal at all kotlinu, , taught, nagoi'm. And the experience that death is there. ýagl and izhmilije, iocu from the hole, melt, howl, like the geniuses of that place. by day, when the sun burns most fiercely, crawling out fz skrmMšta krgertuše crota 1 uscerastes, hideous snakes, hard as turkey tail, what They rattle on the stones with a clanging bell as if nature had hung a sign of danger on them, that everything that breathes should beware, and their heads should be shaved. colorful crest. In the evening, iguanas come out with their noses, colorful frogs, and the bright black ogres,™.h. lead pliers and all the worst species of reptiles; tarantulas as thin as geese, with inflated necks, three-pronged tongues; spiders, "- • Wvrnj eamad Air in the district billions of mosquitoes circle and buzz, incinerated by the midday sun. But none of this "f^JSJ")^ ^e for that deep white chasm death, everything clings to the slopes of the basalt mountains. Such is the Death Valley, and beyond it the Funeral Mountains. another wasteland, the Balston Desert, no less than the Jane wasteland, is being built. The entire state of Nevada is truly n.e.f.?« »g'-T" ?" ° • whose abomination they break here and there,™ mountain slopes> . with which "all the osaird women, flow in a direction from north to south, all naked and sad, like despair . . . 201 Somewhere in the vicinity of the Humboldt Mountains, it started to snow. The Mornion family has split up, and now they are attacking me one by one questions, and I am not very talkative, because I am completely impressed by the unusual natural scenes. Nature is beautiful even in its horrors, and on that wasteland, on that Oniska sod, on the broad, brown hills, the dim light of dusk and the last ruddy leaves of the setting sun The sun has no less charm and variety than in flowery meadows. The black man announced that it was time for dinner. Everyone ran towards the dining car, so I ran too, looking more at the gold on the peaks of the Humboldt Mountains than at the shallows before me. After dinner we already

The road, one goes too early. My Mormon girls began to undress quickly, without a shadow of shyness. They raced to the pd n^ ge
to each other, from one bed to the other, as if they had something important to say to each other. In their behavior, in rugby, there is no difference between them
Jealousy, they act like sisters. The youngest one fell into bed next to me. A step of distance separates us. She is fatter and older.
She has a bed next to hers, a little further away, and she undressed one of the children first and laid him on the bed. The other children were placed on the upper beds. I
I would have undressed ten times, while they undressed. They feign modesty, they protect themselves with curtains, but the supposedly disobedient curtains themselves
They fumble around untying their shoes for hours; in doing so, they can bend over well, so that their shirts fall down their shoulders and show off all their splendor.
They shyly peek under their eyes, then run in their nightgowns from one bed to the other, as if they had important things to do.

announced; and on the way back, he leans down again, the curtain involuntarily slips away again, his shirt is slightly swollen, and the milky curves are shining like alabaster
in the electric light. The eye involuntarily falls upon a flirtatious glance, and I think to myself the words of the Holy Scripture: Depredari ergo disideratqui
thesaurumsuum pub l iceportatin V i a. I look towards the bottom of the wagon, and black and white eyes and white teeth are shining from below
a black man, as if he were lurking alone for sensual pleasure. That is how a satyr, or Priapus, should be depicted, peering out from the black man's bosom and lurking for a nymph
who undresses to bathe in the stream. Rugby, that despite all the religious strictness Mormons are not jealous. They called me the next day
Mormon women, even a Mormon myself, to spend a few days in the countryside with them, or at least to visit them on my way back to Salt Lake City.
I replied that I had to go my own way, and I would be back before them, so I couldn't possibly visit them. We woke up on the heights of the Sierra
Nevada. The railway goes through forests of tall firs and pines, but the firs at our chapel, at Senjski Bil, and on Velebit are much taller and thicker.
The mountains are huge, and if these in Nevada are the highest I've seen in America, you can see a deep lake down at the bottom, like a river, squeezed between them.
rocks. A little wooden tunnel prolongs the pleasure of the view of the valleys and ravines of the Sierra Nevada. We arrived in the snow-covered areas, where it is

Before, the train often got stuck in the snow, so now they covered the railway with boards; it is also fenced off on the sides with boards, only 202 days pass through those bars
and all California blooms. Mirijaae skve, kuibke, bve closer, ba ame, kSkf i:: c^tTTir ra "01^." Ngršre:gole irrane pr?
. j-nenih, lubicic, tuhih, girls barefoot crmh "[J]" ?\,'\'>o s a basket of huge s^oiem
innocent childhood, run "'f ^f '"^-ÿ ,,^,im ^ve bouquets, my love, until the train arrives _ uzmogn.errof • OP^^^^ f^P gentle ma- and
I give Mormonkmje in order. \:'f' fl'''^^^,,,)sU7v2.\t laziness to return that warm lust with a desire to co^l. s. siu ^sr ;'^^\w
--=m Lies like the sea. All 3^ faces^all p,to .^^^^.. with all kinds of God's gifts, Le^sko, aa is '^j^ trade
pearls, more fertile than her. The rudmc was exhausted, for PJ^crDiva so that even today S,p.,gl.yln, — 1 PlTM-. ^HaUrS" it from .lio^a pri-'?af s-

ssi'sST^r c"<rZ<;S'u%î. « ""SS^nfi"* n:š"strF,.nci», vTM ana j. M^mam ljnetnie odl.la. nemam »i.«iira, because he atora.ih in Calum<,...
203 so I put on Subaru over my eyes, and I carry yLirak over my arm And I judi me t^TH there _a I don't care.
sTuDa for ours. Popczdra-,u understand who I am and they come to meet me ljt H *f ""m""^ ^A^~ GJAkrkoveŷkim on the forehead. He is now
nŽ EstavL^rostaliz.^T.t "t j""^A^A^his friends' and icuMdviJa me to the others: Sutiy, Mender Krstinir k-rC+ai; î^l. i- sides of that
of a magical city, of a bay, of mountains, of an ocean Vini m^Meto^dledarTsTst- "T ^TM ' '*pTM " SS0,?sa" d^mf knH ti ŷ' y' TM^
earthly, among the people in which they live cTsc0 * P^A^A^A^ado^ljstvo, Ugloh with Šutiy in ,
tramway, and join us nler's nrriatpii today . my, native Krstelji, and we succeeded, with ki "farežul k "°«^ ' °"-J^and blessed San Sa, :
Cisco. In half an hour he was staying in a comfortable Šutiy apartment on the top of Korju and ovoiioi m^
that "he brings the newspaper and that S knows how to laugh, • J{ °^A^Anj' A^A^« 'la" ^A^A^not even speaking. Ai^knows how to laugh with both his eyes and his posture,
so where will you find a nicer conversation? * It also has its terrible earthquakes, from which the one in 906 destroyed it and burned it down. 204 j I XIX. r •• ^inviriiri
Austrians, Dalmatians and Croats. — Serbs. — "Our ^V^A-To-a-sr "<";<< ia™ se .ave naM .ju. u Ka,<- - ^--oa™ Sa.;j,-sca K,e.e. _
K.Vale and Harvard. — Gymnasiums. — Tuition fees. —

Masonry. f \ San Francisco I could not hold a conference in the city on Friday l 1 nřr'ka because the committee had not prepared everything that was
Temporarily let I was dressed for a night on March 12. I left with about ten students to see the city and the surrounding area, and to
me study our ^"ma,i:oS?ie"SrS ;rvfh^SaSe begin to attract our people on migration On the islands of the island, a custom remained, when someone goes to the house
rosi to be told- we are not in California! In the old days, people returned l 'dfmo™nu more lju and with nice property, so California attracted n.Tmad0s "a migration,
there are still people in it today whose. parents. L n IT^more than a hundred years, and thank God they don't know Croatian, and not '; ad
right where did you come from? There are many who went as children, here we are. You went to California by sea then, and that was a sailor for us.
much easier than today through "kog k Dos, hi hmdnm to San Francisco as sailors, there they would disembark and osiau. incmt
Some go to the mines, some to farming, some to trade. Usually, all ages sing because they have been accustomed to work, hardship, and savings since childhood.
There are people all over California, especially along the coast, but there are also those on the mainland who are engaged in farming. It is not uncommon for them to
their influence is estimated at one hundred thousand Since most of them had left, when Croatian consciousness was still not yet awakened in Dalmatia, many
dollars. They are called Slovenes, Austrians, Dalmatians, but they are new. In the past, when new youth began to arrive, the Croatian consciousness awakened, and
They organized "Zvonimir" as a department of the Croatian National Association. They organized a choir and a tamburitza society called Sa' Srads.e, a church, and
pastor, but since the sacrifice and the Smnfka required a lot of work, it is now a big argument between the Croats, Slavs, and Austrians, what kind of
will the significance of the church be in Croatia? I would like the church to be called Croatian church, and that in it the verb ai is used vehemently against L. Slovenes and
Austrians. Slovenes and Austrians from Konavle, and from the islands of Braý, Hvar and Korýula, and others have special auxiliary Om nnadu svaya
societies, and Austria even has its own high society, although they are mostly war refugees. Especially not just the
They hate. They call their language ours, and when ours want to trap them, they ask them to translate it into English, so when they hear an Englishman
asked, what is the name of their language how will í^in ^onti? Is it our langwich? That's it. can everyone have a language with their own national name. And
there you have all the quarrels^ In Kahfornia, our Boka Serbs are also very numerous and wealthy and they have been there, as sailors, since ancient times. There are
who were born there and even learned the Serbian language perfectly, like priest Dabýeviý. His sisters speak weakly to my Serbs. The richest are his brothers
The Gopýeviys, one of whom married an American millionaire. Surprisingly, the Serbs did not have their own national consciousness until the wall era. and
they were our vassals, as it was in Boca thirty or forty years ago. But today there are no more of us or Slovenes among them, nor
Austrians. They are evil, but their faith protects them from the ravages of time, like a tower of steel, although they have their own churches, but they are already in Russia. They

they have two newspapers, one of which is published by the Radulović brothers, and the other by Veljko Radojević in nearby Oakland. The Croats started publishing their newspaper the same time I came to San Francisco, and they dedicated the entire first issue to me. "Naš. Sloga" is arranged by D. Batistić from Korčula, Kućić and Akačić Judging by the first numbers, they arrange it beautifully. nmnv fraternal, harmony. The entertainments of one are the entertainments of In recent times, there has been a sincere disagreement between Serbs and Croats. another, because here and there they help each other in everything. I would not be able to say who was more enthusiastic about making my conference a success, Mr. Sb or Mr. Hrv, who will greet you more nicely and the Croatians will be competing, who will take me to his apartment first, to give me a fraternal feast? "1"Vf"mo?A"o A^A^A^=" P^ -A^<-^A^tol> think, when we can. in brothers z.vjet fraternal in sorrow, why not at home and No Kal Sa"o^nfS" "; "A^A^A^A^A^A^ " ^A^" k^A^kolj n,egju brothers O ralzoga. Besides, in sorrow the mother's word is stronger. When a Serb and a Croat HEAR each other talking, one does not know whether the other is a Serb or a Croat, but he knows that he is his brother. u.^i onnii, m 206 Our people in the cities of California are mostly engaged in Restauranti- nstvon and Uovinon., Salooning is very rare there. When pn,sp.ĭn nKilorniiu usually serve in a tavern, or a store of which the state .a- Hi.; k- As soon as they learn the job, they go on their own nights, and open their own du- u^i^ os io in Preinda the food in California is much cheaper, not in :: ilo America, because there is a great abundance, meat, fish, fruits, and vegetables, nredasu ci ne in taverns much less, .yet our people, if they are more industrious; easily acquire a nice fortune. Not to mention the Austrians and the Swiss, many of whom have become rich, I will mention from the Croats 'ut ŷa who is still very young, and has his own inn, and he is just flourishing; T diķa from Sta ogagrad, who has gained considerable .; even if d° he afforded himself the joy this year, that with his lady, who is also from Starigrad and an excellent Croatian and with two children visit. ; bottom place A is no joke to cross America, the ocean, Europe twice! O Ston money. Krstiniķ, from Vrboska, who is now the chairman of the "Zvo- nmar" also a young man, has two inns. The Serbs are . better po- ze than the Croats, because they came before. AustriaK. are so fanatical in the Austrian government and 5t even that they demand from young people, who, coming from do- n O ^L if they are going to accept them into the service, to renounce their Croatian identity and be a- visit their homeland, in their place they pretend to be Croats, when they return to America, then Jovo anew! Since the Croats from San Francisco recommended that I should brush aside those famous Austrians, if they come home, let it be known what they were like in America, so as not to deceive their own people, it is worth noting some names: Perić, Baca, Tovarac, Novaković Franušć, all from Ston, from Konval and Źupa it is worth noting S Sović, Kristović, Matijević, Sambrailo, Pustiķ, Crka, M,H^ two Sturice Miloglav, Petrušić, Perkoķa. From the Pelješac peninsula, Ska-Nesanoviķ Škaromuķa, Kresalja, Maķak, Brelin. From Lepetane in Boca Mato, Ivo and Gķuro Radović, Ante Ranzulo. Turato from the island of Krk Kumia from Dubrovnik. Ivan Russell and son, and Svetiniķ ri^ k : Unfortunately, many do. Some of these aus rijaks and S^ovinci when from Pag, Šķiķ from the island of Šca, etc. If these Austrian flagships come home, let their relatives and friends know them, because they could change their feathers again in a few days. * * The surroundings of San Francisco are beautiful, and I would rather not say anything about them at all. I will not describe the city, because it is also, in the mold of other American cities, only somewhat cleaner. First of all, there is no snow, and secondly, when it rains, it easily washes all the streets, because the city is located on the hills at the mouth of the Pacific and its bay. Only the lower streets in the west, where the shops are located along the harbor and along the railroad tracks, are not clean and not exactly in iris. Even the Chinese part of the city is not exemplary in cleanliness. In the middle are Skyscrapers, as in other cities, and the rest are two-story houses of the same type, clean, usually made of wood. 207 The houses of the rich, of which there are comparatively more in San Francisco than in any other city, shine with marble, on the tops of the hills, and are often surrounded by beautiful gardens. The commercial and banking traffic of the city is enormous, for San Francisco is the largest port in the eastern Pacific, and trades with all the islands of Polynesia, with New Zealand, with Australia, Japan, and China. The Chinese and Japanese were forbidden entry in modern times, since they had begun to migrate in such numbers that the Europeans were threatened with danger from their competition, especially in manual labor. They worked much cheaper than the Europeans, and this brought down the price of labor, so that the Europeans could not resist the competition. There are about fifty thousand Chinese, and they have their own section in the city, and they constitute about one-eighth of the entire population, which is estimated at about 400,000 in the vast area occupied by the city. The Chinese do not give up their customs even a hair. They have their own shops, churches, cemeteries, theaters, gambling houses, taverns, etc. They wear their own hats and national costumes, and woe to anyone who would violate their customs. They would kill him, without mercy. Murders are already on the agenda for the Chinese. They have their own secret societies, some kind of mafia and cabotage, and woe to anyone who gets caught. Every now and then a dead Chinese man is found lying on the street. They like to get drunk on opium, and they have special rooms for that purpose. They also have their own card rooms, where they play cards as if the devil himself had entered them, and they do not leave until they have played everything they have. In card and gambling, they easily get into a fight, and immediately brandish knives. The government has closed their card rooms, brothels, and opium dens several times, but it did not help; because they immediately opened them elsewhere. It is interesting to see a Chinese funeral. In front of the house, the last offering to the dead is displayed. They have roasted piglets, rams, all kinds of buns, cakes, treats, all of which are sprinkled with white sugar. Women and children in some kind of ashen corn suit, with burning dupliers in their hands, are waiting around the dacha, in front of the house on the street, and muttering some kind of prayers. Again, men dressed in festive colorful suits and the bearers of the dead emerge, followed by the mourners, scolding their faces and shedding tears. All this goes together with the day to the cemetery. Before, they used to leave the bread overnight in the cemetery next to the dead man's grave, while some were hungry! The Europeans did not come to the happy thought of getting their fill there; and the wise Chinese then thought that it was better to eat the dacha themselves, than to leave it to the European shepherds, so, returning from the cemetery, they took the dacha with them. The Japanese are all dressed in European style, but you can tell them apart from the Chinese. They are small, stocky, agile, proud, as if Europeans were not even up to their ankles. They like to fight, and in doing so they rely more on gymnastic skill than on strength. The Chinese are also usually small, a little larger than the Japanese, and I have seen some very tall ones. Their heads are plump, very often with goatee, and their beard hangs down to their slippers, thin as a pig's tail. The complexion of the Chinese and the Japanese is the same, only the Japanese are cleaner, and the Chinese look more intelligent, despite their plump heads. 208 \ Friends of Dr. Gjirkoveķki, Šitiķ, Krstelj, Mender, Kocelj, Krstiniķ, etc., used to travel all around San Francisco, and they accompanied me on various excursions. Space does not permit me to go into detailed descriptions, and I would have to write a whole book if I wanted to adequately portray the magical surroundings of San Francisco. Dr. Gjirkoveķki is an enthusiastic tourist, and sometimes on horseback, sometimes by steamboat, sometimes by oars, sometimes on foot, he goes into the surroundings whenever he has the opportunity, almost every day. The medical profession is lucrative, and he is already known as a good specialist in uterine diseases, and it is enough for him to work a few hours a day to be carefree. With him, with Sutiķ and their ladies, we visited a certain hill on the other side of the Golden Gate. First we went by steamboat, and then on foot, in the blazing sun, all the way to the forts at the entrance to the harbor. A thin mist covered the bay in the morning, but the sun quickly dispersed it, and the mountains shone in the north like huge sapphires. The sea is calm and green, as if covered with olive leaves. It is the beginning of March, and the sun is scorching, making us sweat like in July. Wonderful

is a view from the cape of San Francisco and the ocean. Countless ships cruise the bay, and new ones always enter the port from the ocean. They do not allow the soldiers to approach the forts, who plan around in blissful and holy brahmin idleness. The sea is already so warm that people are swimming, including Dr. Gjirkoveŭki, who is a great swimmer and a sportsman in general in front of the gentlemen. While he is bathing, Šutiŭ and I ride the lady in a boat around the bay, around the huge iron sailing ships, anchored there, through flocks of seagulls, which plan on the sea, along with flocks of black minks, or croak in the air at the clouds, following the seagulls. At the swimming pool, the inn is run by our man, who is said to be a count and a direct descendant of the Gozza or ti Guŭetiŭ-Ovŭareviŭ family from Dubrovnik. A comical and humorous fat display, which speaks all languages, or rather none. The second time, Krstelj, Šutiŭ, Gudelj and I went to Seal Rocks in the west of the city, over the ocean. The drive to that place is already fun. Where the houses end, villas and beautiful gardens with southern flora begin. Flowers bloom in all directions, as if in the middle of spring, and countless species of palm trees spread their branches, some higher, some lower. The dates do not ripen, from which I judge that the climate is not as hot as in southern Dalmatia, because on Hvar the dates are just a little short of ripeness. In a short time, here we are in the most beautiful place in the entire area. The gorges descend vertically into the ocean, and a little further south the coast is so low that you can walk a kilometer into the sea on a small sandbank, and the water will not be up to your knees. A kilometer or two further north, the Golden Gate opens up, all among high caves. In the sea there are two or three high ridges, around which the waves of the Pacific never completely rest, even when they seem to be at their calmest, as they are now. These are the 209 14 famous Sea 1-Rocks, or Seal Gorges. On the edge of the coast on the mainland side, a large hotel has been built, which in its location and whiteness reminds one of Miramar. Next to it is a small zoological museum, and from the museum stairs lead down to the swimming pool, open both in winter and summer. The hotel has a dock overlooking the sea itself, where people gather for a glass of beer and to watch the seals in the gorges, which are never without them. Anyone who kills a seal is punished with a huge fine, and even the fishermen spare them, although they spoil their work by devouring an enormous quantity of fish every day. In all three gorges, you will see about sixty seals, all lying in various ways, as if they were dead. Very few move, unless the impudent gulls, which are much larger than ours and somewhat darker in color, land on one. Those that have been grazing, having gorged themselves on fish, swim for a while around the reef, choose a place where they will rest, then climb up with difficulty, leaning on their paddle-like front legs. They struggle furiously until they reach their resting place. They are forced to step over others several times, as they sprawl like dead bodies, and then these too begin to move, not without cutting and shaking. Their colors are yellow-red, and some have thick fur that turns white. Some sprawl out like that, and lie so flat, broken, over the cracks in the reef, without moving, not even a whisker, for half an hour, that you would swear they are dead. The moment a cheeky seagull sits on their nose, or some other seal starts to bother them, they move and wave their thick necks clumsily, like sluggish prehistoric dinosaurs. They are big, so they will pull five or six hundred kilograms each, if not a whole thousand. The sun has bent over the ocean, which shimmers and sparkles in the splendor of the sun's rays. The surface is smooth, like oil; if this is always the case, it deserves the name of the Pacific. It is lost in a circle, which stretches like a ring of red-hot silver, into infinity. Despite this silence, a little to the south, long waves roll across the sandy shallows with a wide gap and leave undulating traces on the sandy beach. Below, further south, the coastal mountains of California sow in a golden mist through which the mountain blush breaks through, passing even further south into the purple color of amethyst, then into the blue of indigo and the blue of sapphire. In the same friendly company, I also visited the so-called Trokadero, in the south of the city. It happens in half an hour by tram. You would be mistaken if you thought that this Trocadero had anything similar to the Parisian one. There are no magnificent buildings here, but a simple villa in a beautiful valley, where lovers from San Francisco come to smuggle their love feelings. But the valley is truly magical. It is surrounded on all sides by a dense forest of eucalyptus trees, which grow straight, like our firs. Their leaves are so large and dense that they do not let the sun's rays through to the winding path that leads down to the valley. The ground is always damp, as in a swamp, and the air is always warm, permeated with the scent of balsamic eucalyptus leaves. As soon as you enter the valley, your eyes see a villa surrounded by a beautiful garden, where dahlias and chrysanthemums bloom, and you can even find a rose. We sat down in the tavern to refresh ourselves with a beer, when someone said that he was surprised that no birds could be heard or seen, like here, and not even frogs. He had barely finished speaking, when a chorus of frogs, as if trying to convince him of a lie, croaked, making all our ears pop. They chased us back. It would be a good idea to drive a little further into the vicinity of San Francisco, Krstiniŭ once told me, so that you could see the fertile Californian fields. The next day, he, Šutiŭ, Krstelj and I set off for San Jose, a city two hours by train from San Francisco. The railway runs almost always along the shores of the bay, and on the right side rise high mountains that block the view of the ocean. While you are driving along the peninsula, you still do not see that luxuriance of fertility for which California is famous in the world, but the train soon turns onto the plain, and you feel as if you have sailed across the sea. crops, vineyards, orchards. Everything is already sprouting, turning green, or blooming. The vast fenced orchards of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, and cherries are just one sea of colorful flowers. Elsewhere, endless olive groves grow. This earthly paradise is surrounded on almost all sides by blue mountains. Some are closer, others are barely visible to the eye. To the right, they showed me a group of buildings, hidden in dense trees, and told me that it was Stanford University. Stanford had made his fortune by building the first railroad, which connected California to the rest of the continent. When he died, he left his widow and son about a hundred. The son studied at the University of Paris and died young, and the grieving mother built a university according to his wishes and in his memory, although there was already one in San Francisco. Just in those days, while I was in San Francisco, she was poisoned by unfaithful servants in the city of Honolulu, far on the Pacific, where she used to spend the winter. The newspapers were full of this unfortunate event every day, and various opinions spread about the causes of her sudden death, but the prevailing opinion was that the servants poisoned her in order to get hold of her inheritance as soon as possible, knowing that she had generously remembered everyone in her will. She left the greater part of her property for the provision of the university. San Jose is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants, very clean, orderly, modern, with a climate much warmer than San Francisco, and situated in the vast, already mentioned park, as if created for the rich Americans to come to spend the winter there, unless they want an even warmer climate, and do not go to Los Angeles, which lies at the same height as Memphis. There is a beautiful settlement of Croats in that city. The most famous is Slaviŭ from Mirac on the island of Braŭ, who has a beautiful, modernly decorated inn, so that it would not be ashamed even of Paris. We visited him and he invited us to dinner; and after dinner he harnessed a cart and took us to the paradise of the surrounding area. Neither in France, nor in northern Italy, nor anywhere else where agriculture has reached perfection, have I seen so many blessings of nature, so much luxuriance of 211 fruits, crops and vineyards. The elven horses were grabbing the flat roads, lined on both sides with poplars, eucalyptuses, or orchards, and Slaviŭ was driving them like a real Automedon. We rode for three full hours in the scent of the first sighs of spring, through fences that were yellow with young, tender leaves, through gardens and villas, through orchards strewn with flowers, as if purple, rosy, and yellow snow had fallen from the sky somewhere. Slaviŭ stopped the horses in front of a friend's villa. It is not even fenced, and the rugby field around it is a real garden of the Hesperides. The dark green orange and lemon bushes are breaking under the weight of the golden fruit. Slaviŭ calls, knocks on the door; there is no one! Pick, as if you are at home, he said, and each of us tore off a branch, on which there were a dozen or

pumpkins. To be honest, they weren't real oranges, but something between an orange and a citron, which Americans cut in half, sprinkle with sugar, and then drink the juice with a small spoon. They call them grape-fruit, and I don't know how they came up with the word grape, which means bunch, if not by analogy, because this fruit grows on the branches in huge bunches, seven or eight pieces on one branch, all packed together like the grains on a bunch of grapes. I held one of these bunches, which would weigh three or four kilograms, rejoicing at the joy of little Zorka when I bring it home to her in the evening. We got back into the carriage, and Slaviy drove through the westerly breeze towards San Jose. "You should see Oakland too," said Šutiý once, who in those days was more concerned with my having a good time and seeing everything that was beautiful than with his work. That morning, Krstelj had taken me to the Chinese area, and he was showing me the Chinese shops. We even went to the Chinese fish market, and he told me that the Chinese always sell the freshest fish, and to convince me, he bought a certain type of fish from a Chinese for about twenty cents, just like it was made of silver. It was similar to our gavunu, but two or three times bigger. We took the goods to Šutiý's cook and convinced ourselves that the Chinese sell excellent fresh fish, and that Californian wine, it seems, is not far behind ours. After lunch, Šutiý and Dominýiy set off on a steamer, and we would sail across the bay to Oakland. Oakland has factories and large commercial warehouses from San Francisco, but as soon as you leave the city, there are beautiful villas among them, among them paomas, ivy, all kinds of ornamental trees and flowers. The villas are lined up around the lake, on which countless boats sail. We enjoyed the villas and gardens, so Krstelj suggested that we go to the university, which is not far away on the slopes of the mountain, surrounded by beautiful gardens. We accepted. The university is divided into a dozen buildings, quite simple and not large. There is also a boarding house, and even apartments for professors. All American universities are organized according to the German model, and that too. 212 The first lecture was given; it did not sound like a lecture, and through the walls you could not see how deeply science penetrates. It would be nice to listen to a few lectures, but I would not yet like to pass judgment on the value of the university. I will take the lecture program. It is abundant, as in all universities, even more abundant, but another question is how the program is carried out, and how deeply the knowledge is in the minds of the professors, and how much gift they have for lecturing, and how much tension and diligence they have in listening. In general, it seems to me that American science pays more attention to practice than to theory; that more attention is paid to the polytechnics than to other university faculties. The abstract sciences in particular must have been greatly neglected, because they do not suit the practical American brain, which is all strained and focused on one goal: business. Technical students learn a lot and quickly at university. Architecture is not given much attention, and even less so to engineering. The professor, a place to explain engineering problems to students with chalk on the blackboard, drawing an equation from an equation, mixing stereometry with analytics and descriptive, a place to draw them pictures of machines on the blackboard, intricate projections, in which their practical brain would get entangled as if in a cobweb, he always takes them with him to the laboratory, the instruments and machines themselves, then interprets them on the spot, breaks them down, puts them together, so they can see with their own eyes, how it all happens. As long as necessary, he takes them to large factories, so they can study huge machines on the spot, seeing them in action. At the same time, when they were awake, he went over the theory, he taught them how thick the iron must be, to bear so much and so much steam pressure, how much the lever had to be, to move the wheel so much and so much, without it breaking, and then hit the numbers and equations, proving to them with their mind what they had already seen with their eyes. And the students practice themselves in practical work. We found about twenty of them in the university gardens, who were engaged in leveling the ground, measuring heights, without sines and cosines, completely practically, each with his tripod and level. In medical science too, more attention is paid to the practical. Anatomy and physiology are the main subjects. That is why surgery is progressing much more in America than internal medicine. Dr. Bianchini himself, known as a competent surgeon, told me that American doctors are not lagging behind European doctors in surgery. As a result of numerous sufferings in mines and factories, American doctors have much more opportunities to practice a wide variety of operations than Europeans. Even law itself is taught more practically than theoretically. Not all countries have the same codes, neither criminal nor civil, and school texts are very limited, so not much is required on the exam. Roman law is not a mandatory subject. Lawyers and judges have huge libraries, not of theoretical books, but of famous lawsuits that have already been resolved, that have been printed, and are kept as material for future legislators, and that judges and lawyers can study if necessary, if an analogous case arises. 213 In order to enroll at a university, a Gjak does not need to have a maturity exam or previous studies, as in most European countries. No one asks about Greek and Latin; the main thing is that a Gjak can read and write English well. This makes access to the university easier for everyone, but it also creates a proletariat in all branches of liberal professions. Greek and Latin are taught at the universities, and whoever would judge by the program, would say that classical and modern, and comparative philology are given no less attention than at European universities. But everyone knows what programs are worth: the bigger and prettier they are, the less they weigh. Americans seem to go much further than Europeans. At every university, a theater was built in the ancient Greek style, where Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides would have been represented in the original; Aristophanes, etc. At Oakland University, the theater was just being completed when I visited. Following the example of Greek theaters, it was built high up in the bay, so that it did not take much effort to place the seats in the hemicycle. Care was also taken to ensure that the horizon was as beautiful as possible for the spectators, just as the Greeks enjoyed the view of the sea, the islands, and the beautiful mountain ranges from their theaters. Unfortunately, this did not work out here, because even though the theater faces San Francisco and its bay, it is well hidden by university buildings and tall trees.

The same from the last rows opens up some view. The theater is built faithfully according to the old models, in a semicircle, with a high wall at the bottom, the so-called stage, with a narrow proscenium in front of it, with parasceniums, left and right of the stage wall, with an altar thymele in front of the proscenium in the area of the orchestra and choir. The theater is built, or rather cast, of cement and sand, quite simply, without great expense, nor any decoration, and can accommodate five or six thousand spectators. The actors themselves must perform the tragedies in the original. I would have liked to see such a play, which neither the spectators nor the performers understand, but I did not have that rare luck. That is why I was lucky enough to attend a football game, which is played every day. As much as exercise and bodybuilding are neglected in European universities, in America they exaggerate by imitating the Greeks. There is no doubt that American universities devote much more attention and time to physical exercise than to mental exercise. At every university you will find all possible exercise equipment. Swedish gymnastics is in fashion, and huge rooms are dedicated to it, completely modernly furnished, and next to them are hot, cold and steam baths, where the athletes, after hours of strenuous exercise, bathe and rest. If there is no sea nearby, then there is certainly an artificial lake for practicing rowing and for regattas. In addition, in the courtyard there are rooms for lawn tennis, for hockey, basketball, baseball, football, etc., and in the buildings there are halls for squash and ping-pong. I had the honor of attending a match in football, and it must be admitted that both sides fought for victory quite heroically, if not

I said furiously. You should know that in America, the strong men of one university challenge the strong men of another university to a match of football, and for that purpose they practice and prepare all year round, and when the time for the competition comes, each university chooses the strongest and most skillful players, or rather fighters, because they often grab each other's bones, knock out each other's teeth, kick each other in the ribs with such force that each time they carry someone unconscious from the field. The game consists in one company trying to throw a huge leather ball onto the field of the other company. Whoever's field it lands on loses the game. The competition in this game between the University of New Haven, near New York, and the University of Harvard, near Boston, has become a great national event, like the Olympic Games in Greece, like the Grand Prix de Longchamp in Paris, or the Derby in England, or the bullfighting games in Seville. Not only does everything that is more elegant in New York, but sports fans from all over America flock to New Haven when a match is announced between the University of New Haven and Harvard. Huge bets are placed, as at a horse race. The reporters are all together, and they telegraph at the same time, as the game develops, from the spot, to all the principal newspapers of the Union, all the events of the game. Eleven red-clad Harvard boys rush onto the field against eleven blue-clad Welshmen. Their heads are protected by leather helmets, and their legs by leather leggings. The entire amphitheater, which seats several thousand spectators, was divided into two camps. The cry of Valac supporters resembles the croaking of frogs: Brekekek! — Biscuit! — koex! Holup! ho! up! Parobolo! Wow! Harvard supporters yell: R ah! rah! rah! H arward ! Ten thousand throats croak like huge frogs, and another ten thousand scream: rah! rah! He usually beats Vale, but Harvard takes comfort in the fact that it always wins over Vale in scientific competitions, which doesn't mean much in America. Because of these gymnastic exercises, American athletes look more like athletes than academics. All the external features of the yankee develop in them to the fullest. They are tall, bony, muscular. The forehead is narrow, the forehead is wide, the lobes are strongly developed, the eyes are cold and sharp. The most important part of American universities is the gymnasium, which Americans understand in its Greek meaning, meaning naked exercise, even if the students do not strip naked as in Sparta. It is a building for physical exercise, with all possible facilities for that purpose. The students spend more time in the gymnasium than in the lecture halls. The tuition fees are enormous. Every student pays at least \$100 in fees to the university annually. Those who live in the yard (within the boundaries of the university buildings, in the so-called dormitory) pay five or six hundred dollars a year for a room, with a bathroom, and they furnish it with their own furniture. 215 1 At universities and in cities, club life is unusually developed. First of all, the students are divided into four types; the youngest, who have just come to the university, are called freshmen, what are called freshmen (Fuchs) in our universities; those in the second year are called sophomores,* the third year juniors, (younger) and finally seniors, (older), that is, those who have already passed the first three degrees. The older ones treat the younger ones with contempt. The younger ones do not have access to the clubs of the older ones, and at the joint assemblies they have the right to remain silent. The first year students have their own clubs, which are usually called the Polo Club or the Ferning Club. After completing the first year, they join the Zeta aPsi or Por-^ ce 1 1 ian club; and the later ones join secret clubs, which are called Alpha Dea Phi, or something similar. The DKE club already resembles a Masonic lodge, and the student who wants to join it must pass through the most diverse ridiculous trials. The members of the club can order him to do any crazy thing they like, like going to town for a drink, talking to some unknown lady, etc., and he must do it. If they tell him to sit in the middle of the street in the mud, he must sit; if they tell him to climb a telegraph pole, he must climb it. When he has done all this and is introduced to the club, all sorts of scarecrows await him, such as falling into a chasm, passing through an imaginary fire, etc. There are clubs where the guy has to pay 50 dollars for the entrance fee and 10 dollars for the monthly membership fee. This is so that the poorer guys cannot get in, because in America plutocratic differences have replaced the European differences of blood and lineage. Club life is developed, as I mentioned, not only at the universities, but even more so in the cities. There are clubs that spend two million dollars on their palace. From that amount, the reader will understand what it must be like interior. Dr. Gjirkovečki once took me to one of the main clubs in San Francisco for dinner, and on that occasion showed me all the rooms. In the clubs of large European cities, where the aristocracy and the plutocracy meet, there will be more luxury and refinement in the furnishings, but there is really not as much care for health and cleanliness as in the American ones. I particularly admired the baths, which are decorated with Roman luxury, and then the rooms for exercise and fencing. The membership fee in large and elegant clubs is very high, as much because of the enormous costs as to prevent entry to the lower classes of society. Many an American spends all his time in the club when he is not at work. There he eats, drinks, plays, exercises, bathes, reads the newspapers, discusses politics and city news. At home he only sleeps. In the club there is the greatest freedom and simplicity.

All the formalities of European etiquette are avoided, to the point that one does not even shake hands when meeting or leaving one's comrades. * * * It probably means more knowledge, or those who have learned something, because the word seems to me to be a derivative of the Greek word soph6s and the English more, which means more. 216 1 Masonry is unusually developed in America. There are all kinds of lodges and Masonic associations, some of which are not dependent on the world Masonic organization. Every third and fourth person you meet in America is a Mason. Various lodges compete to recruit more members. It seems to me, however, as far as I have been able to judge, by talking to some of the more distinguished Masons, and without peering into the interior of the organization, which is by no means permitted, that American Masonry has a completely different significance than European Masonry. Suffice it to say that there are lodges to which the walls do not allow access in any case, there are lodges that have a purely Christian significance, and one of the most elegant, which, they say, is very difficult to enter, except for the reason that it does not easily accept new members, and for this, because the entrance fee costs several thousand dollars, has a purely Muslim significance, and also ceremonies, rites and costumes of the Egyptian Arabs. In the great European Orients, the Jews are leading the main opposition, and this is enough to make one suspect whether the purpose of the European Masons today is not to exploit humanity for their own purposes, which have nothing to do with humanitarianism or liberalism, but with the stock market, trade and politics, so that those who have a lot can and worse exploit those who have a little, and to gather all financial and political power into their own hands. There will be no doubt that American lodges also support their brothers at the expense of those who are not Freemasons, but it certainly seems to me that American Freemasonry does not have the same dangerous character for human society as European Freemasonry. 217 XX. Maggie to the Slovinci. — At the dance. — At Dr. Gjirkovečki's. — Invitation to Oakland. — Drowned man. — Maggie to the Vrbanjini. — On the way home. — The difficulties of returning. — Conference in the Lyric Hall. — "Our Unity." — Austrians demonstrating. — Literary conference. — Invitation from Montana. — Farewell. The committee for the preparation of my conferences did everything in its power to ensure that the conferences were well attended. Some friends advised me to visit the society of our "Slovinci" when it had a session, and even the Austrians, in order to appease them so that they would also flock to the conferences. I visited the Slovinci, but I did not want the Austrians. When I was announced in the "Slovinsk" society, it was necessary to knock three times on the door, as in some church ceremonies during Holy Week. Bearded old men with yellow tables over their shoulders came out, who welcomed me, then knocked on the door again.

Inside, I found peace, like among the Roman senators, who were sitting in the Forum, as if dead, when the Gauls had passed away. The president, in some sacerdotal attire, sits at the head of the hall and on the other side opposite him is the vice-president. In the middle is a table covered with a flag, which, when it is touched, must be touched with the hand and kissed, after which one must bow to the president, then to the vice-president. They seated me near the president and gave me the floor. I tried to explain to them the meaning of Slavism and how it came into being, and how it was replaced by new ideas, which had developed or rather revived, since our old brothers had already gone to America. They listened to me attentively, even interrupting me with stormy applause, and finally with shouts and enthusiastic approval; nevertheless, only two or three came to the conferences. I mentioned this to show how in that society, as in many others, they borrowed many ceremonies from Masonic lodges. The Slovenian society was giving a dance during those days, and invited me to visit it. I agreed to study the people, to see whether they were maintaining their national spirit, or whether they were drowning in Americanism. There were many people in the rather large hall. No attention was paid to etiquette, and everyone came dressed as they pleased, some ladies, some gentlemen. Such is the custom in America, but only in lower and bourgeois circles, where they shy away from tailcoats, like witches from incense. It is not quite so in plutocratic circles, which in America are replacing the aristocracy. The plutocrats dress in tailcoats every evening, or at least in what we call a tuxedo, whether they are going to the theater, to some other party, or to stay at home. The plutocracy imitates the English aristocracy in every way. At the dance of our Slovenes there were also workers in ordinary civilian clothes of all colors, and the ladies were mostly dressed in walking clothes. Half of the fair sex did not understand Croatian, a sign that many of our women were marrying Americans, and that a disproportionate number of women compared to men were not coming from their homeland. The Slavs also attacked me on that occasion, asking me to give a speech. I was reluctant, because I knew that if the poor heard me twice, not even the devil would come to a conference where admission was paid. On the contrary, they claimed that the more people heard me, the more they would come, because they would encourage those who had not heard me to come to the conference. I relented and spoke for an hour, paying special attention to the fair sex, who had gathered around me in large numbers. I received enthusiastic approval, but almost no one from the Slavs came to the conference. The Croats and Serbs in San Francisco tried with all their might to make my stay among them as pleasant as possible. The wealthier and more respectable ones gave a feast in my honor, inviting their friends to it. At Dr. Gjurovec's, a Japanese waiter in white gloves served. In San Francisco, it is fashionable for all the most distinguished gentlemen to have Japanese servants, who are undetectable in this business. Dr. Gjurovec's servant showed that he was not inferior to the best German waiter, and so was the cook, also Japanese. After dinner there was a musical entertainment, at which Mrs. Gjurovec showed her skill at the piano and in singing. Dr. Gjurovec's children are also finely educated in music. The whole house exudes nobility, and it is clear that our Zagorje plum grower has not forgotten his blood and lineage, nor his old Croatian hospitality, even in democratic America. Dr. Gjurovec also betrays the blood of a Zagorje nobleman in his love for sports. If it were not for this love for sports, Dr. Gjurovec was very rich, because he quickly acquired a large clientele in San Francisco, as well as a reputation as the best specialist in diseases of the uterus and other diseases of the reproductive female organs. He deserves that reputation, and he enjoys it not only in the municipality, but also among experts, who greatly appreciate his works on these subjects and consider him an authority. When I mentioned the dinner at Dr. Gjurovec's, I would be ungrateful if I did not mention Mr. Tadić, Šutić, Kocelj, Bakulić, and the 219 Serb brothers, Špir Vukosavljević and the Radulović brothers. Everyone tried and competed to show me as much love as possible, just as if they were hosting their beloved homeland in me. In Oakland, near San Francisco, there is a small settlement of my neighbors, from Vrbanje. They are proud that others pay such tribute to their fellow citizen, and there are some among them who sat with me on the school benches, stretched boards for the mortars, Šutić and generally spent the beautiful their childhood together, so how could they lag behind the others? One day they came to the apartment of Mr. Šutić and Mr. Krstelj for days of Fredotović and Vidosević, on a deputation, and they invited me, Mr. On a feast in Oakland. We received, and one of the two Razovičs, Thursday evening we set off by steamer across the Kona. The sky had begun to be showered with stars, and I stood at the stern to observe the wonderful California nature in the first shivers of spring. Suddenly the steamer stopped, the engine hit back with all its force, shaking every joint of the huge steamer, which was carrying at least a thousand passengers. What happened? All the passengers rushed to the stern, the sailors jumped into the boat, quickly untied it and lowered it into the sea. A passenger jumped from the barracks into the open sea! Will they save him?" That was the question on everyone's lips. The boat had moved away, and in the night you couldn't see what was happening at sea. After ten minutes the boat returned, and they lifted it on the towbars to the steamer's barracks. The sailors got out of it, leading an old man, whose hair, beard, and entire suit were dripping with water. A shout of joy erupted from all sides. They shouted to the good sailors, to life, which had conquered death! Everyone was cheerful, only that old man was depressed; he lowered his head on his chest in despair, grimly glaring at the people around him. He didn't walk, they dragged him by force through two rows of curious people to the captain's cabin. Everyone wanted to see him, everyone pushed against the cabin door, pushing the others; and the one who wanted no human eye to see him anymore was now exposed to the disgusting human eyes, just like some freak in a circus or in a panopticon. He would be nearly seventy. At that age, it is difficult for a person to resolve to commit suicide. Statistics show that the closer a person gets to death, the more frequent suicides are. Even without statistics, anyone who has looked a little into human nature and psychology knows that the more difficult it is for a person to leave life, the longer he has become accustomed to it. The power of habit is most stubbornly shown in the drive for life. There are old people who go mad when death is mentioned to them. No matter how intelligent they are, they go crazy when children remember their weakness, that is, their fear of death, and shout to them that death awaits them, over there in that corner, or at that intersection. Their minds are clear in everything, but they cannot, and will not, yield to the reasons of inexorable nature. They hate nature itself, and cannot understand that, by the profound reasons of its structure, it could not possibly have made things eternally immortal, created something that does not change, does not last forever the same; it could not have made people immortal, or even prolonged their lives for a tenth of a year beyond the period it has determined for them. And there is no doubt that if nature could have done this, she would have done it. All these reasons are of no use to the elderly, and few are those who know how to raise their minds to humble submission and benevolent submission to the higher laws, to a peaceful, gentle euthanasia. In their seventies, no one dies of a joke, no one dies without bitter, terrible, indescribable suffering. In California, even less so than elsewhere. At least to the eye, there can be no hunger there; Mother Nature feeds everyone abundantly, even the beasts in the mountains. How much less, then, for a man who has so wonderfully cultivated it, transformed it into a single orchard, vineyard, granary, and garden! What, then, could have driven that gray-bearded old man to so bitterly tear at life, to extinguish all his pains in the waters of the Pacific, to extinguish the fire of despair that burned his brain, and to seek eternal, unawakened peace? Who will answer for that, who will weigh all the weight of The pain in his heart, like the folding of stormy wings of despair, which the sun had thrown back into the sea.* And I peered through the heads that had gathered around the cabin door, to see him, to read on his face the

His eyes sparkled, as before, when they had led him away, with a flash of inexpressible rage, of insatiable hatred, like a wounded beast, when a hunter approaches its den with a spear in his hand; indeed, with an even more terrible flash, because the squinting of a wounded beast expresses the fierce fear of death, the urge for life, the rage against the bloodthirsty hunter. That look meant something contrary, something that was not according to the laws of nature. He sought eternal darkness, and he saw the disgusting candles of human eyes; he sought the darkness of unawakened unconsciousness, and human eyes burned around him like lamps of disgusting consciousness; he sought the depths of the sea, and he still felt on the muscles of his shoulders the angry grip of human fingers, which forcibly pulled him out of the harbor of rest and oblivion. He fled from people, and they ran after him into the very waves of the sea! And this, I suppose, in the name of mercy, in the name of humanity! All the terrible injustice of the influence of one human will on another human will in that violent act was concentrated, like light through a lens in a fireplace; it was concentrated in his brain in his will, as if gathered from all the batteries of human tyranny; and now it sparkles, glows, flashes, lightnings from his eyes! And perhaps, in addition, it illuminates for him all the terrible scenes of his everyday life from which he was fleeing! Who can describe such a picture? Who will dive into the depths of the whirlpools of such mental storms? Who will dare to say that on the basis of philosophy and philanthropy, suicide is condemned and declared a crime? How will they prove that people have the right, even the duty, to forcibly lock the door that leads to death against a self-murderer, just as a knife is closed against a child, so that he does not cut himself? Perhaps they have that right and that duty, but it is extremely difficult to find an apodictic logical inevitable connection between the desire for suicide and the duty to prevent it. 221 Like a red-hot iron, with which ancient surgeons seared wounds, the look of that self-murderer burned me, and left an indelible mark in my memory, a real brand and after it a scar. Instead of an act of mercy, people may have committed an act of indescribable violence, from the cold peace of death, throwing a man into the red-hot furnace of life! Or perhaps my imagination is too carried away, and was that look nothing more than the look of a fool, or a drunkard, who will soon sober up? Life and death have in their tragedy all kinds of jokes and various ironies! * My Vrbanj people met us at the pier and accompanied us to the house, where they prepared a hearty dinner. They wanted me to taste everything California produces, sparing no expense, not as if they were workers, but as if they were employers. To remind me of my birthplace, they wanted to prepare a home-cooked meal for me. They bought a kid and roasted it themselves in the yard, just like home-cooked food; but "there are no kid goats like ours," said Vidosevic, "not even in California!" — It should be raised in a pen, not let loose; added Razovic. — The grass here is not as juicy as it is here; noted Fredotovic. I am weighing all the true words, so that I may show that our homeland has many things to envy even California. In the conversation and toasts, midnight passed, two hours passed . . . There is no more steamer, let us return! Šutić wants us to return, for whatever reason, out of concern for the lady, so that she does not worry about us. For more than an hour we wandered along the coast to see if we could find a steamer to transport us, and finally luck served us to board a cargo steamer, which disembarked us two hours' walk away from Šutić's house. After a long wandering, we found a carriage, but every moment the heads in front of it stumbled along the steep streets of . . . We took pity on the poor animal and continued on foot. Around the second rooster crows we stopped for a rest. On the eleventh of March a conference was arranged in the Lyric Hall. The committee tried to make the conference as successful as possible morally and materially, issued announcements and a program, and distributed tickets. The program stated that there would be music and a tamburitza choir, and finally, after the conference, there would be dancing. The committee included Dr. VG Vecki, (Gjurkovecki) J. Mender, JE Kukavica, ET Balić, M. Kalašić, A. Gecan, N. Juras, J. Bilafer, J. Krstinić, D. Doklestić, MO Dominović, P. Kocelj, A. Marinović, E. Gudelj, G. Šantić, P. Knego, J. Fredotović, L. KJimović. One old-timer also took a beautiful photo of me, which will be distributed at the entrance. "Naša Sloga" came out for the first time in formal attire, brought a poem in my honor, and the Korčula native Marinović skillfully highlighted and increased my merits in the literary and political fields. A truly large crowd gathered. The Serbs especially distinguished themselves. All the conscious Croats showed up at the hearing, and of the Austrians and Slovenes only one or two, so that they could say what I had said, and, as the delay threatened, complain to the Austrian consulate. The day after the conference, a group of Austrians gathered and came to Mr. Šutić's inn to make a demonstration against me.

They shouted: Croatia is dying! Long live Austria! I am also recording this, so that it can be seen to what extent the Austrian system of school education has enslaved a part of our people. Dr. Gjurkovečki introduced me to the community in a beautiful English speech, and after him I spoke for two hours, referring in particular to the local political and economic conditions of our people, ironically making fun of the Austrians quite sharply, because I knew anyway that beautiful reasons are of no use to them. I particularly emphasized my satisfaction with such an exemplary harmony between Croats and Serbs, which can truly be an example to our brothers in the homeland, so that they sober up from the chaff that the Austrian hand pours into their domestic flour. After that conference, both Serbs and Croats expressed their desire for me to hold a literary conference for them, which they held three days later, and which lasted from 8:30 to midnight. On that occasion I saw tears of pride and emotion on many eyes, which pleased me more than the most tumultuous applause and approval. Before I left San Francisco I received a telegram from Mr. Marčelja inviting me to hold a conference in Great Falls, Montana. I received neither an answer nor an invitation from Anaconda and Butte, and if only all three of these numerous settlements had agreed and invited me, I could have set off on a long journey, again towards the far north of the United States, through the states of California, Nevada, Utah and Idaho, to Montana. Taught by many experiences, and having already studied the life and circumstances of our people in America sufficiently, unable to expose myself to the danger of possible shortages, I decided to head straight for St. Louis, where I counted on constant success, since the invitation by Šutić and the three presidents of the three sections of the Hr. N. Society, promising me a free conference hall. I ran away with Mr. was signed I'm going to buy a ticket for the fastest train so I can arrive in time for St. Louis, because the first conference was scheduled for Saturday, March 19th. The fastest train from San Francisco to St. Louis takes four days of non-stop travel, and it's already Tuesday, so there's no time to waste. Early in the morning I said goodbye to the lovely Mrs. Šutić, kissed little Zorka, who had brought me the newspaper for the last time at breakfast, and then with the finest Šutić I headed to the station, where a crowd of 223 Serbs and Croats had gathered to shake my hand at parting. They filled my pockets with Mexican and Cuban cigars, loaded me with other travel necessities, and then I kissed everyone and left. However, new friends arrive to greet me, and here is Mr. Tadić, who does not say goodbye to me, but see you later, because he promises that in the summer, with his wife and two children, he will come to visit Starigrad and travel around his homeland. At the dinner, which he gave in my honor to me and numerous friends, Mr. Tadić also gave me a golden matchbox, in gratitude, saying that I had provided him with such unusual pleasure with my conferences. He kept his promise, and this summer he came to his homeland for a few months, and traveled it from end to end. There must be great love in his heart for his homeland, when, with his family, he crossed the United States twice, the ocean and a good part of Europe, to see it. And such love and longing for his homeland do not burn only in his heart in America. In the eyes of many of those who came to see me off, I saw tears, which seemed to be brought on by longing for my native land, and a mild envy that I was heading towards it. Šutić and

Krstelj accompanied me by steamer to Oakland, where the people of Vrbanja met me to say goodbye. I shook everyone's hand one more time, got on the train and soon I was on the flowery plains of California. 224 XXI. Great America's Desert and Salt Lake again. — Wyoming, — Cheyenne. — Kansas City. — Missouri. — St. Louis. — Conference in St. Louis. — Pastor Oskar Šuster. — People. — City-Hall.

— Exhibition. — Mississippi. — Through the State of Illinois. I will spare the readers the description and incidents of the journey from San Francisco to St. Louis. Four long days of rolling on the railroad with tiresome fellow-travelers, without collisions of trains, is what it means to be lucky on the road in America. I crossed the Sierra Nevada again, the whole State of Nevada, and marveled again at the tremendous magnificence of the great American Desert, a wasteland of barren salt. In this wasteland I was somehow at ease, as if in an element related to my soul. Like my soul, fate had ravaged it long ago by some terrible cataclysm, and the curse of infertility weighs upon it. Will those vast white plains ever turn into fertile soil? Will they ever be covered with flowers and greenery? Will they nourish any living being? Will colorful butterflies fly over the flowery meadows there, and human imagination pursue its dreams, its hopes? The mute eloquence of the white wasteland seemed to answer me: white lilies will sprout from our salt sooner than love from your heart! — And yet the hope of love never dies in it! And there is the Salt Lake again, with its indescribably nuanced mists, with the magnificent amphitheater of the mountains in the north, with huge, colorful cloud butterflies that wind around the white involuntary dolomite peaks of the mountains. He lies dead, as if he never died. h of the wind did not pick up that leaden surface, as if it was not salt water, but that the basin was filled with mercury, like Sheh Jeahna lake in Delhi, which once mirrored magical mosques, minarets and courts of the Afghan dynasty and lawns where odalisques brought from the Circassian mountains and from the banks of the Indus walked. And on that infinite mirror of quicksilver, as when I first passed through, a huge sunbeam shines endlessly, like a flaming sword that is rushing from the heavens, through the clouds, into the bosom of the earth, to pierce its heart, like the last flash of that cataclysmic storm that in the prehistory of the earth turned entire states into wastelands, 225 15 and sowed them with salt, so that they would never again bear fruit with sinful life and wicked light. From Ogden, the train did not go this time through the state of Utah to Colorado, but headed north through the state of Wyoming (read Wyoming), flowing always along low mountains, but of a very strange structure. In some places the mountains seem to you like square towers, piled one on top of the other, with various crowns; in others, high dolomites protrude, sharp as daggers, like thickets of stones, until finally the train enters the vast plain of the Missouri empire. The great North American plain begins near the capital of Wyoming, Cheyenne. In an hour and a half from Cheyenne, the train already enters the state of Nebraska, and runs day and night along the boring banks of the Platte River. In Omaha, the train changes, because the first one goes straight on to Chicago and New York. In the morning you lean along the banks of the Missouri, until the train again hits the plains of Nebraska and Kansas, rushing south. At the same time, near the city of Atchison, the Missouri River appears again and the train does not leave it until it passes the city of Kansas City, which is developing at an unprecedented speed, because it is right in the center of the United States, and in the center of that fertile endless plain, which with its field and livestock products feeds most of North America and floods European markets. In Kansas City there is a numerous Croatian colony and a Croatian parish, headed by the famous patriot Davorin Krmpotij. I did not stop in that town, because the pastor wrote to me that it would not be possible to hold a conference there. All day the train rushed through the states of Kansas and Missouri, always through plowed fields, which were already covered with snow. In the state of Missouri, those mountains, or rather hills, with sparse forests, began to appear. Now the train would go between the hills, now it would flow along the very banks of the longest river in the world, the Missouri. I expected a more magnificent impression from that river, from the descriptions I had read in various novels.

I confess that it did not really impress me. It is no wider than the Danube, in fact it is narrower in places. I did not notice any large steamships or commercial traffic on it, and the banks are not landscaped either. Where it is not squeezed by hills, or where it joins a tributary, it flows into a real sea, at the end of which you can barely see the tops of the forests in the mist. On the eastern side there are still many forests, and here and there you can experience those idyllic scenes of the rainforest, when the European had not yet begun to ravage with fire and iron. The wide waves of the river carry with them huge stumps of fallen trees, which float silently and dignifiedly towards the south. But you expect in vain that a red Indian will peek out of the forest somewhere, crowned with feathers, with a bow on his shoulder, with a quiver of poisoned arrows on his quiver, with an axe in his hand. The merciless Anglican exterminated them with whiskey and a rifle. You wait in vain for a furry bear to peep out of some forest, or a huge anaconda to unfurl its deadly coils, or for a timid saiga or doe to suddenly clasp in its angry embrace, stretching out from some tree. All these 226 scenes are gone. All have been driven out by the European, all have been frightened by the noisy railway. Countless herds of oxen, pigs and sheep, the wild inhabitants of the jungle. Around seven o'clock in the evening I arrived in St. Louis. Before the train stops at the main station, it rushes for a good hour through the factories and the factories. Again I find no one at the station, and although I have telegraphed from San Francisco and Omaha, I walk from one room to another, listening to the more experienced Croats to tell me the exact time of my arrival. The some Croatian guy, but I couldn't. Where am I going?^ I went to the telegram, and quickly station is huge. I heard a Croatian word. I looked at the faces, to recognize informed Eduard Piškulić and the pastor Šuster that I was at the station, and asked them to come and get me. There were no carriages anywhere, and in tramways you have to understand first and know where they were going, so you can't just blindly follow them. After two hours of boring waiting, I saw a priest and spoke to him in English, asking him if he knew Reverend Šuster. He was there, and I had guessed it. Piškulić and Šarar were already there, to whom Šuster introduced me. While still in Allegheny, I had received an invitation to come and hold two conferences in St. Louis, one political and one literary. They told me that a committee had met for that purpose, which had called an assembly, at which it was unanimously decided to invite me, and at which Mr. Bubanj and Kružić stated that they would give me their hall free of charge for the conference. They charged 25 cents for the political conference and a dollar for the literary one. The invitation was signed by Eduard Piškulić, Stjepan Ban, president of section no. 160 "Croatian National Assembly".

Zaj.", Luka Šarar, accountant of department no. 60 "Croatian National Zaj.", Ivan Kružić, president of department no. 214. "Croatian National Zaj." Who could have thought that there would be no success.^ All those gentlemen presidents and leaders did not in the least take care to ensure any success for me, and Messrs. Bubanj and Kružić, who generously offered me a conference room for free, were also mistaken in their calculations. The hall is located above their saloon, and they calculated that if they offered me the hall for free, it would be completely worth it, because every visitor who came had to go through the saloon first, and no one went through the saloon without at least a glass of beer. They calculated poorly, because on the first evening only about fifteen people came, and on the second evening no one at all, except for the pastor Schuster and the worker Šarar, who accompanied me. On the first evening I waited in the saloon for an hour, waiting for people to gather. The same scenes as in the "Hrv. Nar. Zaj" saloon in Crested Butte were repeated. Asking what you would like to drink, offers of cigars, etc. When I saw that there was no one, and when the drunkards bored me with their offers, I told Piškulić that I would not hold a conference, since I had no one to talk to. He fidgeted, and said to me: "And who will pay for the tickets?"* — I, yes, who

"What?" I replied. 227 Those present crowded around me, asking me to give them a conference, so as not to embarrass them in front of the other Croats in America. Not because of them, but so that it would not be said that I was after profit, I rushed with that handful of people to the upper hall, and gave them a two-hour speech, referring more to their circumstances and needs than to the state of the people in their homeland. And I knew their circumstances and life in St. Louis well from reading the newspapers, and also from the people I met; because if they are like that, then they will be like the rest. ^ Perhaps nowhere in all of America are our people at a lower level of education, nowhere do they perform menial jobs, nowhere are they despised as in St. Louis. There they lag behind even the Italians themselves. There are four or five thousand of them, all the lowest workers on the roads, or employed in cleaning sewers. They live in the vast majority in boarding houses, which are real models of impurity and immorality. They have their own church and their own pastor in the person of the Reverend Oskar Šuster, but the church is always empty, and he is hunched over, and can barely make ends meet. When I finished the conference, Mr. Piškulić came to show me the bills. — I give you all the surplus, — I said jokingly. — And it is gone! Just enough came in to pay for the tickets. The Czech journalist Dostal was present, who was appalled at such negligence and neglect of our people. Pastor Šuster was not surprised, because he knew his flock. Piškulić disappeared and I never saw him again, although he had taken over the care of the funeral and said he would show me around St. Louis. He had found me an apartment, admittedly, with a Czech worker who lived in his house, but what an apartment! There was no sink in the room, and there were no sheets on the bed. If someone from the street had pushed the door open, they could have entered my room and robbed me, if they hadn't been scared off by the stench that emanated from the damp walls and unswept floor. In the room next to me, a drunken worker was snoring like a badger in a den. After the conference, I walked with Dostal through the streets of St. Louis, knee-deep in mud. Pastor Schuster had entrusted me to him, promising to come pick me up tomorrow. When Dostal brought me to the apartment and went inside, he wanted to get me out immediately and put me up in a hotel, but there was no one to carry my luggage. I said good night to him, asking him to be on my side while I was in St. Louis, to show me the city and explain what was important in it from a business and commercial point of view. He promised to meet me at the Czech pastor's, who invited me to a meal for a few days. When the next day Dostal told the Czech pastor and Šuster what kind of den I was living in, they decided that Šuster would sleep in the Czech canonry and leave his room to me. The worker Luka Šarar, who almost cried when he saw that no one had come to the conference the other night, saw to it that my luggage was carried to the pastor Šuster's apartment and put himself in my place, to wash me in St. Louis, to show me the areas where Croats work and live, especially those I have seen and seen in it the life of our people, and it is better not to describe it. Most of them are from Lika, illiterate. I think that even in Lika itself you would not find such human dens as boarding houses, where they live, ten, fifteen and twenty in one dim room. A single woman cooks and washes the clothes for the whole company, if she washes at all. Quarrels and fights are on the agenda. Often there are even knife fights, and even more often between Orthodox Christians, who are as few as Catholics. I will not describe St. Louis either. Everyone has read enough about it, on the occasion of the World's Fair in 190^, everyone knows how in a short time its population has grown to over a million souls, that it has the largest brewery in the world, that it has countless other factories, that the turnover is enormous, especially in agricultural products. Nor does it need to be told its history, for everyone knows that it was a French colony, the center of the vast French settlement of Louisiana, which extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River and even further east, and that Napoleon committed the greatest crime against the French people when he sold that vast country, that heart of North America, to the United States, so to speak, for nothing. Today, no one in St. Louis, nor in the entire vast expanse of what was once Louisiana, speaks French. Everything has been flooded with a flood of obscene English. In New Orleans itself, the largest city in what is now little Louisiana, the French element is concentrated in one corner of the city, in one street! In appearance, St. Louis is quite similar to other American cities, only with more mud. The area where the rich live is clean and decorated with beautiful marble villas and palaces. The City Hall, which the editor of "Hlas" Dostal told me cost, if I remember correctly, 38 million dollars, is quite beautiful, and somewhat resembles the Hotel de Ville in Paris. It is smaller, and I think it could be built in Europe for four million francs. It is amazing how much builders, entrepreneurs, and the like gobble up in America, especially when building a state or city building. An architect who gets one of these jobs doesn't have to worry about getting another, unless he shares the money with representatives, officials, or city eyes. The exhibition, which took up a colossal space, was closed when I arrived in St. Louis. Not a single building was built to last, as the calculating and intelligent French do, taking care of the future. Everything was hastily put together from beams, planks, lime, and cement, and everything was already falling apart. How many architects and entrepreneurs devoured. ^ I stayed in St. Louis for only three days, and on the morning of the fourth I decided to travel to Chicago, from where I was again called, and I was telegraphed to San Francisco and St. Louis to come, because they had organized a farewell banquet in my honor. Pastor Schuster and the worker Sharar accompanied me to the station, I shook their hands and got on the train. In a few moments I was on the huge and only bridge that connects St. Louis with East St. Louis across the Mississippi River. This bridge imitates the Brooklyn Bridge in New York, and is not much smaller. The view from the bridge is magnificent of this largest river in North America, of the steamboats that cross it on all sides, and of the countless factories and chimneys that decorate its banks. About thirty kilometers north of St. Louis, its largest tributary, the Missouri, flows into the Mississippi, and so right near St. Louis The Mississippi shows its grandeur. To the east, across the river, the new city of East St. Louis looms, and behind it the vast plains of the state of Illinois stretch out, over which I travel by express train from morning till night. All these plains are hilly, on all sides cattle and pigs graze on the stubble, and the journey is dull and monotonous, as in all of Central America. In the evening, when it was already nightfall, I arrived in Chicago, where the same friends met me as on the first occasion. I set off with Mr. Randić for a lodging. 230 li XXII, Again in Chicago. — Rides with Randić around the city. — Visit to the Perković brothers' factory in Evanston. — In Randić's saloon. — The hanging millionaire. — Duke Draško in Chicago. — A Croat giant. — The Croats are the strongest men in America. — Banquet in the National Hall. — My speech. — Croatian political and economic organization. — Speeches. — Greetings to the homeland of Mrs. Zlatka Biankina. — Folk dance. — American Beauty. — Farewell.

At the end of March, the cold in Chicago eased a little, and now Mr. Ante Randić could drive me all day in a carriage through the streets, around the lake, in the parks, through the factory districts of the city and its surroundings. He himself drove the horses, which crossed the endless streets as if they were ^rilonozes. So I went around and examined the entire city with him, I peeked into the factories, the banks, and all the famous palaces. If I wasn't with him, Sirovatka would take me to his workers, so that I could continue my studies. One day I went with Sirovatka to Evanston, a small town north of Chicago, to see the crate and furniture factory of the brothers Pavle and Josip Perković from Križpolje in Lika. These men, with tireless effort and diligence, had arranged, according to the most modern system, a woodworking shop in their own large house. Their factory was supplied

with all kinds of machines, of perfect accuracy, which, so to speak, create beautiful home decorations and furniture, without the worker even needing to be God knows what kind of expert in carpentry. They don't need many workers even if they produce a lot, because one machine does the work of ten to twenty workers. Their business is thriving, because they work themselves, manage the factory and the store, and despite the handsome fortune they have acquired, they live very modestly, even modestly. A rare example of economic common sense, which was worth mentioning in this book. Although Randiř's saloon is a gentleman's saloon, our workers still sometimes go there, more to visit Randiř and ask him for some advice than to spend money in the saloon. When I have nothing to do, I sit in the saloon, to watch people, or I read English newspapers to Randiř; because as I mentioned, 231 he cannot read. It is strange to me that I look at the English paper, and I read it in Croatian. He understands me better that way, because since I speak English poorly, it is easier for me to immediately switch to Croatian. Randiř's American friends watch this scene and are amazed, because when they talk to me, I understand them a little, and sometimes not at all, and I read English newspapers to Randiř! To convince them that I have translated correctly, Randiř tells them the content of the translated article and they see that he completely agrees. A millionaire, who doesn't know what to do with his money, wants me to go and spend the night with it, but I refuse to give in, because if I can't spend my own, I won't spend his either! But he has it in his head that he has to waste a thousand dollars with me, as if he hadn't wasted enough that evening. He's a bit cocky, he promises to come to Europe, and I'll talk him out of it; just as if when he gets to Europe, he'll find me first! I've barely gotten rid of him when some of his acquaintances come, who seize a good opportunity and drag him away. I'm more interested in Mato Njavro, a worker from Hrasno in Herzegovina, than in dollars and the debauchery of that millionaire. Mato Njavro has been in America for several years, illiterate, and he has a pure Herzegovinian soul left in him, without any American touch. He does menial jobs in Mr. Randiř's saloon, when there's no work elsewhere, and he doesn't really ask for it much.

He loves it best when he can meet our man, talk about outlaws and avengers, and sing folk songs, of which he knows countless. When he talks about Chicago and America, there's the real, genuine Duke Drařko in Venice. While he sings me a song about Osman-aga on Udbina, enjoying that I respect his knowledge so much, especially when the master sees it and hears me praising the beauty of his language, or some folk verse, like the ones with which Osmanaga complains about his old age, and cannot sit on a horse for a fight: I have no teeth for the devil, To beat the crust of white bread; The wind blows through the hills for me all the time; While he sings a song, there is the worker Mikula řiřul from Kukuljanovo near Bakra, who also knows how to appreciate his poetic talent, especially when he sings about a hero, because řiřul is also a real hero, gigantic in body, so it seems to him, while Njavro sings about Mujo, about Halil, about Smiljaniř, that he is singing all about him. All heroism flees, and Njavro does not complain, like old Milovan, that no one tells him: "Here's a gourd of wine, which will last you until Karin", he calls for two bottles of good wine from California. Mikula řiřul would be offended, when he pays, if a gentleman, namely Randiř, does not come to drink with him, because even if he is a simple worker, the money is honestly earned, so let the gentlemen drink with him too. If Randiř would let him, he would spend every last cent when Njavro sings about heroes, and when gentlemen drink with him. He is a real giant, his hand is so big that mine is completely lost in his. He works diligently, and there is always work, because American employers pay this giant force at most three dollars a day and don't care if he makes ten or fifteen. řiřul doesn't know how much he makes, he only knows that in his homeland he didn't get a single renřřka a day, and here he gets three renřřkas. He calls dollars renřřkas, just as he called forints at home, since for him a dollar here is worth about the same as a forint at home, and if for gentlemen it is worth much less. That giant is as good as a lamb. A hero is on the word, and in all likelihood also in the heart, but he never shows his heroism or his strength on people, but on stones, on sacks of coal, on carts, or on machines.

There are many such people in America, because řiřul is the prototype of a type of our people. If Mato Njavro had many such clients, he who would rather sing than work, would make golden deals. But, like many people in this world, Njavro does not know how to use his natural gift. I am convinced that if he had gone to St. Louis, to the people of Lika, instead of me, and gathered them together to sing to them about Prince Marko, or about Ivan of Senj, he would have done much better. He would have done well wherever there were our workers, because each one would gladly give him five or ten cents in the evening, when he returned from work, if only he could dilute the people's soul with heroic exploits. Because even in our homeland, writers who deal with folk literature fare much better than high, artistic ones. Even more suitable for our people are the simple folk gusle, rather than the classical golden lyre or the sublime harp. In America, where the lowest classes of the population migrate, there is almost no field for high literature, nor for politics. But just as our folk singers did not trade in the gusle, so Njavro does not trade in his song; but just as the blind man was content with alms, or a flask of wine, so too is he happy when řiřul comes and orders a bottle of wine. Observing řiřul's giant muscles, which are not found even in Americans, despite their constant gymnastics exercises, I thought about how many such muscles are being lost from their homeland and drowning in the American sea. At home, the old heroic national strain is disappearing more and more, because what is not emigrated, is consumed, eaten up by poverty, or malaria, as in the heroic districts, where you can no longer recognize or find a descendant of the heroic sardara who, with Mořivun, Smiljaniř, or Don Stjepan Soriř, rode to the bloody Otres, "the place of robbery where the old battle is fought". Americans know how to appreciate the industry and strength of our workers, and they are most willing to hire Croats for work. The strength of the Croats is known throughout America. Where nationalities wrestle, the Croats always win. In New-Orleans, games are held every year, where the forces of various nationalities are measured, and these games are well attended and the winners are well paid. The most common game is tug of war. Twelve people of one 233 nationality accept one end of the rope, and the other twelve people of another nationality, so who will pull whom. People train for this job for a long time, and each nationality chooses the strongest. Those who win in the circle of their compatriots are sent to an international match. Until now, there was no case that ours did not defeat all other nationalities. Usually ours choose fishermen, accustomed to hauling nets at home, and at the mouth of the Mississippi, where a large population lives. How long will our country endure such stout people under these terrible governments, which are precisely suppressing the health and strength of the people, releasing unregulated rivers and swamps, keeping them in the greatest misery and distress? * * In the evening of March 26th, a banquet was held in the National Hall. Representatives of all the Slovenian nationalities in Chicago were also invited, and they all responded, especially the Czechs in large numbers.

The Croatian music, the tamburitza choir and the "Zora" singing group had to fill the breaks between the various speeches. The hall was packed, and Mr. Juraj Mamek presided. All the most distinguished Croats bowed together. Since their names have already been mentioned in this book, I will not mention them again, nor will I describe the banquet, nor give various speeches, so as not to unnecessarily prolong the book. In the speech in which I thanked them for the toasts and the honor shown me, I, at the request of those present, presented the impressions I received on my trip, and the conclusions of my observations regarding our people and their needs. The speech made a great impression, so that they asked me to immediately write it down and print it in several thousand copies, so that they could distribute it to the people throughout America, because it could be of great benefit and open the eyes of many. Since there was no time to do so then, and since the juice of all my

observations, I accept this opportunity to write it, in the hope that, through this book, it will reach our people in America: Brothers! You have bound me, as long as I live, with expressions of love towards me. You, here in Chicago, have done everything in your power to ensure that the purpose of my visit is not missed in any respect; and it would be missed if today, at parting, I did not honestly and openly give those pieces of advice that seem to me necessary for the progress of your people and all other Croats in America. At the conference, I presented to you the difficulties that our people suffer in the homeland, and now it is fitting to show you the defects from which our people suffer here in America, and what would be necessary to cure these defects. I will begin at once with the most important question, for you and for the homeland that gave birth to you; and that is, whether you will maintain yourself, as a people, in America and for how long. That was for me the main goal of my research, when I decided to cross the ocean to settle there, and on this island I have most carefully focused my research. Brothers, in a song sung by the olra.i.^ seventeen years old, in the Epistle to Jeronim Ilijij in Los Angeles" although I was then young and inexperienced and if the issue of migration was not then vital for the Croatian people, nor could I foresee what dimensions it would take; although I did not know the situation in America, I already then, as if by a prophetic premonition, sensed your fate and sang: Poor brothers! In the mixture of peoples They will disappear, like barren pollen, Which the wind with its wings shakes, And in the dry wasteland it carries away. Far from the cup of sorrowful Innocent beloved wings. Hello, my lost brothers! Thus I sang then, inexperienced, and today, when I have observed our people in America with my own eyes, and seen them at work, and in all their occupations, I cannot, unfortunately, but repeat my desperate verse: Hello, my lost brothers! It is in vain to be tempted; all Croats in America who do not return to their homeland will all be lost to their homeland. The old immigrants will lie in their graves; their children will remain, who will still know a few Croatian words that they heard from their parents; their grandchildren will not know even a few Croatian words; they will not know what nationality they come from, or where on earth the cradle that rocked their ancestors is. You can already see this process clearly today. Even today, many people are already spelling their names, even though they have not yet learned to speak English themselves. I have found very few children of Croatian parents who can speak Croatian well, and I have found many who do not know even a word. If the parents have not learned English themselves, then the children are forced to speak Croatian with them and learn something, and yet they speak English better, and with American children they become real Americans. If the parents have learned English, then they themselves speak English with their children, and they do not bother to teach them the Croatian language. Exceptions are very rare. So what can you hope for? to save you.^ You don't have schools, and even if you did, they wouldn't save you, and you don't have them, because you don't believe in them; because you know that parents would like to send their children to English schools, since the English language is essential for their life, for work, for survival. Parishes can give you spiritual comfort, folk churches can keep you together for a while, you can have the consolation that when you leave this world you hear the Croatian word from the mouth of the pastor, so that you can relieve your soul of sin and fall asleep peacefully, but Croatian churches will not save your nationality. By the age of twenty, thirty, when today's generation dies, Croatian will no longer be preached in those churches, your children will not visit them. The Catholic Church means the universal church, it has no nationality, all nations are equal to it, or at least they should be. Your children may stay in that church, but they will not go to the Croatian church, but in the universal, Latin, wherever they find it. If they wanted to, and if they still remembered some Croatian words, then there would be no more pastors to preach to them in Croatian. They would listen to some Irishman, who would also be a stranger, because he would speak English. While I am on the subject of Croatian churches, I cannot help but make a few observations for you. I have seen almost all the Croatian churches in America and many Slovenian ones. Many are built luxuriously, and are real cathedrals compared to the churches you attended, as children, in the villages you visited.

Some have Croatian inscriptions, some even today bear plaques with English inscriptions. These seem to have made a will at the very time of their birth, and left their walls, bell towers and altars as a legacy to the all-consuming English language. There are some that cost 50,000 dollars, there are some that cost up to 100,000 or a million crowns, like the Slovenian one in Calumet, with an English inscription, and it is not even finished yet. It is beautiful and commendable that you think of God and your soul, because the church keeps you in human dignity, preserves your morality; but I ask, since it is destined that these churches will become English in a short time, was it necessary and advisable to spend such huge sums on them? Couldn't you have been content with just a parish priest, who could have performed the rites for you in some other Catholic church; or if you wanted to build, why don't you build something more modest.^ I have calculated that the Croats and Slovenians spent up to two million thalers, or ten million crowns, on building churches in the United States. You are all astonished when you hear these figures, and if I were to tell you, give me half of that sum, or even a fifth for patriotic purposes in the homeland, you would all be even more astonished, and it would seem impossible to you to collect such a sum. And yet, as you see, the Croats and Slovenians, in ten years, have spent ten million crowns on national churches, and ten million crowns, and those that come, the Americans will inherit from you, in other words, all that money lost for the homeland. And yet I am convinced that if the patriots in the homeland had at their disposal a fifth of that sum for political purposes, they would be able to change the sad relations of our people. So the church will not save you from ruin. And what else can you trust? Croatian newspapers? There are a dozen Croatian newspapers in America, they rise and fall, and sooner or later they will all fall. Newspapers are like plants. If you plant them in narrow pots, where they do not have enough soil to feed on, they become stunted and finally wither. Moreover, many of these newspapers, instead of enlightening you, and instilling in you love for your homeland and language, poison you with disgusting polemics, unworthy slander, and sow discord among the people between editors. I am not aiming at anyone, nor do I intend to prove anyone right or wrong, but I am speaking in general, although not all are equally guilty; but in order not to be the cause of 'jo^ bitter polemics, it is better not to express condemnation to anyone. If any of these newspapers manage to survive, it will last ten, twenty years; but as soon as the migration from the homeland stops — which must stop, because if it does not stop, the local government authorities themselves will prohibit it — Croatian newspapers in America will also stop being published, because they will have no readers. And this is the sign of your national consciousness becoming numb, as soon as the oil of your national feelings that feeds them burns out, as soon as .. "Croatian National Community"? That hope could the older immigrants lie down in their graves. If you perhaps hope to deceive your brothers in the .. "Croatian National Union". Sorry, homeland rather than yourselves, because you know very well what the purpose or purpose is, I will tell you frankly that even this useful institution was not prompted by your love for the homeland, for the nationality, but for self-interest. You did not organize the "Croatian National Community", and you do not support it, to keep the conscious Croatian people in America together, but to insure their lives against misfortune. I do not deny that the "Croatian National Community" does not contribute much to the preservation of your national consciousness, because, if nothing else, you meet for sessions in its sections, hear the Croatian language, and sometimes talk about domestic matters. But that community has no political color, and even if you contribute a few cents a year to the national fund, I do not know the benefits of that fund, nor how much it amounts, nor how it is intended to be used for national purposes. Finally, out of four hundred thousand Croats in the United States, how many members are in that community?* Not one in twenty!

people, compare them with yours, and you will see how much higher their national consciousness and spirit of association is. In this respect, you lag behind the Slovaks. Instead of the Croatian National Community growing, it is falling. The number of members is decreasing, and now its rings are bursting in all directions, and it is breaking up into several communities. This will also break the economic bond that united the Croats; and you have no other organization in which you could all gather. I have even less hope for your future, when I judge the cultural and moral condition of the Croats throughout this country. The vast majority of you come to these parts without knowing how to read or write, without having even the most elementary education, either religious or secular, without knowing any trade, craft, or trade. As a result, you are forced to perform, if not the lowest jobs, like blacks or Italians, then the hardest ones, where your life is exposed to the greatest dangers. The vast majority of you live underground in deep mines, or in factories, where you are buried by ore avalanches, where you are crushed in machines, where you are suffocated by gas explosions, where the cold kills you, where the cold, or the pestilential air eats you away. Profitable crafts and nobler jobs are carried out by other nationalities, more prepared than you in the struggle for life and more educated. The curse that tyranny has cast upon your unfortunate homeland follows you here in sorrow, because 237 tyranny is to blame for not having come here more educated and more prepared in the struggle for life. The oppression of your homeland, which is artificially kept in poverty, is to blame for you having neither love for one another nor solidarity in competition with other nationalities; but rather for having brought you here, and for being torn apart by the wretched wretchedness from which our homeland is collapsing. wretchedness and envy are killing you here, as well as in your homeland. Do you see that someone has reached a better position through his own efforts and is progressing; instead of supporting him, making him do even better, you envy him and try to ruin him. You drink in the saloon of a local saloon owner, you buy the necessary things from a local merchant; but only when you do not know another language, so that you can go to a foreigner. You pay a local pastor, doctor, lawyer, etc., less than you would pay someone else; and many merchants, saloon owners, etc., even more harshly than they would a foreigner, exploiting his ignorance. As a result of these shortcomings, you are despised by other nationalities, and it can be said that in the political and state life of this republic you mean nothing. Who counts on you in the elections. ^ What Croat, I do not say, would compete for election to the Senate, or to Congress, or to the state assemblies, but for some official position, whether in the state, or in any city? But how will he compete, when he does not have an organized party behind him, which will carry him, when your votes are scattered, when envy tears you apart, and even if a Croatian candidate were to stand, you would not vote for him." The main thing is that you lack political organization. Without this organization you are not a people here, but an unconscious mass, with whom no one can reckon, and which everyone will always exploit both politically and economically. Without such an organization, you cannot be of any use to the homeland, nor to yourselves, because you will never have anyone to take care of you, anyone to protect you, anyone to find you more profitable work. You will be abandoned to your passions, drink, fornication, ignorance and robbery, you will always be slaves of capitalists, miners, factory owners, and other entrepreneurs, without society, without a union to protect you, to lead you in strikes. I am fighting for the best possible wage, and for the more intelligent of you to secure a better position in the state and municipality. Traveling through America, I have become convinced that many of your troubles stem precisely from the fact that you have no organization, that you have no leaders to manage the uneducated masses of workers. You are scattered all over the states, mines, forests, factories, cities and villages, and you have no ties among yourselves, nor do you know each other, except for those who are in the sections of the Croatian Community; and thus it is not possible to regulate your migration, to centralize you in places where you would find work more easily and better wages, and to preserve you as a nation as long as possible, so that you do not get lost, like a handful of bran thrown into the sea of Americanism. For these reasons, right from the beginning, as soon as I understood your position, I began to preach in all the places where I am. Allow me to take this opportunity to express my thoughts on this subject, in the hope that you, who are educated and understand me more easily, will perhaps urge me to bring this idea to life, which I am announcing to you. It would be necessary for the idea of a political organization to be encouraged through the press, but for the press to be unanimous in this, and not to spoil this important undertaking right from the start with its polemics or personalities. Do not let what happened once before in New York be repeated, where personalities spoiled a political organization, which was conceived differently than I imagine it. The press will now prepare the ground, let the most prominent Croats in America meet for an agreement, in one of the main centers of Croats, that is, either here in Chicago or in Pittsburgh. Let that committee specify the rules and determine in which city the central administration of the organization will be located, and let it immediately, by means of a proclamation in the newspaper, invite all places where there are numerous Croatian settlements to organize sections of political organizations, following the example of the "Hrvatske Narodne Zajednica". When this is done, let each section send one delegate to the general assembly, where the rules will be ratified, where the center of the organization will be specified, elect a committee, which will manage it and choose paid clerks, who will manage migration in New York, receive reports from the section, regarding the affairs and the need for labor in this or that place. In time, it will be possible to establish a branch of this bureau in the homeland, either in Rijeka or in Trieste. The task of this branch will be to manage the entire migration already in the homeland, so that no one will leave the homeland blindly, but will know that they will get work immediately, that they will be shipped by the cheapest and best steamship, and that they will be welcomed by their brothers in New York, and sent without worry to the place where they will start work. Considering the interests of more important agents, who deal with these jobs today, the political organization must listen to them and try to attract them into its circle. When you are thus organized, there is no doubt that you will lead the entire migration and be able to turn it in the direction that best suits the interests of the organization and the homeland. Everyone who migrates and gets work through the Croatian organization will be obliged to become its member, and in the event of a withdrawal will have to pay a fine, or be boycotted. But hardly anyone will dare to oppose such a powerful organization, and there is no doubt that even the old settlers will rush to become its members. Such a society will even be able to give advances to those who would like to migrate from the homeland but do not have the means, and thus rescue them from the hands of usurers, and the persons concerned will be obliged to return the advance to the society within a certain period. How much economic benefit such an organization could bring to Croats in America, you will all easily understand at first glance, because such a society, much better than individuals, will be able to know where there is work and where it is better paid, and enter into negotiations with employers, both small and large, because, if necessary, it will be able to gather hundreds and thousands of workers around one company. 239 Such an organization will be a real economic superpower in the United States, and will be able to decide on the fall or rise of workers' wages, more powerfully than any stock exchange, and will surpass in political and economic skill all the nationalities in America. As things stand now, our workers do not decide anything about the rise or fall of workers' wages. They are not an army, but a herd scattered in all directions. In strikes, they have no one to lead or advise them, but are forced often and unwillingly to follow agitators of other nationalities, political or social parties; or to follow the orders of employers, and thus expose themselves to the hatred and contempt of other workers. On the contrary, the organization will be able to deal with strikes, and if necessary, support strikes with support. No fear

and that the state government will forbid you to organize such an organization, because in this respect there is complete freedom here. As soon as you are organized in this way, you yourself will already feel that you are different people, and that you don't always have to be simple workers, machines in the hands of capitalists, to dig and accumulate gold with your arms. If there is a smart board at the head of the organization, it will be able to think for the organization itself to become an employer. And you are no different people than the Americans, and you can think of discovering, leasing or buying a mine. You know how joint-stock companies are organized here for the discovery of mines, and how, when they find them, they either exploit them themselves or sell them. You will be able to follow that example, because with the smallest membership fee, you will be the masters of huge capital in a short time, and by issuing shares for members, you will be able to accumulate fabulous financial powers. With such fortunes in hand, it will be easy for you to venture into all kinds of wholesale trade enterprises, without fear that these enterprises will fail, or that they will be easily destroyed by a powerful competition. Sections will be able to establish consumer cooperatives in every place where they are located, and provide members with food, clothes, furniture and any other need at a cheaper price. I think I have explained the economic benefit of this kind of organization to you enough, and now I will move on to tell you about the political benefit that you here in the republic can hope for, and the people from you in the homeland. The important question of acquiring American citizenship is now being debated among you. Some are for it, and some are against it. Allow me to tell you my opinion about it. Some argue that it will be more difficult for those who acquire American citizenship to return to their homeland than those who do not have it. I think on the contrary, that American citizenship cannot be an obstacle for anyone to return to their homeland. Any American citizen can settle in the homeland, and can again seek, if asked, Austrian or Hungarian-Croatian citizenship. The greatest obstacle to returning to the homeland is desertion, and this obstacle can be overcome by obtaining American citizenship, at least to some extent and for a certain period. But returning to the homeland depends on how much one feels love for the homeland. He who does not feel love, or neglects it, will never return, especially if he is doing well in America. In such a political organization, there will undoubtedly be a more awake national consciousness in everyone, and love for the homeland, because the members will speak about it at sessions, at meetings, in reading rooms, which the sections will be obliged to organize in the first place. How can a man feel and think about the homeland who is completely cut off from Croatian society, wherever he is, in a place where he is surrounded only by other languages, ideas and feelings? He will soon be so warmed up by American ideas and feelings that he will completely forget his old patriotic feelings, especially if he left his homeland uneducated and acquired an American education here, which often happens. You all know that the United States looks more favorably on those who receive American citizenship than on those who do not. An American citizen finds it easier to work, enjoys more prestige, and the state and civil authorities have more respect for him. They will turn a blind eye to him in court, but they will open both eyes to a non-citizen. For those who intend to stay in America forever, it seems to me absolutely necessary to seek and acquire American citizenship, and for those who intend to return to their homeland, it will not do them any harm. Do not forget the main thing, namely that non-citizens do not enjoy any political or civil rights; that they have neither active nor passive voting rights. With such people in this republic, where all state and municipal honors and positions are elective, who will count? Who today counts on Croats, whether it is to elect a representative to the state assembly, or to the senate, or to the congress, or a mayor, or any other official? Not only can you not compete for any honor, but you are not even considered a resource to which the parties could turn for help. Germans, Czechs, Poles, and even blacks are counted on! And yet there are places where Croats could influence, if not the state elections, then the municipal elections, and push through some of their councilors, judges, or treasurers. There are even places where Croats are a decisive factor by their numbers, and yet no one counts on them, because they are not organized, or do not enjoy citizenship. Where there are such a number that even a single man among them, who would be capable of covering some honor, everything is in vain for him, because envy and discord, daughters of ignorance, instead of helping him, will prefer to help a foreigner, without considering how useful our man could be. Suppose now that a political organization is implemented, and that our people begin to acquire American citizenship. The exact number of Croats in the Union is not known, but it is estimated that there are close to four hundred thousand of them. Of these, I will not include all in a political organization, nor will I adorn them with citizenship, not even half, but a quarter, with a little care and effort, can be counted on. Let us assume, therefore, that the number of members of a Croatian political or political-economic organization was 100,000. All of them could have the right to vote, and both Democrats and Republicans would have to count on one hundred thousand votes even in the election of the President of the Union. In the sections, Croatian votes would be counted in the election of representatives, mayors, judges, etc. Each political party would know who to turn to; that is, in the first case, the main committee, and in other cases, the committee of the relevant section. Then our committees could set conditions, and ask for this or that privilege, and if necessary, push one of their own in the elections. The Czechs have their representatives in the state assemblies, and even in the congress, and why shouldn't we Croats have at least one city councilor or treasurer? I don't need to explain to you how generous the incomes of treasurers are in America, even in smaller municipalities. I think the political benefit of such an organization will be clear to all of you, and it will also be clear to you that it would significantly increase the reputation of Croats. So far, I have spoken only with regard to your personal interest and reputation, and now allow me to say which one and in the interest of the homeland that gave you birth. Traveling among you in America, I have found Croats who feel deeply for their homeland, who even here, far from it, feel its sufferings bitterly and want nothing more than for its sufferings to end once and for all, for the day of its freedom and its unity to dawn. There are those who are ready, if need be, to leave America, to come to its aid, and to shed their blood for it if necessary. But these are few. The majority are those who feel lukewarm, wish the homeland well, and would be ready to sacrifice a few pennies for it and nothing more. Unfortunately, there are also a large number of those who feel nothing for their homeland, who are happy to have left it, and curse those responsible for the sufferings they endured in it, but have no more sympathy for it than if it were itself to blame for those sufferings. I have heard — and you too may be horrified — from the mouths of Croats such words as: "Why do you come to preach to us about the homeland?" Our homeland is the land that nourishes us and in which we are free. The old homeland that gave us birth was our stepmother. It is a mother only to Hungarians, representatives, priests, officials, Jews and Turks. All our hard work has been devoured by taxes, Jews, priests and usurers. Our homeland is where we are well off, and that is here. Here we have an abundance of bread, meat, beer and other necessities, while in our homeland we were dying of hunger. Here we are free; no one persecutes us, no one imprisons us, no one takes care of our lives, not even a priest or a gendarme. "You preach your fairy tales in the old homeland, and leave us in peace here, because this is now our homeland." Brothers, tingles ran through me, listening to such words, but I was not surprised, because I knew that ignorance was speaking from these people, that these words were not their fault, but the system under which they were born, the slavery in which they grew up, and which even the free breath of America could not dispel from their miserable souls. They were raised so

As a curse, the spirit of slavery, which the tyranny over their homeland has instilled in them, follows them throughout the world. For them, American freedom is too broad, because freedom is not for spiritual slavery, but for mentally free people. Freedom does not consist in the indulgence of selfish passions, in the enjoyment of earthly goods, without any limit, but in a high understanding of the rights and duties of man towards Man, towards the state, towards humanity, and above all in a strict understanding of his duties towards himself. Will you consider a free man to be one who is not the master of himself and his passions, who is ruled by wine, sensuality, avarice, selfishness, envy, hatred, bloodshed; who has no feeling for his own people, who has forgotten all feeling for the land that gave birth to him." Is he a free man who lumps together the Hungarians and other bloodsuckers of our homeland, with the poor peasant, shepherd, fisherman, etc., who has been sucked out by these bloodsuckers? Is he a man who has no feeling for neglected old parents, brothers, children, relatives, fellow citizens.^ No, brothers, this land in which you live today is not your homeland; for the right of a motherland is not achieved lightly, by offering a stranger a daily piece of bread and meat. The homeland is the land that gave birth to you, where your parents live, where the language you speak lives, where the bones from which your parents sprang rest; the earth, from which your flesh, your blood, your bones, your soul are composed, because your soul sprang from the soul of your people, it was suckled by the national language, like the body by its mother's milk, and nourished by that language. What is your soul but your memories?^* And with what memories is your soul nourished and filled, if not with the memories of your childhood, the doorstep, the village church, the neighbor's linden tree, the mountains and rivers, where you grazed your flocks, the forests, where you listened to the song of the birds and looked for nests, the meadows, which you plowed, dug, soaked with your sweat, and they gave you the bread that ensured your survival, swelled your muscles; memories of the smile of a little girl, which awakened the first feeling of love in your hearts.^ When you moved from the womb to another country, did that soul in you change?^ Did you forget all the memories of your childhood?^ Brothers, when you completely forget those memories, when you forget your native language, and change those memories with other impressions and another language, then you will be able to say that you have a second homeland. But this change does not last until the grave, and only in the grave will you forget all this, only then will you find a second homeland. But until that time there is no human heart that could forget the memories of childhood. And the beast returns to the hole in which it was born; the wolf and the lynx kiss the mountain where they grew up; As for the migratory birds, they fly across the wide sea to return to their homeland, to see the nest from which they flew, and how can a man's heart not yearn for his cradle, for his homeland, for his homeland.^ 243 Only crude selfishness, the daughter of ignorance artificially cultivated by the tyrants of our homeland, can blind the human mind, pervert the human heart to the degree at which those who speak thus are. You may ardently love this land that nourishes you, you may be grateful to it for the kindness with which it received you, but this love and this gratitude cannot erase the memory and love for the land and for the people from which you come.

So where is the justice, where is the reason to mix the people and the homeland, with its traitors and bloodthirsty ones? Exactly as much hatred should burn in your heart against these, so much love should be nurtured for them. Who expelled you from her breast, the people, or the people's traitors and devourers? If you can think of a mother who would tear her infant from her breast, and hit him against a stone, or throw him into the sea, then you can doubt whether your homeland itself and your people did not throw you into an unfortunate world. No, your homeland did not abandon you like bastards, your own people did not expel you, but the trouble caused by the mammals of its sweat and blood expelled you. You hate the one, come to the aid of the other, as you would come to the aid of a single old mother. Your homeland, Croatia, is not poor, as its tyrants want to portray it to the world. It is richly endowed with every gift of nature, and perhaps there is no country in the world that could compete with it, neither in beauty, nor in climate, nor in commercial and strategic position, nor in the wealth of the soil, and even less in the wealth of the subsoil. This subsoil is so rich in every kind of ore that even this America, which attracts you to earn a crust of bread in its mines, could envy our homeland. But the Germans and Hungarians who rule over it will not regulate its swamps and rivers, lest it yield less grain; they will not build railways, lest there be less trade and traffic, lest crafts develop; they will not regulate its ports, lest world trade be opened to our priceless forests, richer than any craft, and to our mines. They are preventing all this, just to keep our people in ignorance and poverty, to force them to migrate, so that they can more easily populate that wonderful land with their people. Here you are, brothers of the guilty, who drove you out of your homeland, and not she, not your homeland, is your mother. She relies on your help, because she believes in your filial piety, because, if you want, you can help her. It is good that you send financial assistance to your wives, parents, children, relatives, but that is not all that the homeland expects from you. Your relatives are only the closest part of the people to you, and you should once come to the conviction that everyone who speaks Croatian is related to you. You must therefore also help the people, and you will do this if you follow my advice and bring to life the Croatian political organization. That organization could, with its capital, begin in the homeland the work that I previously put before you for America, that is, the exploration and exploitation of mines, the greatest wealth of our homeland. If you do this, you will prevent migration, and you will even be able to bring back home many who have already emigrated, because they will also find work in the domestic mines. You will give the homeland 244 glory, resurrect its dead capital, and with it education and freedom. From this you can clearly see what an ungodly wickedness those are committing who say that Croatia is no longer their homeland, but that their homeland is here, where they live well. Their descendants will not be able to say such things, even up to the ninth generation, because even up to the ninth generation Croatian blood will still remain in them, the national type and habits will remain, which nature passes on from generation to generation. So powerful is the sacred patriotic feeling, so powerful is the natural law that awakens this feeling and supports it through the centuries and in external signs! Hand on your chest, brothers, and tell me, if everything I said about patriotic feelings is true, is it right for you to completely abandon your homeland and not care about it in the slightest, and to place the entire burden of its suffering on the backs of those of us who remain in it, who could go out into the world to seek a more comfortable life, just like you, and even more easily.^* Is it right for us to endure all the bitterness of the tyranny of the Germans and Hungarians, to punish us with fines, to have all the doors of public life closed to us, and only the doors of prisons opened? You, who live in this free country, cannot commit such violence, you are therefore in no way a sharer in the suffering of the people. It seems to me that it would be just, since you are its sons, like us, and do not suffer like us, that you should come to the aid of the people in another way, and that with what we cannot come to their aid, that is, with financial means. Tell me, is it right, is it worthy, and would it not hurt each of you if someone reproached you that you fled your homeland as fugitives, just so you would not suffer its suffering, and that you would leave to us, who remained, all the care, concern and suffering for its better future.^ I am convinced that it would hurt you, and that you want to help us in our difficult struggle. You showed that last year. In our struggle, poverty is what torments us the most, and ties our hands the most bitterly.

Without money, nothing can be started today, neither in the field of politics nor in the field of education. If you follow my advice, you could easily get around this predicament, without any of you feeling too great a burden personally. Take as a monthly membership fee for each member of the Croatian

political-economic organization a quarter of a dollar, or 25 cents. That is not even a cent a day. That is such a small sum that even the lowest worker can contribute it without feeling any financial pain. It is enough for each of you to drink just one less glass of beer every Saturday. You see, I am not asking much of you, because there are those who drink ten and twenty glasses, and even more. With this small, insignificant sacrifice you can build a wonderful building, which you yourself will marvel at and be proud of. With a monthly membership fee of one block, each of you will contribute three dollars a year. All this will be paid back to the worker with abundant interest, because he will be under the economic protection of the organization, because he will find work more easily and because he will find more profitable work, and I do not list and repeat to you the political benefits, and the benefits that could come from consumer cooperatives, and from the craft enterprises of the central committee and 245 Asian sections. You would pay and read the membership, from which you would reap incalculable spiritual benefits, as well as from the collective sessions of the department. Assuming that the organization had 100,000 members, it would already have assets of 300,000 dollars in the first year. Let 200,000 of that be used for reading rooms, meetings, clerks, etc., and you will have 100,000 dollars available. So many of you will be given churches, which will become Anglo-American. In two years you will have over \$200,000 with interest. If the number of members increases to 200,000, which is possible, in two years you will have 500,000 dollars, or two and a half million crowns. In four to five years, you will have ten million crowns at your disposal; with such a sum as the Croats and Slovenes will spend on churches. You will dispose of this sum as you know and wish. Remember that all oppressed nationalities have friends in the world who support them financially and morally. So far we have no one, and it is partly our own fault, because we did not know how to look for a friend and protector. The Boers received millions from Europe and America. England and Germany spent millions to foment unrest in Russia. Bulgaria, Greece, Romania, Serbia, Italy were liberated with the weapons and money of the European superpowers. The Poles have a huge fund in Switzerland for the purpose of liberating their homeland, and the Poles from America are increasing it abundantly. We ourselves have no one and nothing anywhere. Let Croatia feel that at least it has its children in America. You can create a Croatian national fund, without any expense to yourself, with a little love, so why not get to work? If the patriots in the homeland had at their disposal not ten million, but only a few hundred thousand crowns, I assure you that the condition of our people would change significantly. Brothers, we will take upon ourselves exiles and prisons, we are ready to shed our blood for the homeland if necessary, and from you, as you can see, we do not ask for sacrifices, but a little love. I hope that you will not deny us this. You yourself will be able to determine for what purposes in the homeland the sums you send must be used; you will even be able to send a man who will manage these supports; or, if you want and know how, you yourself will be able to directly influence political relations in the homeland from here. You can organize yourself both secretly and publicly, as you wish. There is a wide field of freedom in this country, and no one will hinder you in your work. Our homeland always produces enough signs to which you will be able to turn with confidence. As I said at the beginning, inexorable fate has determined that you will sooner or later lose your nationality here, that you will drown in the American sea, just as more powerful, more numerous and more enlightened nationalities than you are drowning. Before you disappear, do at least something for your homeland, so that you can die peacefully, and without the guilt of having abandoned it to its fate in an accident. By founding the Croatian political-economic organization, you will achieve the most important goal, which is to keep Croats together in the national consciousness for as long as possible, not letting them scatter, like a flock without a shepherd, across the vast expanses of America; you will centralize them around craft and trade centers, and thus preserve the Croatian idea for as long as possible. With such an organization, there could be traces of you in these regions for up to a hundred years, and without it, there will be no trace of you in fifty years. We do not know how long our homeland will languish in captivity, how long it will expect help from you. To be able to help it, you must strive to live as a nation as long as possible, to feel as many brothers as possible, to stick together as one family, to try to stay all together. Look at the Poles and Czechs, and even the Hungarians, who are preparing to return to their homeland in droves, thinking that Austria is threatening them with danger, and observe with what love they burn for their homeland. Peek into their secret organizations and ask how many thousands of them are ready, at the first call of their homeland, to cross the ocean and come to shed blood for its freedom. Do not delay, do not wait, do not delay with that organization, because it is not easy for a homeland in suffering to wait, as it is for you in the possession of freedom. Get to work immediately, because the homeland needs your help today, and it will need it even more tomorrow. You cannot hope to create a new Croatia here; at least think about resurrecting the old one. In the poem to my late friend Ilijij, which I mentioned at the beginning, I expressed my love for you in this way: "Hello, my lost brothers! Poor brothers, if such love could bind you across America, As strong as my love for you is. On the shores of the Pacific Ocean a new Croatia would dawn, But happier than this one". Since, as we see, this is not possible, because fate wants you to disappear, like a firefly in the sea, at least hear the call that I sent to Jeronim Ilijij, for the salvation of our old Croatia, that Croatia that cannot die, just as you must die. It can be displaced, it can perish in wars for the sake of its own benefit, freedom and glory, it can be flayed to the skin, put to torture, but it cannot perish. The day will come when it will cry out to all its sons, wherever they may be scattered across the wide expanse of the earth: children gather together! I, as a young pilot, called Ilica and you in a gentle name like this, so that you may come, when the day of retribution knocks: "Bring them, and when the cry of the heavens turns into the echo of the rifles. Let us strike mortally united. Let us see if you still have a chance 249 The rusted Uskok handjari; Let us try to rekindle that old fire In Zagorec, Which the enemies extinguished with Gubec's blood on the proud Griy. Come, brother! and when deathly twilight Like two lions meet us on the ground On the hills of our beautiful land, And when our heroic sight fades, In that mortal half-light the Air of Freedom will shine over us; Davor-song will be drunk. What will accompany our body to the grave; The wave of the Adriatic Sea will cry for us And the melancholy whiff of the mountain breeze. Such a call may come to you one day, and what will you do, if such a fateful hour finds you disorganized, without Voice. You will be like a man who, from the shore, watches his family on a ship in a deadly storm, but cannot come to their aid, to save them. Even if such a call does not come, you must always think of your homeland. The supreme desire of every Croat must be to return to his homeland. Working in deep mines, in dangerous factories, the thought must always be in your head: I am earning cent by cent, I am collecting a sum, so that I can return to my homeland, so that I can leave my bones in the land from which they sprang. What wonderful satisfaction must there be in someone who, having collected a nice pile of dollars through hard work, returns to his homeland, thinking how his fellow citizens will admire him, how his family will be proud of him; how he will spend the last days of his life peacefully and without worry. And this thought will warm you more easily if you consider that in the homeland a small crown is worth as much as a dollar here, and that five crowns will be made from each dollar. Each of you who returns will bring a free man to the homeland, free in mind and free in economy, and with each one who returns, its strength and its hopes will grow. In the Croatian political organization, love for the homeland and the desire to return to it will not involuntarily and first of all be touched. Therefore, brothers, as I conclude my speech, in the hope that you will listen to me, and in parting with you, I thank you once again for the warm love you have shown me; th

and to all of you, brothers Slavs, Czechs, Serbs, Slovenes, Bulgarians, Slovaks, Poles and Russians, I do not say goodbye to you, but goodbye, and may happiness, love and harmony follow you in life. Cheers! and long live the Croatian political-economic organization! 248 After our speech, Bachnian, the already mentioned brother Czech, took the floor and spoke about Slavic solidarity, somewhat tripping up the Croats, who do not rely on it much, as do the Polish brothers. In his speech, he asked me to express my thoughts in this regard, which I did in a speech that lasted an hour, and was received with the greatest approval by all the Slavs present. Sirovatka toasted in a beautiful speech to all the Slavic nationalities, who also showed their solidarity on this occasion. On this occasion, Dr. Biankini spoke particularly beautifully, beginning his words with a lively joke, which aroused unusual joy and liveliness in everyone. The President, Mr. Juraj Mamek, took the floor several times, very dignifiedly managing the huge tables to everyone's satisfaction, and Mr. Randiy, in a warm speech, proposed a farewell toast to his guest. The last speaker was Mrs. Zlatka Biankini, and perhaps no one, after so many speeches, could have been more attentively listened to than she. It was already well into the night and the company was a little tired, but her speech restored freshness to everyone. I have never heard a more beautiful and emotional speech from a woman's mouth. She spoke briefly, but in such logically rounded periods, so poetically, that tears welled up not only in her eyes, but in the eyes of many present. Her whole soul trembled with longing for her homeland, and this longing poured from her lips like a spring song more glorious than grass. Through me she sent greetings, on behalf of herself and all the Croats present, to beloved Croatia. Tears and sobs drowned out her melodious voice on her flowery lips, the fanatical passionate shout and wild clapping of hands of the community, carried to the point of orgasm, to the point of unconscious passion of nostalgia for the homeland, covered her sobs and sighs. No one who has not seen this scene can understand with what force the longing for the homeland can break through in sadness. After the meal, a dance developed, which lasted until late at night, very intimate, as in a family. Juraj Mamek's gentle wife could not recover from the impression of Mrs. Zlatka's speech until someone caught her in a folk dance, and they all danced, lively and ecstatic, as if we were on the meadows of flat Slavonia. The day of departure came. Dr. Biankini had prepared a farewell dinner for me and my friends. We had to leave for the station after eight o'clock, but since trains left for Pittsburgh every hour, and it was difficult to part, we kept moving from train to train, until the last one, after midnight. Little Goldy did not go to sleep either, and she did not feel like dozing. She had made friends with me, and it seemed to her that we would see each other again somewhere. We talked about it, but not so that Mrs. Zlatka could hear, because the question stirred up a storm in her heart in advance. Sirovatka looked at the clock and an hour and a half before each train she warned that it was time to go to the station. Dr. Biankini caps the bottles and says that maybe we won't be drinking together in Chicago anymore, so let me stay until the next train. I don't need to beg much, because if it's hard for him to let me go, it's hard for me to leave him, and Sirovatka and the rest of the company are happy to accommodate the delay. Finally, time is running out. We have to go. Little Goldy brought me a large, intoxicatingly scented rose at parting, called "American Beauty". And it truly deserves that name. It is as red as blood, and all the petals of the blooming corolla are so harmoniously arranged and with such aesthetic harmony that I would have taken it for an artificial rose if I hadn't smelled its intoxicating scent. This is how I sang to this rose, dreaming in the first spring of my life about old Griy and the magical Tuškanac. There was no more beautiful bud on earth or in the poet's imagination. This one is in bloom, and I smell its wonderful scent, careful not to touch it, not to disturb its rosy petals, with that tenderness with which my imagination once scented only the living symbol of happiness on earth. I tuck American Beauty to my chest, kiss little Goldy, say goodbye to Mrs. Zlatka, who sobs: hello relatives and friends; so we all set off into the cold night. We chanced upon a carriage, and in order not to be late for the last train, we stormed it. Six of us got into it, some inside, some next to the coachman. Just before the third bell I kissed the coachman at the station. Bianchini, Sirovatka and the other friends. They did not move from their place until the train disappeared into the night. I was with them in spirit for a long time. 260 XXIII. Again in Allegheny. — The journey with the coachman. Lauša and Bosiljko Bekavac to Niagara. — Hodja in the drawing-room. — Lake Erie. — Buffalo. — The town of Niagara Falls. — Fort Sdillosser Fali. — Water thunder. — Goat Island. — Three Sisters Islands. — White Horse. — Cataracts of the White Horse. — Bridges over the gorge. — Victoria Park. — Waterfalls seen from the Canadian side. — Horse Shoe. — Whirlpool. — Table Rock and belvedere. — Hills of ice and mountains of water dust. — Under Niagara Falls. — Tunnel for electric turbines. — Niagara waters in horse power. — Parable of Niagara with our falls. — Return to Allegheny and farewell to friends. Since all the plans for conferences in Bennett, Monessen, Steelton, Philadelphia and other places in Pennsylvania had failed, I had no other choice but to go with my friends Dr. Lauš and Pastor Bosiljko Bekavac, as we had arranged, to see Niagara Falls. In Allegheny they had promised to give me another conference to make up for the failure of the first, but I did not see any of them move, and so I gave up that hope. In Bennett, the parishioners at that very time rebelled against Pastor Glojnariy, and as a result he could do nothing to allow me to hold a conference in his parish. "Glas Istine", which was published in Bennett in recent times under the editorship of Ivekovi, was also nearing the end of its life, and it too could not warm its readers up for the conference, because they were more interested in the argument with the pastor and the catastrophe that threatened their "Community", which was struggling to survive, unable to hold a match with the Croatian National Community. At first they were most excited about my conference in Monessen, and they postponed it from time to time, just so they could prepare better. I told them that I would give them time until I returned from my trip to the West. However, even that deadline was not enough, and in the end I realized that I had finished my conferences, and that I had no more hope. The behavior of the Croats in Monessen was strange to me, because Sirovatka assured me that they were among the most conscious Croats in America. When they happened 251 on fewer words and an invitation, I no longer counted on the possibility of any conference, neither in Philadelphia nor in New York. Before leaving for Europe, I definitely wanted to see the Niagara Falls, and my friends Lauš and Bekavac, knowing that my roses were not blooming in America, decided to take me on that trip with them as a guest, or to put it more clearly, at their own expense. On April 3, Bekavac arrives from Lindora in the afternoon, and in the evening, all three of us head to the station. In order for us to be freer on the road and to sleep more peacefully at night, Bekavac bought a Drawing Room for the three of us, that is, a special room in a Pullman sleeping car, with just three beds. Dr. Lauš made sure that we had refreshments as soon as possible on the way, and that we did not need to spend in the Dining-car. We chatted until eleven o'clock, making all kinds of jokes, then we went to bed. We slept through the crossing over Pennsylvania, and the morning found us in the state of New York. I was sleeping like a dead man, when I was awakened by a voice, as if I were in Sarajevo, or some other city in Bosnia, just as if the muezzin were shouting from the minaret. — Allahu akbar! La illahe illah allah, Muhammada rasul Allah! I pulled back the curtain and from the upper bed, where I was lying, I saw the hodja on the lower one, where he was kneeling and praying, falling face down to the bed, facing east. — Hodja, let me sleep, please! It's still a walk to Buffalo, and who knows if we'll be able to sleep tonight, Bekavac defended himself, while the hodja dragged

his headscarf, to force him to get up. — It's dawn! and you, when you don't want to say mass, or even pray to God, like a true priest and Christian, be no worse than a Turk, and at least pray. — You're worse than a Turk, when you don't even leave a Christian in peace. Let me sleep for another hour! — Wait, wait! Oh, I figured it out, why don't you get up and pray dawn. You can't do ablution, can you.* Saying this, the hodja jumped out of bed, poured a few drops of water into a glass from a bucket, and sprinkled Bekavac's face, who jumped as if he had sprinkled him with hot coals; what was left he poured on me and so all three of us were on our feet. It was time to get dressed, because we had just finished our toilet, and the train, racing along the shores of Lake Erie, arrived in Buffalo. We were exhausted. The city of Buffalo needs no description. It is boringly tidy. In the city center there are skyscrapers, like all the larger American cities, and it is developing at a strange speed, like others, if not faster. Today it already has 352,219 inhabitants, according to the latest statistics, and in ten years it will exceed a million. Trade and crafts are enormous. There is a large number of Croats in the city and its surroundings, who also have their own tamburitza choir and a section of the Croatian National Association. I had written to Obradovica, the head of the tamburitza choir, asking him if I could hold a conference in Buffalo, but he replied that it was not possible, because our workers were not mature for that job. 262 Walking through the streets of Buffalo, I heard the Croatian word several times, and when we boarded the electric tram to head for Niagara, we met three Croatian workers on it. The electric tram runs from Buffalo to Niagara every hour. For the last hour and a half, it flows along the river that connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. The distance from Buffalo to the falls is 2 kilometers. Poired on the river, which is one and a half kilometers wide and rolling huge icebergs, is an unusual impression. The waves are chasing, a canoe at sea for strong southerlies, and from the white foam of the waves rise here and there blocks of yellow ice, broken off from the frozen surface of Lake Erie. Across the river on the Canadian side, wide forests are spread out, pressed by fog. Fog drills follow the waves of the river in a gentle flow and flow towards the west. Not far from the falls, the town of Niagara Falls was created on the side of the United States, and it owes its survival only to travelers, just like Qu. Victoria Niagara Falls on the Canadian side. It is estimated that 400,000 travelers visit the falls every year, so it is no wonder that beautiful hotels, parks and bridges have been built there. As the tram approaches the town, a dull noise and rumble can already be heard, like the sound of a storm in the great distance, like the crack of thunder in the deep and narrow gorges of distant mountains. We had just disembarked when guides came flying around, offering to guide us, and coachmen. We don't need Cicero, because I usually study every city and every monster of nature in books before I visit it, but we do need a carriage, because on foot it would not be possible to visit the falls from the south and north sides in a few hours, especially if we want to feast our eyes on the beauty of the magnificent natural phenomenon, and to feed our memory with clear memories. We caught a carriage for four dollars, with the condition that it must take us to the Canadian side and bring us back, and in Victoria Park we will pay the coachman for a meal. Who knows how expensive American coachmen are, will admit that we got by cheaply. The coachman nodded and we set off towards the west side. In a few minutes we were at the gorge. A white cloud of fine dew was seen from deep in the north-west, rising in a mountain ridge above the forests, and through it peeked out on the Canadian side Victoria Park, with its hotels and a belvedere, like a kind of theatrical extravaganza. A few more steps through the artificially cultivated fences of the park and there we are at the edge, above the waterfall itself on the Union side. The rumble of the majestic masses of water, which are returning to the depths, resembles the continuous roar of thunder in the ravines, or the noise of a storm before an earthquake near a volcano, when unknown forces rumble underground and muffled lunch in the hollows of caves. The view opens onto the gorge of the river, which has shrunk from a kilometer and a half deep to just ninety meters, and winds in a roaring whirlpool (W h i r p o o l) down the ravine, so that in the middle the water is six or seven meters higher than on the edges along the hundred-meter-high cliffs. The bed narrows towards the southeast in places to just 7 (i meters 253 and suddenly, creating new fears, the whirlpool turns at a right angle towards the southeast, to continue its flow towards Lake Ontario.

The cliffs in the gorge are ruddy, damp, as if they were wet with eternal rain. The view of that gorge is magnificent, whether you look along it to the east or to the west, but in our homeland I have seen much more magnificent scenes on the Neretva, on the Vrbas, on the Cetina and on the Krka. The wild, terrible and sublime romanticism of gorges and gorges, such as those at the Gubavica waterfall near Zadvarje, cannot even remotely offer the eye the pleasure of the cliffs in the Niagara gorge. Even though an incomparably larger mass of water is crashing here, even the thunder of the waterfalls does not overshadow the roar of the Cetina, which is magnified a hundredfold by the echo of the eerie gorges that jut out above the Gubavica waterfall. The grandeur of Niagara is faintly visible from the Union side, even if on it the width of the waterfall called Fort Schlosser Fali is 322 meters, and the height is exactly 50 meters. Standing above the waterfall, it is impossible to measure its width, because the protruding rocks divide it into several kangaroos, and you cannot even feel the terrifying splendor of its jump, since the optical illusion diminishes the impression. And even though I know that I am not in the right place to observe, and that it is only a part of Niagara (in the Indian language Niagara means "thunder of waters"; in English it is pronounced roughly "na-jaggera"), I still feel somehow happy in my heart that my expectations were deceived, and with indescribable pride I remember Gubavica and Manojlovac. Every waterfall that adorns our homeland is alive before my eyes, as if in a photograph, so I list the waterfalls of Plitvice, Pliva, Slunjčica, etc. and I compare all of this with the kangaroos of water before my eyes, and with the surroundings in which the scene takes place. I compare that yellow, muddy run of Gubavica waterfall, which, like a mad herd of frightened cattle, is driven to the edge of the gorge, to suicide and suddenly turns into white swans, into a cloud of pearls, with flocs of yellow ice, which are constantly pushing themselves to the edge of For, Schlosser Fall, and they roll down the slopes of various white kangaroos into the abyss, bursting with a crystal bang, and it always seems to me: here it is higher, at home it is more beautiful! When we had seen enough of the American waterfall, peering over the iron bars as deep into the abyss as possible, having explored all possible places, so that no view would escape us, we returned to the carriage, ordering the coachman to take us to Goat Island (pronounced Got a j 1 and, which means goat island). Between Goat Island and the southern bank of the river there are several smaller islands, and it is from these that we have been observing the waterfall so far. They are all connected by bridges. and all are arranged like small parks. The arm of the river, which divides Goat Island from the American coast, is as wide as the aforementioned Fort Schlosser Falls, and that is only about a quarter of the waterfall, because the other arm on the Canadian side is 915 meters wide, and if we take into account the Horseshoe Curve (horseshoe) where the waterfall is most beautiful, then the width of this arm would be a whole kilometer, especially a little above the waterfall on the cataract called White Horse Rapids (from, i!:. H vayl- h O rs - rapidz; means a torrent of white horses). Goat Island has been turned into a real and beautiful park, but from it you can enjoy almost no view of the river and waterfalls. For that we go further across it to the Three Sisters islands. These small islands are actually ridges with a few trees on the middle and larger ones, connected by bridges, under which the water rushes down a steep slope at great speed. From the last one you can enjoy a wonderful view of the river, which here spreads like a real stormy sea, and right there, from that ridge, the White Horse cataracts begin, which spread all the way to the Canadian coast, and are at least a kilometer wide. There is under a ridge of water, which inclines towards the great Horseshoe waterfall, and on it the flowing sea rushes - rising into wavy foamy waves. I cannot find a better excuse, suitable for this scene, than to return the readers to the beginning of this book, and

to the description of the ocean in a storm, near the Bank of Newfoundland. Mountain after mountain waves, rises, rises, falls, disappears in the foam and rises again on the slopes and waves again, stretches, flattens, until they reach the abyss of the Horseshoe, and from above, from the west, new mountains of waves flow and approach, new chains of mountains, which mix and swirl in millions of wavy movements, and the further you look along the river, the more distant the mountain slopes of the water are, which slowly, majestically go towards you one after another and grow, carrying on foamy crests, rolling in the bays large and small icebergs of hideous ice, which never bounce off the ridge, hidden under the waters. In the distance, on the Canadian coast, they close the view of wide forests, shrouded in mists, and above them a cloudy, gloomy leaden sky. I couldn't take my eyes off this scene until two friends dragged me away, and I confess that not even the Horseshoe Falls left such a magnificent impression on my memory.

We left the Three Sisters in Valovlje, boarded a carriage on Kozje Otok, crossed the bridge to the Union side, and headed along the top of the river gorge towards the large iron bridge. Before we go to the bridge, they lure us to a building, to get fat. They don't ask for entrance fees, and we take advantage. Inside is a bazaar of all kinds of trinkets, homely trinkets, S3 pictures of Niagara on material, which was created hundreds of miles away from that waterfall. We do not trade, but seeing the wagon, which descends to the water in the gorge, we boarded and descended into the abyss. And below you can enjoy a beautiful view of the ravine, of the raging waves of the compressed river, which roars right under your feet, and of the magnificent bridge stretched over the gorge, and a light toy canoe floats over the abyss, while the wagons of freight trains rumble along it. This bridge is built on chains, is 250 m long and 74 m high from the river surface. It is $\frac{1}{4}$ km away from the waterfall, and just 180 m away from the waterfall there is a pedestrian bridge 375 m long and 75 m high. A railway or tramway runs along the right bank of the gorge, ascending towards the waterfalls. 255 There in the pavilion above the water itself is a photographic studio, and we tried very hard to avoid the photographer from taking our picture. We took the funicular back up, but they wouldn't let us into the palace until we each paid a dollar for the entrance fee, or rather the exit fee, because here, among practical Americans, you don't pay an entrance fee, you pay an exit fee. You don't have to go in, you have to go out; so pay or stay! We paid, got into a carriage, and then over the bridge to Canada. The wind, caused by the water currents, scrapes unkindly on the bridge, and we huddle together, like birds in a nest. Luckily, in ten minutes we will be in the territory of the English king, and we will drive through the beautiful Victoria Park, which is beautiful even in winter, and it is winter, even though spring is well advanced. The meadows have no flowers, but instead the branches of the trees are covered with green leaves, decorated with snowdrifts and back mosses, like crystals. Even from the islets of the Three Sisters, the Horse Shoe cannot be seen yet, but can only be glimpsed with the eye, the horseshoe in which the water plunges into the gorge. Now we have a suddenly burst magical view of both the American Falls and the Horse Shoe. A cloud of white pearly smoke rises from the arch of the horseshoe, like the top of a round mountain, high above the waterfall, even above the cliffs of the gorge itself. When it is a clear day and the sun throws its rays unhindered into that cloud over Goat Island, a colorful rainbow is formed in the pearl of water dust, so that some call this island Iris Island. That cloud of dew, like smoke from a great forest fire, whirls in huge swollen rings; and these compete with each other, who will swirl the most; then it falls in wide umbrellas, mixing in a myriad of ways with those that rise, and the light current of wind, which always blows caused by the river, bends it and tilts it down the gorge, if some other wind does not blow stronger and drive it in its own direction. Rushing in a carriage through the park, along the path above the very edge of the river gorge, you enjoy the view of all the waterfalls, and now the beauty of the American waterfall, which, standing above it, you could not properly capture with your eyes, is unfolding in full measure before your eyes. Wide, white, thick curtains descend from the cliffs into the riverbed, bouncing off the bed in huge waves into the air, then everything plunges and rushes furiously down the gorge, towards the whirlpool far away in the right corner of the ravine, towards the Whirlpool, where the entire river bends, as if the bed there had sunk into an abyss, and the water slants into whirlpools, as if into a funnel, to extinguish the fire of hell. In front of the waterfalls, the riverbed is frozen, and only where the ravine narrows and at the Whirlpool does the constant and sudden swirling of the waves prevent the river's crust from hardening. Only a small amount of foam splashes on the surrounding surface, while a large mass of water and backwaters goes under the crust and flows invisible, to those places where the crust is broken, or rather where freezing is impossible. In front of each kangaroo, on the next riverbed, rises a round pyramidal cone of ice, on which you can see exactly defined belts, how each layer was formed, because between these layers slowly sinks the soot, which is constantly blowing from the chimneys of factories and electric furnaces, which are located nearby. These cones look like gigantic conically polished akhali, and over them pearls of foam are blowing, constantly. From the outcrop of various tufas, a cliff jutted out, sharp with beaks, with frowning brows over its throat, and on them stood blocks of glistening ice. or hanging morsels, as big as upturned fir stumps. All this magnificent sight cannot be enjoyed from the American side, but only from the Canadian. Let us go and observe the main roar of Niagara Falls. A belvedere has been built near the hotel over the gorge itself, on the cliff of Table Rock, which juts out over Horse-Shoe itself. The waters have chipped it well, and cut off many gorges from it, rolling them into the abyss, and now the waterfalls swell and swell above them, as they bounce off the bottom. The constant trickling of the dew softens the rocks, bites them, until some sudden torrent strains them. It happens that, even at the very sound of the waterfall, the water splits off entire rocks of soft limestone, as was observed in the years 1828, 1853 and 1862, so that geologists calculated that with this splitting the waterfall moves further towards Lake Erie, and that in 40,000 years the waterfall will be right next to Erie, that is, it will fall thirty-two kilometers of cliffs across the entire width of the river. From the belvedere on Table Rock one enjoys the most beautiful view of the entire waterfall, and even of the river below and above the waterfall, and once again the magnificent sight of the White Horse cataract unfolds before the eyes, with the oceanic ripples of rushing water and icebergs. But the most powerfully draws the eye is the hellish roar of the Horse-Shoe. Here the riverbed has slightly subsided towards the inner side of the horseshoe, made by the rocks, and for this reason the great masses of water incline to that side and clash there in a furious drive for the abyss, roaring, roaring like the organ of countless thunders, and raising a mountain of foam, clouds of pearls, down from the bottom of the gap high above the riverbed, so that a fine misty dew constantly envelops the entire surroundings, even the very top of the belvedere. If you stayed watching for an hour, the moisture would penetrate even the thickest clothes. But whoever gazes at that terrible monster of raging natural forces, and has a sense of wild grandeur, will not easily feel the dampness. One cannot take one's eyes off those wide tufas, but it is as if those terrible forces are drawing one's soul to themselves through the eyes, one stands riveted, like a snake before the eyes of a sorcerer, or a thorn before the adamant eyes of a serpent. One feels a certain depression, mixed with delight, with an urge and longing for titanhood, for a force that could move mountains, push Peleus against Osus, so that one could fight with the heavens. That example of immeasurable forces awakens in one the urge for monstrosity, which generations and education have erased, and one realizes that the myths about titans and giants are not mere fables, figments of the Greek imagination, but that in them are sung the secret pages of the human soul, the erased pages of history, and when one compares the soul's inexpressible ardor of strength and power, with your weak physical and mental powers, and when you compare yourself to that force that is developing before your eyes, that announces its ineffable power to you with a storm of thunder, t

you feel 257 17 Your nothingness, and how much less dare you spread your dragonfly wings into the heavens, beyond the spaces where worlds revolve, towards infinity! And yet, like a madman's idea, this desire for omnipotence constantly torments the poet's soul, and every man is more or less a poet. Before the noise of the Horse-Shoe rises a mountain of ice, conical in agate layers, and its top is wrapped in eternal foam, until the summer sun's rays push it away, and it rolls down the abyss, when the ice breaks under it. Beneath this mountain the river is frozen the width of its entire bed, and Americans, who love the unusual, come here in the hot sun not only to slide, but to dance. They organize plutocratic dances, and illuminate the entire valley with electricity. I don't know what kind of music they're playing, which could drown out the thunder of the falls, if perhaps their ears haven't become accustomed to the stormy rhythm of Niagara, but they're dancing the dance of hell. We've come down from the belvedere, then we'll go down to the very bottom of the falls at the Horse Shoe. We've put on waterproof suits, and we've put on galoshes on our feet, and a hood on our heads, and we look like companions of the dead in the Middle Ages. And some ugly English old women are dressing up in the same hall with us. They're as thin as a skunk, and the skin on their faces is like the skin of a shark. Ahead of us is a vogja and we've come out of the hall, gone down the frozen path into the ravine, then towards the tunnel, which they've dug in the very rock under the falls. The vogja at the entrance turned a switch and an electric light illuminated our way. The tunnel is about two hundred meters long, and then a wide window has been cut under the waterfalls, so that sunlight comes to us through the very tufa of the waterfalls. We went under the tufa, to be intoxicated by the thunder and the currents of thick water. The roof above us is constantly bending and collapsing into the abyss, but still a gentle light of day passes through it, sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker according to the thickness of the falling water. The force of the water is so great that it has hollowed out the cliff down into a terrible abyss under the very bed of the river. There is ice on the rocks all around, so if your foot slips just a little, there you are in such a mill of water that a man would be thrown out of the abyss somewhere around the Whirlpool, like a piece of dough, like slime. The lakes attack you, and the spirit of the gap lures you dizzily. The goddess Niagara beckons you to herself from the depths. It's cold and my hodja is bracing himself with a bottle of cognac, and I accept it, make a small libation to Niagara, to appease the deity, who lost her followers with the death of the Indians, and I take a sip too. The Bekavac throws pieces of ice into the watery abyss, and if he threw a mound of ice, he wouldn't notice or hear anything, just as he doesn't hear me when I shout in his ears at the top of my voice, offering him a gulp of cognac. The hodja shouts at him to throw away those English women, because they are a burden to the worker anyway, and they are of no use in the world, but the joke is drowned out by the "thunder of water". We return, and we are going to have a meal in the hotel's tavern, but we pay a dollar each for waterproof clothes first. The meal couldn't be worse, and even the little you've swallowed, you won't be able to digest when he brings you the bill. 258 Next to the inn are shops selling all sorts of trinkets, souvenirs from Niagara, and the sales girls dress you up like the devils of Christian souls. What's not worth three pennies, they offer for a dollar, two or three. We left a few dollars there too, already used to seeing them slipping through our fingers, then onto the carriage and back. As we were going back down the ravine, the question came to my mind: where are the famous electric turbines? You can't see anything near the falls. Practical Americans, so as not to spoil the beauty of the falls with buildings, dug a tunnel in the rock starting under the suspension bridge, and led it two kilometers higher above the falls, and its upper opening is 50 meters below the riverbed. This tunnel is 9 meters high and 5.5 meters wide, and it brings in so much water that the turbines it drives develop 120,000 horsepower. Factories that exploit this force are up to 12 kilometers from the waterfall. If the full power of Niagara Falls were to be used, it would produce 17 million horsepower. All the waterfalls of our country together cannot provide such a force of water, and as far as force is concerned, without a doubt, our waterfalls cannot be compared to Niagara. Another advantage Niagara has over our waterfalls is that Americans know how to appreciate the beauty of nature, and will not deface its waterfall with any buildings for craft purposes. Niagara could provide so much more electricity that it could move all the trams and railways of New York. But Americans will not destroy beauty for profit. If they borrow more power from Niagara, they will make new tunnels, which will not even be seen near the falls, and their beauty will remain untouched. Even if they took a part of the water from the river, the waterfalls would not suffer from that, even if they took five or six million horsepower of water, because it would not even be noticed on the waterfalls. Americans know very well that beauty is becoming an increasingly abundant source of profit and that it will become more and more the more education advances. Niagara attracts gold from all over the world, because it attracts visitors, and they leave money not only in hotels around Niagara, but on steamboats, in railways, in cities. We don't pay attention to that. Various speculators, most of them from Tugjin, lease the hydraulic forces of our homeland, and at will they build massive buildings and factories under the waterfalls themselves, and hide and encroach on them. Since we do not have our own government, we cannot resist it, and we are still happy that some foreign capital is coming to our homeland, and that our peasants are getting some work in craft enterprises. We do not think that we might gain more from the beauty itself, our waterfalls, that we know how to shout it out with American advertising, and that we can build railways and roads to them. Of all our waterfalls, only the Pliva can be reached by railway, and not directly, but first you have to go to Lašva. From Banja Luka you have to take a carriage or a stagecoach and cover over 70 kilometers of road. If beauty consisted only in size, then our waterfalls could not be compared to Niagara. But since beauty has many other conditions and laws, I believe that our waterfalls have nothing to compare to Niagara, except for size. I have described all our main waterfalls and I draw the reader's attention to my description of the Plitvice waterfalls in the travelogue "Around Lika and Krbava"; to the description of the Pliva in the travelogue "Around Bosnia and Herzegovina"; to the description of Manojlovac, the most beautiful waterfall on the Krka, in the travelogue "Around Ravni Kotari"; to the description of Gubavica, in "Flights around Blokovo". One of the most urgent conditions for the beauty of a waterfall is the beauty of the environment. At all of our waterfalls mentioned, the environment is more beautiful than at Niagara. What good is a large, beautiful eye if it is not beautifully set, crowned with beautiful eyebrows and eyelashes, on a beautiful face, under a bright forehead, with a harmonious nose? There are no mountains around Niagara, no precipitous gorges, and even the gorge itself, into which it falls, cannot be compared with the formidable ravine of Gubavica, surrounded by Dinara, Mosor and Biokovo. A quarter of a mile from it, a view opens up of the sea and the islands. The Pliva has a huge gorge right next to the waterfall, covered with moss, overgrown with grass and trees, and above it rises the city of Jajce, which is simply magical. Below it is the famous Vrbas Gorge, and in a quarter of an hour you can reach the most romantic point of that gorge, where the Vrbas is squeezed between it by involuntary gorges. To the west are the beautiful Pliva lakes, with the beautiful Gjulhisar. Should we mention the advantages of the Plitvice waterfalls? These waterfalls are just one of the essential elements of the divine beauty of that gorge, with which no other in the world can compete. The Krka has seven waterfalls, it has lakes, it has terrible ravines, it has the port of Šibenik, it has the magnificent Promina, it has the Knin fortress, and the entire course of the Krka, if a railway or electric tram ran alongside it, could be passed in two hours, so you wouldn't know which waterfall you would admire more, nor which is more beautifully set in the surrounding nature, like a jewel in a ring. Niagara is magnificent, but even after I saw it, the beauty of our waterfalls has not diminished in my eyes. This description of Niagara will be more extensive, but it is not more beautiful than the descriptions of Manojlovac and Gubavica, because Niagara is not more beautiful than them, and I judged each one by how it inspired me, and according to how

beauty. In recent times, nature lovers have singled out as the most beautiful and largest waterfall in the world, L'Iguazu waterfall, which is made by the river of the same name falling into the Parana river, on the border of Brazil and Argentina. Judging by the illustrations, Rugby really covers all the waterfalls of the world, including the one of the Zambezi River in Africa. Since we sent some postcards to our friends from the town of Niagara Falls, Dr. .Laus, Bosiljko Bekavac and I took the tram to Buffalo. We wandered around the city until nightfall, hardly waiting for the moment to leave. When the time came, Dr. Lauš bought a Drawing Room for all three of us, so we sat down in our compartment. Hodža amused us with all kinds of jokes, saying that he was from Bekavac, that he worships goats and goats because he is a Turk at heart, even if he comes from Turkish blood, and if our Bosiljko is a pure type of a gentle Bosnian Croat. If he wants, he will give 260 And to me he repeats ablution, like this morning! Since Bosiljko didn't want to sleep, he lay down, but Kuiža didn't let him sleep, he still told jokes and anecdotes from the bed, until he noticed that sleep had overtaken us, so we didn't listen. When they are not laughing, they will be sleeping, he thought and fell asleep like us. Let's not wake up until Pittsburt!a. Surprise and joy await us in Allej^heny. The population of Croatian canons increased by eight living heads. Dr. Lauš's bitch gave birth to eight beautiful white puppies.

She licks them carefully and doesn't let anyone near them, least of all the cat and Bums, who come to peek in every now and then to see what new wonder it is; but as soon as she gets close, the dog growls furiously and wags her tail between her legs, and goes to bark at the bell that calls the faithful to mass. I said goodbye to Bekavac, because he had to go to his beautiful Lindora right away, and I began to prepare to leave. My husband kept me company for a couple of days, to see what was left in Allegheny and Pittsburgh, but at seven in the evening I decided to head for New York. I had already said goodbye to the more prominent Croats in Allegheny at the dinner that Dr. Lauš gave in my honor at parting; however, Pavlinac wanted to say goodbye to me especially, and for me to take some souvenir from him, so he gave me a cane with a gold handle, on which he had the initials of my name engraved. I set off with Dr. Lauš towards the station. We sat in the carriage, tormented, because neither of us knew how to give vent to our feelings. We had grown accustomed to each other like brothers. He would have preferred me to stay with him forever, and it is hard for me to leave him, but after all, the homeland is greater than a friend. If his brother had been with him, he would not have received him more warmly, he would not have shown him more love and tenderness in every little thing. It was as if he had a presentiment that fate would soon, in a tragic way, take away his beloved brother, the doctor in Vrbnik, and he wanted to find another. At the station we met Mužin, Pavlinac, Marohniý and Skrivaniý. I thanked them for their kindness and said goodbye to them. Dr. Lauš did not leave me until the last moment. As soon as the signal for departure was heard, we hugged each other, and goodbye! and see you later! We have said this last word, to make our parting easier, to shorten the time and the spaces of the oceans in our thoughts; and God himself knows whether the cause that struggles in the universe and in human society does not plan differently than we do, whether it does not prepare some secret and unpredictable force that will make it impossible for us to see each other again. He loves his homeland, and I am deeply convinced that he would not feel a more bitter sorrow than to die and not see it; not to die for it, or at least in it. But, besides the will of the individual, there exists also the Universal Mind, whose foundations are unfathomable to us, and there also exists the totality of human wills, like fate, which like a whirlwind can divert the will of the individual in a different way, or in these urgent thoughts I sat down in my seat. Dr. Lauš had taken care of my luggage, my travel ticket, everything, and if he could have, he would have given me his joke for the trip, so that urgent thoughts would not bother me. But the joke left him too at parting, and I have never seen him so sad. 261 XXIV. at the Slavic Club in New York. — ĵapek. — Stokes. — Branches. — Central Park. — At Zotti's bank. — Frank Zotti Steam-Company. — How many Croats are there in America? — How much money do they send to their homeland? How do Croats protect their money from thieves. — Jagroviý. — Tesla. — Professor MJ Pupin. — Towards their homeland. On the morning of April 7th I arrived in New York. At the station I met editor Brozoviý, with whom I crossed the Hudson River, and we went together to the Slavic Club, where President ĵapek had invited me to a free apartment. The Slavic Club, according to the commendable old Slavic custom, has several guest rooms, and I gratefully accepted Capek's invitation. When I came to New York, I presented him with the diploma of an honorary member of the Moscow Slavic Society, and I still had three such, which the president of the society Al ĵerep Spiridoviý had entrusted to me, thinking that it would be better and more dignified to hand them over in person rather than to be sent by post. Diplomas were awarded to James Stokes, Lev Nabokov, and Joremija Davidoviý Kurtin. I decided to ask Capek to accompany me on a deputation to these persons, and he informed me that Nabokov had moved to St. Louis, Davidoviý Kurtin in Philadelphia, and that only Stokes is in New York. Stokes is an American, but a great Slavophile, and it will be because his company has large trade deals with Russia. For this reason, rich Chicago merchant Charles Crane is a Slavophile, who trades with Russia in railway wagons, and he employs many Croats and other Slavs, who I guess cannot be sued, because they work for him diligently and conscientiously. I met him in Paris at the Regina Hotel, where he had dinner with me and Spirido Vic. When he was in Moscow, he was a guest of Spiridoviý for several days, and he did not miss, as they say, even bird's milk. He had a very kind face in Paris, and when Spiridoviý told him that I was going to America soon, he asked me to visit him and gave me his address in New York and Chicago. In addition to his invitation, I also had Spiridoviý's letter of recommendation with me, so when I arrived in Chicago, as etiquette requires, I sent him Spiridoviý's letter and accompanied it with mine, remembering our acquaintance in Paris. I didn't even get 262 ii replies. : and I think that if Spiridoviý himself had come, he would hardly have been more kind to him. In order to avoid any similar inconvenience, I did not want to announce myself to Stokes either, but sent him the diploma by mail, as well as the other mentioned members of the Moscow society. In New York, I knew in advance that I would not be able to hold conferences, so I immediately checked with the steamship agencies, when the steamships leave for Europe. There were small ones every day for England, and on the thirteenth of April the Touraine left again for Havre. Having met the captains, and hoping to get some discount from the agency "Societe Transatlantique", at least the difference that one gets when taking a ticket there and back, I decided to travel with the Touraine, even though the agency did not give me any discount, because if time had passed, I would have been entitled to a discount for the return trip, and the summer sailing season had finally arrived, which is more expensive. She only gave me a slightly better cabin in first class and left me alone in it, so that I could be more free, and that was something. I still had five days to see around New York, which had eluded me the first time, and I set to work diligently, having thoroughly familiarized myself with the movements of the trams and the aerial railways. I was getting tired of wandering around the streets, banks and libraries, and there were no cafes or similar entertainment venues in New York during the day. The snow had already completely melted, so it was best to go out in the parks. It is only a twenty-minute walk from the Slave Club to Central Park, the main and most beautiful in New York. I like to go there the most, and look at the large artificial lakes, the countless statues and busts of famous European and American people, and especially the children who ride in carriages, usually drawn by goats or donkeys. There are very few birds in the park, but there are many squirrels, who are so tame that they come down from the oak trees and come to take nuts from the children's hands. The squirrels are

The children are very happy, and they would like to grab them with their hands, tricking them with nuts, apples, bread, etc., but the cunning squirrel watches every move, and when the squirrel wants to catch it, it coughs comically and runs away, like lightning; and the children burst into laughter at this cough, and again lure and nibble the nut, until the squirrel snatches the nut, and runs to a branch, then snorts, and looks at the children, as if mockingly. In the summer, the park is very lively and noisy, because at the first gusts of spring all the corkscrews come out in luxurious toilets on cars, or on carriages of the most diverse shapes, in front of which horses are harnessed, very American fat and bright. Whoever wants to see jewels in earrings, in hairpins, etc., should come to Central Park one summer morning. Jewish women in particular stand out with their luxurious jewelry and brilliant outfits. You can see a few beauties, but they are rare. Most of them are fat women, who stand out more for their athletic muscles and curves than for their grace. Many of them rush by on horseback, accompanied by gentlemen with shaved mustaches, wooden faces, and sharp expressions. 263 I still spend more time in Zotti's bank, or in the editorial office of his "Narodni List"; because that is where I have the opportunity to supplement my impressions of our people. Zotti is well-known among Croatians throughout America, and everyone, especially when they return, stops by his bank, either to exchange money, or to send money to Europe through him, or to buy a ticket. His "Narodni List" has spread the name of his company throughout all the states of the Union, and in addition, a dozen agents are constantly traveling for him throughout America, and he also has branches, as already mentioned, in Pittsburgh and Chicago, and he intends to establish them in other cities as well. Zotti receives me more kindly than when he first met me in Allegheny, because he is convinced that I have not come to take sides, nor to agitate against his company, as he was told by someone who feared more for himself than for Zotti and his business. He even gives me a nice tie pin as a sign of friendship, and he would like to help me get a discount on my ticket at the agency of the transatlantic company, which does a lot of business with him, but he is not successful either. Zotti has been angry with this company lately because it will not give any discounts to his passengers, even though he sent most of his passengers through the "Societe Transatlantique", and he is threatening to stop working. He has been sending them through this company until now, because he knew that people would get much better food and that they would be treated more humanely than with other companies. But he is most angry that Italians get transportation to their homeland from various companies for only 16 dollars, while our people, who live only a little further away, have to pay 35 or 36, that is, more than double. As a result, he has planned to organize his own steamship company, which will sail from Rijeka, Trieste, and Dalmatian ports, calling at the main Italian and Spanish ports, to New York. The company will be called the "Frank Zotti Steam-Company". For this purpose, he told me, he had already managed to find a consortium that would provide a capital of 10,000,000 crowns. He is convinced that the company will succeed, because if others are ahead by 16 dollars, why can't he? Zotti gave me the impression of a man who will either become a millionaire or go bankrupt. He has a truly American audacity, and when he was able to organize, having come without money, and having set up so many banks and a newspaper at the beginning of the street, I don't see what business he could not succeed in. He assured me that at least half of all the money that goes from America to our homeland passes through his banks, which means 8,000,000 dollars a year, if he is not exaggerating out of vanity. If that were true, then up to 80,000,000 crowns would come into our country every year, and to tell the truth, a painful I believe in such a sum. It must be admitted, however, that emigration has its good sides, because our man is not without heart towards his own people, and is happy to send savings, so that the loss of labor and the expenses of travel are somewhat compensated. In addition, these numerous shipments mean that many intend to return, and this is the most comforting fact in this unpleasant matter. 264 I hoped to obtain from Zotti the most approximate data on the number of Croatian immigrants, but neither he himself is on the list, nor the clerks of his banks, because there are many other companies and agents who deal with these matters. The most reliable data can still be given by the Zagreb Chamber of Commerce, whose report says that in 1894 exactly 21,242 emigrated from Croatia and Slavonia, and from 1898 to 1903 a full 106,889. In 1893, Croats and Slovenes emigrated 32,892. If we take into account what has emigrated in other years, from all Croatian countries, I think I was not exaggerating when I said that there are 400,000 Croats in the United States alone. If we take into account all of North and South America, we would come to the sad conclusion that a quarter of the entire Croatian people live in America. It is worth observing our people when they come to Zotti's bank to exchange money or to send money. They come to the door and ask where Cotiŕ is; that is what they call him. If an official answers, they ask him, "Are you Cotiŕ?" It is often difficult for the officials to convince them that they represent Cotiŕ, and that they can talk to them and do business with them, just as if he were there in person. Many bring money with them, often all over the United States, from Columbia, from California, or from Arizona, in a bag that they hide in their underwear near their genitals. If the money is in gold, which is most common, because our people trust gold more than paper, then it is easy for the clerk, but if it is in paper, it often stinks so much that he has to wash his hands in some accident, he has just changed banks. Others dig round holes in the soles of their boots for pieces of 5, 10, or 20 dollars in gold, and firmly nail the sole to the boot. This is how they defend themselves from thieves, because even if they fall asleep in the carriage, they know that no one will be able to rob them without waking them up. When they get to the bank, they take off their boots in the vestibule, tear off the soles with pliers and a chisel, and then hand over the money to Zotti's bank, in which they have complete confidence. Some come to count the money that Zotti's company issued. Jagroviŕ was one of Zotti's best clerks, and when necessary he replaced Brozoviŕ in the editorial office "Narodnog List". He was a very pleasant-looking man and amiable in conversation. The poor fellow met his end in a very tragic way, a few months after my departure from America. He was about to take the elevator to one of the upper floors of the house; but as he was entering the elevator door, it rose and crushed him completely, so that he expired on the spot. One day I asked Brozoviŕ if I could visit Nikola Tesla. He replied that Tesla was a great eccentric, and that he did not receive anyone, and that he cared very little .. "Narodni List", and there are those who also ask for English grammar from Jagroviŕ, which for his fellow countrymen. He lived somewhere on Long Island, where he worked on his miraculous tower, about which he had spread fabulous news through the newspapers, how from its top he would use all the electric power of Niagara, telegraph without wires throughout America and Europe, illuminate all of New York, and drive all the trams, railways and machines in factories on it. The Americans themselves have already started mocking him, and I also had the opportunity to read in the New York newspapers satirical pieces in which Tesla himself ostensibly announced his electrical miracles in a hyperbolic way. Tesla is undoubtedly a genius electrical engineer, but he himself is to some extent guilty of this mockery of the newspaper, because he promised too much and delivered too little. Brozoviŕ told me that I would do better if I visited Professor MJ Pupin, a Serb from Banat, who teaches at Columbia University, and is more respected among American scholars as an electrician than Tesla; for Pupin promises nothing, until he is more than adamant that he has invented. We telephoned Ÿapek, who is a personal friend of Pupin, begging him to arrange a meeting with him. Instead of answering, the next day he sent me Pupin's invitation to come with him to dinner at the Delmonico Hotel, which is the most expensive and prestigious in New York, where only the American plutocracy comes, and the kitchen is run by Parisian chefs. You only come in a tailcoat. I went with Ÿapek, whom he had also invited, and at the appointed hour we arrived at the Delmonico Hotel's inn, where Professor Pupin was already waiting for us. Ÿapek

He introduced me to a tall, dark-haired man, a true Banat Serbian type, about fifty years old. Professor Pupin's kindness won me over at first, and after a few moments it seemed to me that I was talking to an old acquaintance. Although he did not attend Serbian schools, but a Hungarian gymnasium, he spoke perfect Serbian with a Banat accent. He fell in love with America, where he found happiness, universal respect and great reputation, but his whole soul still exudes love for the Serbian people and for Slavism in general. He makes no distinction between Serbs and Croats, and long ago in distant America he brought to life the ideal of Serbian-Croatian harmony, and even in a small way, a state. He acquired a huge estate, on which he settled an entire colony of Serbs and Croats, and they compete, who will please him better, who will work harder, so that his estate is just exemplary arranged. They cannot complain about him either, because in addition to generous wages, they also receive nice gifts, and he has arranged their apartments according to all the rules of hygiene, so that there are no sick people on his estate. Everyone celebrates their own holidays, as the calendar brings them, and often a Croat celebrates Christmas with a Serb, and a Serb with a Croat. There are people here from all our regions, mostly from Lika and Herzegovina. Pupin is pleased with everyone, but he praises the people of Herzegovina the most, because they are the most intelligent. Electrical engineering discoveries have brought him a great fortune, so he keeps this estate more for entertainment than for economic purposes. I talked with this good patriot for a full four hours, and it seemed like four hours passed. There was talk about everything and anything, especially about the sciences at American universities, which Professor Pupin defended. 266 He must be delighted by the great successes in the field of electrical engineering, which is so loved in America, that he sees everything rosy in other branches of human knowledge, or he defends his university friends out of collegiality. He also defends the upbringing and importance of the American woman, and tells me the miracles of the daughters of American rich people, who devote themselves to the sciences, attend universities, and even persevere in the establishment of schools for women. Of course, the conversation revolved mostly around domestic politics, and our scholar was happy to hear that the disagreements between Serbs and Croats were disappearing, that the brothers were sobering up and realizing the need for harmony, unity, and common defense. When he can, he gladly comes to Europe and visits his native land, and indeed all Serbian and Croatian lands. A few years ago he spent some time in Germany — he speaks perfect German — for scientific purposes. Concern for his only daughter, whose mother has died, does not allow him to be away from home much or for long, and besides, he is bound by the title of university professor. Professor Pupin, who enjoys a greater reputation in America and a more solid name than Tesla, is little spoken of here; for this reason I thought it advisable to dedicate a few pages to him in this book, as a man who is of all people, across the Atlantic, the most proud of, and who is also a national benefactor. I will best bring this work to a close with his name. On the morning of April 13th I set off for the port. In the huge waiting room of the "Societe Transatlantique" I met my fellow Hvar native Bošković, who came to greet me at parting, and to convey my regards for my old mother. Shortly after, Zampieri, the manager of one of Zotti's branches in New York, arrived, and my; an old acquaintance from Kotor, where he was finishing his nautical studies and I was finishing my high school. We hadn't seen each other for seventeen years, and after so many years it's unusually pleasant to meet up with former friends, and it's hard to say goodbye right away. He mocks my gray hair, and I mock his baldness, so we make fun of the time that passes like a scythe, and spins us like straws towards the abyss of eternity. It's the humor of the desperate, but nature was so wise in that too, that she gave us the gift of jokes, to forget, to die. As if we're going to live a long time, we say to each other at parting, see you later! The siren of the Touraine gives the third signal, and my friends get off the steamer. This time the sound of the siren rings differently in my ears. It seems to me like the voice of my homeland calling me, and not like a challenge to the scythes and waves of the ocean to fight. And the ocean itself seems smaller, meeker, more pliable in my imagination. For me now it is nothing but the road that leads to the homeland, and in that thought, in the longing for the homeland, everything is beautiful and smooth. I have been absent from it for only six months, but it seems to me six years. And how will the hearts of those who return to it, after dozens of years, who will not find many of those they left behind? For I will not find many of my acquaintances and friends either, because they have gone on a much further journey than I had taken! I will find it poor and dejected, as I left it, but that is precisely why it attracts me more strongly than the homeland of free peoples. Is a poor mother less dear to a poor person than to a rich one? Has not a poor woman shown more effort and love for her child than a rich woman? No, free peoples do not know what love and longing for the homeland are! Only they truly feel this love, those who expel tyranny and misery from it, those who fight for it within it and without; who know how to distinguish the happiness of free homelands from the misery and sorrow of oppressed ones. Like a son called to the bed of his dying mother, so trembles the heart with emotion for the son of an oppressed people when he returns to his homeland. The rays of the morning sun chase the fog down the Hudson River, from the tops of the Sky-scrapers, and countless steamships pass across the harbor. The sun's rays kiss the towering crown on the head of the Statue of Liberty, and my heart says goodbye to the goddess, and asks, when will I meet you so crowned and so illuminated in my homeland? The Touraine passes by her with dignity, stepping onto the ocean, and I stand thoughtfully on the bridge, and I feel that every rhythmic thud of the Touraine's bolt carries me closer to my homeland. 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